Encounter

October 1979 £1

Intellectual Revisions

Irving Kristol: Adversary Culture

Paul Johnson: Capitalism & Morality

Dmitri Nabokov

Father's Room

Stoppard/Schnitzler

J. P. Stern

Anyone for Death?

Special Book Section:

Art & Architecture

Lawrence Gowing
Bevis Hillier
Cedric Price
Philip Rawson

Antennae

ARTHUR KOESTLER *introduces a new Department with Reflections on "SPACE HORIZONS"*

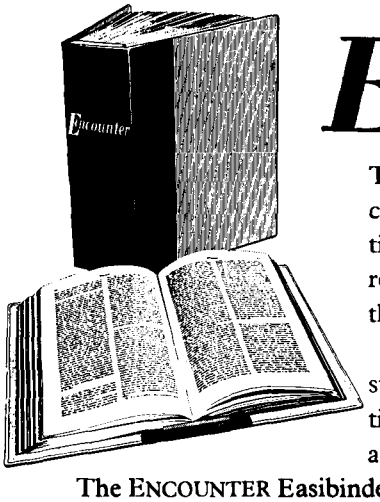
Edited by Melvin J. Lasky & Anthony Thwaite

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The Spectator is the most entertaining and best-written weekly in the English language."

Graham Greene

Spectator: On newsstands from Thursday, 35p or by subscription.



Encounter BINDER

The ENCOUNTER Easibinder enables readers, for half the cost of full binding, to preserve their copies in an attractive and durable format. Each copy of the magazine, as received, can be quickly inserted in the case and secured there. Copies can just as easily be removed.

The binder holds six copies. It is strongly made with stiff covers, bound in maroon and grey cloth, with the title of the magazine blocked in gold on the spine. Full assembly instructions are included with each binder.

The ENCOUNTER Easibinder costs £3.00 or $6.75, including the costs of packing and posting by surface mail to any address in the world. There is no trade discount.

ORDER BY COUPON OR SIMILAR LETTER

To **ENCOUNTER (Binder), 59 ST MARTIN'S LANE, LONDON WC2**

Please send..... ENCOUNTER Easibinder(s). I enclose cheque/P.O. for..... (£3.00 or $6.75 per binder)

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Encounter

OCTOBER 1979
VOL. LIII No. 4
ISSN 0013-7073

Edited by MELVIN J. LASKY *and* ANTHONY THWAITE
MANAGING EDITOR: *Margot Walmsley* ASSISTANT EDITOR: *Bryan Healing*
GENERAL MANAGER: *Anthony Robinson* ADVERTISEMENT MANAGER: *John Hall*
ADVISORY BOARD: *Maurice Cranston, D. J. Enright, Anthony Hartley, Leo Labedz, Goronwy Rees, Edward Shils, John Weightman*
PUBLISHING ADVISERS: *Lord Ardwick, Blouke Carus, Lord Cudlipp, Cecil Harmsworth King, Leon Levy, Jack Watmough*

Per copy: UK £1.00: USA & Canada £2.50. Back numbers £1.50 ($3.75). Postage extra: 17p (40c).
Annual Subscriptions: UK £12.00: USA & Canada $28.00 surface, $35.00 by air: Elsewhere £13.00.
Binder for six copies: £3.00 ($6.75).
Address for all departments: Encounter Ltd., 59 St Martin's Lane, London WC2N 4JS (01-836 4194).
US news-stand distribution by Gordon & Gotch (USA) Inc., P.O. Box 1425, Long Island City, N.Y. 11101.
Authorised as Second-class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, and for payment of postage in cash.
Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y.

©1979 by Encounter Ltd.

Manuscripts are returned only if accompanied by s.a.e. (English stamp or International Reply Coupons).

THE DAY HENRY JAMES DISCOVERED DADA *(story)* 3 *Colin Richmond*

INTELLECTUAL REVISIONS:
THE ADVERSARY CULTURE OF INTELLECTUALS 5 *Irving Kristol*
IS THERE A MORAL BASIS FOR CAPITALISM? 15 *Paul Johnson*
COLUMN 23 *R*

POEMS
Anthony Thwaite 32, *Stanislaw Baranczak* 33, *Tom Paulin* 41, *Peter Porter* 89

THEATRE
ANYONE FOR TENNIS, ANYONE FOR DEATH? 26 *J. P. Stern*

NOTES & TOPICS: EUROPEAN DIARY
ART IN AUCTION 34 *Michael Wigan*
ARON & SARTRE: AN HISTORIC HANDSHAKE 36 *François Fejtö*
SOME QUESTIONS TO ZINOVIEV 39 *Judy Dempsey*

SPECIAL BOOK SECTION: ART & ARCHITECTURE
IMAGE & SELF-IMAGE 42 *Lawrence Gowing*
HEROISM & ART HISTORY 51 *Bevis Hillier*
FILLING THE SPACE 59 *Cedric Price*
WHICH REVOLUTION WAS THAT? 65 *P. S. Rawson*

ANTENNAE
HORIZONS IN SPACE 73 *Arthur Koestler*

MEMOIR
ON REVISITING FATHER'S ROOM 77 *Dmitri Nabokov*

DISCUSSION
HAS "PUBLIC SERVICE BROADCASTING" A FUTURE? 83 *Anthony Smith*
CRITICISM & SELF-CRITICISM 85 *Melvyn Bragg, Tony Cash*

BOXES
Secret Knowledge (Freud, Schnitzler) 28
Guilt on Viet Nam (Uwe Siemon-Netto, Max Hastings) 90

LETTERS 90

AUTHORS 96

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Oxford University Press

Britain and the Jews of Europe 1939-1945

Bernard Wasserstein

'This impressive book explores the dark side of victory in the world war against Germany. Mr Wasserstein based his arguments solidly on archives, mainly of the British cabinet, colonial and foreign offices . . . . He proves conclusively that British diplomats and colonial officials, no doubt the gentlest of men at home, dealt in callous insensitivity with the agonies of Jews trying to flee from Nazi terror.' *The Economist.* £7.95 *Institute of Jewish Affairs*

Freud, Jews, and other Germans

Masters and Victims in Modernist Culture

Peter Gay

'Peter Gay is . . . a distinguished historian, and this book suggests that his high reputation has been won by a stern refusal to accept even the most widely held of general historical ideas without carrying out a detailed scrutiny of the evidence.' Philip Toynbee in *The Observer.* Illustrated £1.95 *Oxford Paperbacks*

Soviet Science

Zhores A. Medvedev

'A very stimulating and readable account of the major trends that have affected Soviet science since the revolution.' *New Scientist.* 'This is a valuable book, drawing on Dr Medvedev's huge personal store of knowledge, and raising major questions.' *New Statesman.* £5.95

The Idea of Freedom

Essays in Honour of Isaiah Berlin

Edited by Alan Ryan

Isaiah Berlin was seventy in June 1979. In this volume fifteen distinguished historians of ideas and philosophers discuss, from many different angles, the notion of liberty, which has always been at the centre of Berlin's own work. The essays are written for a general readership, in emulation of Berlin's talent at combining academic distinction with accessibility to a lay audience. £7.50

The Complete Poems of Keith Douglas

Edited by Desmond Graham

Keith Douglas is now recognized as perhaps the finest of the Second World War poets. This definitive edition is a book which 'anyone with a serious interest in poetry in English in this century will want to possess' *(The Scotsman)*, and is now available in Oxford Paperbacks. £2.95

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Colin Richmond

The day Henry James discovered Dada

HANS ARP, PRESENT WITH his twelve children and with a brioche in his left nostril, did not know the whole story. It was not at the Café de la Terrasse, Zurich, at six p.m. on 6 February 1916 that Dada was invented, but at the ground of the Chislehurst Cricket Club at three p.m. on 10 July 1872. I do not want to contradict the generally accepted view that it was in that cafe at that hour on that day that Tristan Tzara "first uttered the word"; far from it; what I wish at last to disclose is where he got the word from. For the discovery of Dada was no accident, no gratuitous act, no chance connection. That pivotal moment, upon which the twentieth century has ever since spun, despite the conspiracy Vladimir Ilyich in the next street was hatching to stop its spinning dead, was long in preparation. So why then Dada, at six p.m. on the sixth? If the answer is not to be found in an explosion of unreason surfacing from the unconscious like Moby Dick from the depths, where is it to be found? It is in fact found in the London *Times* of 2 February which on 6 February had (by train through wartime France) just reached Zurich. On coming into the cafe at five p.m. Tzara hooked it down from *der zeitungsspanner* with his walking stick and carried it across to his usual table. In it on page eleven he found Dada. At six p.m., his friends having gathered about him, he spoke the word and the twentieth century burst into being.

What was Dada doing on page eleven of *The Times* of 2 February 1916? Amid items concerning Zeppelin bomb damage in Staffordshire, the accidental death of Sir Clements Markham, "fatally burnt while reading in bed by the light of a candle which he had been holding in his hand" in his electrically-lit bedroom, and the use of knives in the trenches ("this throttling is an unpractical makeshift"), it appeared under the heading "condition of invalids" and between reports on the Earl of Essex (he had had a better night) and the Bishop of Gloucester (he was in bed with an attack of neuritis) in a quite lengthy account of Henry James' last illness. For some weeks, since a series of strokes, James had been wandering in his mind. "One name", the piece reads, "predominates in our great novelist's sad ramblings, a name to which over and over he returns: Napoleon . . . And, almost as often, he remembers his father, continually repeating Dada, Dada, Dada." The feeble analysis then proferred in the article that Bonaparte and James' father had somehow become associated in James' failing mind is, as we might expect, erroneous (as well as feeble). Henry James was remembering not the first Napoleon but the third, and not his dear old dad but an exclamation made by an excited child on the same memorable occasion of his encounter with the Emperor. That of course had been at three p.m. on 10 July 1872 at the ground of the Chislehurst Cricket Club.

HENRY, TOURING IN EUROPE that summer and briefly over in London, had accepted an invitation to play for the Downing College Daisies, a scratch eleven, captained that year by another writer of style and sensibility, F. W. Maitland, fresh from triumph in the Cambridge Moral Science Tripos. By 10 July they were near the end of their tour of Kent, and short of a man (who earlier than anticipated had had to join his family's yacht bound for the Mediterranean) one of the team said he would get Henry down for the day to Chislehurst: "he'd love a game, you know what these American fellers are once they take

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to something." So, delighted to escape "the grimness of London", down Henry came. Out in the afternoon sun, deep at long on in front of the windmill where the bracken of the common came up to the boundary of the playing field, and spruce if not agile, he shielded his eyes against the sun, and when need be (which mercifully was not often) he ran after the ball. Alas, just before three p.m. Henry saw "with an apparently inhibiting trepidation" the batsman swing mightily into a short-pitched ball, which soared into the sun and flew with a flawless accuracy towards long on. "The Sun, the ball, and my heart suddenly stopped. Then after a timeless pause, and just as suddenly, they all started again: my heart beat, the sun moved, and the ball sped into my upthrust hands. I stumbled, fell, and rolled over. When I opened my eyes it was to see the amazed faces of my teammates, who clustering around me, stretched upon the ground, were staring at the ball which (God knows how) I still clasped. Then they and the spectators broke into cheering; their shouts of bravo even more than the tightness with which I continued to grip the ball confirmed for me that the miraculous had happened."

Stunned, and sore from the slaps on the back of his delighted colleagues, Henry relates how his feeling of "other-worldliness" was intensified when a smartly turned-out manservant appeared beside him, lifted his hat and said: "The Emperor, sir, offers his congratulations on your remarkable feat and requests that you do it again." Henry had not noticed the arrival of Napoleon III and the Empress Eugénie in their carriage; now as he got to his feet he saw them on the far side of the ground towards Camden Place, sitting stiff and upright, he smoking a cigarette and still applauding, she under her magenta parasol applauding too. As he looked towards them they inclined their heads in recognition. It was at this precise moment that two things happened: the sun catching the harness of the horse as it suddenly shifted, snorting at the hullabaloo, flashed a shaft of reflected light across the field to dazzle the already bewitched long on, and, as his eyes were so magically assailed, so were his ears, for from behind him Henry heard the high, thrilled cry of a child: Dada Dada Dada. It was a moment Henry never would forget, a triumphant moment in which all his senses shared. It was on this that his mind dwelt when he lay dying over forty years later: the Master's last vision was of his joy upon an English cricket field one sunny afternoon in his youth.

IT WAS THIS VISION (deeply hidden of course) which lay behind Tzara's selection, and we dare not now say random selection, of the word Dada on 6 February 1916. Yet deeper, at the very heart of the vision, lies another and almost bizarre conjunction. Undoubtedly the aesthetical fates (who *do* attend such births and wield the forceps to good purpose) were present at the genesis of Dada, for the child who shouted at the flash of the leaping horse's brass, and he was but a baby being one year old that very day, was the precocious Marcel Proust. What was he doing in his pram on Chislehurst Common that afternoon? Not only that. What was his father Dr Adrien Proust doing in the windmill just above and behind him?

It is a long (and dull) story; so we will be short. The new French government had prevailed upon the distinguished doctor, some say by a form of blackmail so obscure that none has unravelled it, to organise, under the alias of Edwin Levy (the name was their unpleasant invention) and in the guise of a private detective, a network of spies to observe the old Emperor, whom it still feared, and who had so recently awarded Dr Proust the *Légion d'Honneur*. One of their observation posts was the windmill from where the entrance to Camden Place could be readily taken in view. Observing from it that day, seeing things for himself, was the admirable Dr Proust; with him was his young wife and their son, on a visit and disliking every minute of their stay in the draughty room—"like a greenhouse", complained Madame Proust, "all these large windows and that glass-fronted bookcase"—Dr Proust had found for them at nearby Lamorbey Park, Sidcup. So it was that Proust *père* looking on, Proust *fils*, astonished by the brilliant light from the rocking horse, cried out his curious yet unmistakable Dada, and Henry James, the moment's hero, was transfixed. And so it was too that when Tristan Tzara said the word in the Café de la Terrasse that evening in 1916 there was more to Dada than had met his eye.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Irving Kristol

The Adversary Culture of Intellectuals

NO SOONER did the late Lionel Trilling coin the phrase "adversary culture" than it became part of the common vocabulary. This is because it so neatly summed up a phenomenon that all of us, vaguely or acutely, had observed. It is hardly to be denied that the culture that educates us—the patterns of perception and thought our children absorb in their schools, at every level—is unfriendly (at the least) to the commercial civilisation, the bourgeois civilisation, within which most of us live and work. When we send our sons and daughters to college, we may expect that by the time they are graduated they are likely to have a lower opinion of our social and economic order than when they entered. We know this from opinion poll data; we know from our own experience.

We are so used to this fact of our lives, we take it so for granted, that we fail to realise how extraordinary it is. Has there ever been, in all of recorded history, a civilisation whose culture was at odds with the values and ideals of that civilisation itself? It is not uncommon that a culture will be critical of the civilisation that sustains it—and always critical of the failure of this civilisation to realise perfectly the ideals that it claims as inspiration. Such criticism is implicit or explicit in Aristophanes and Euripides, Dante and Shakespeare. But to take an adversary posture toward the ideals themselves? That is unprecedented. A few writers and thinkers of a heretical bent, dispersed at the margins of the culture, might do so. But culture as a whole has always been assigned the task of, and invariably accepted responsibility for, sustaining and celebrating those values. Indeed, it is a premise of modern sociological and anthropological theory that it is the essence of culture to be "functional" in this way.

Yet ours is not. The more "cultivated" a person is in our society, the more disaffected and malcontent he is likely to be—a disaffection, moreover, directed not only at the actuality of our society but at the ideality as well. Indeed, the ideality may be more strenuously opposed than the actuality. It was, I think, Oscar Wilde who observed that, while he rather liked the average American, he found the ideal American contemptible. Our contemporary culture is considerably less tolerant of actuality than was Oscar Wilde. But there is little doubt that if it had to choose between the two, it would prefer the actual to the ideal.

THE AVERAGE "less cultivated" American, of course, feels no great uneasiness with either the actual or the ideal. This explains why the Marxist vision of a radicalised working class erupting into rebellion against capitalist society has turned out to be so erroneous. Radicalism, in our day, finds more fertile ground among the college-educated than among the high-school graduates, the former having experienced more exposure to some kind of "adversary culture", the latter—until recently, at least—having its own kind of "popular" culture that is more accommodating to the bourgeois world that working people inhabit. But this very disjunction of those two cultures is itself a unique phenomenon of the bourgeois era, and represents, as we shall see, a response to the emergence, in the 19th century, of an "avant-garde", which laid the basis for our "adversary culture."

BOURGEOIS SOCIETY is without a doubt the most prosaic of all possible societies. It is prosaic in the literal sense. The novel written in prose, dealing with the (only somewhat) extraordinary adventures of ordinary people, is its original and characteristic art form, replacing the epic poem, the lyric poem,

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the poetic drama, the religious hymn. These latter were appropriate to societies formally and officially committed to transcendent ideals of excellence—ideals that could be realised only by those few of exceptional nobility of character—or to transcendent visions of the universe wherein human existence on earth is accorded only a provisional significance. But bourgeois society is uninterested in such transcendence, which at best it tolerates as a private affair, a matter for individual taste and individual consumption as it were. It is prosaic, not only in form, but in essence. It is a society organised for the convenience and comfort of common men and common women, not for the production of heroic, memorable figures. It is a society interested in making the best of this world, not in any kind of transfiguration, whether through tragedy or piety.

Because this society proposes to make the best of this world, for the benefit of ordinary men and women, it roots itself in the most worldly and common of human motivations: self-interest. It assumes that, though only a few are capable of pursuing excellence, everyone is capable of recognising and pursuing his own self-interest. This "democratic" assumption about the equal potential of human nature, in this limited respect, in turn justifies a market economy in which each individual defines his own well-being, and illegitimates all the paternalistic economic theories of previous eras. One should emphasise, however, that the pursuit of excellence by the few—whether defined in religious, moral, or intellectual terms—is neither prohibited nor inhibited. Such an activity is merely interpreted as a special form of self-interest, which may be freely pursued but can claim no official status. Bourgeois society also assumes that the average individual's conception of his own self-interest will be sufficiently "enlightened"—i.e., sufficiently far-sighted and prudent—to permit other human passions (the desire for community, the sense of human sympathy, the moral conscience, etc.) to find expression, albeit always in a voluntarist form.

It is characteristic of a bourgeois culture, when it exists in concord with bourgeois principles, that we are permitted to take "happy endings" seriously ("... and they lived happily ever after"). From classical antiquity through the Renaissance, happy endings—worldly happy endings—were consigned to the genre of Comedy. "Serious" art focused on a meaningful death, in the context of heroism in battle, passion in love, ambition in politics, or piety in religion. Such high seriousness ran counter to the bourgeois grain, which perceived human fulfilment—human authenticity, if you will—in terms of becoming a good citizen, a good husband, a good provider. It is, in contrast to both pre-bourgeois and post-bourgeois *Weltanschauungen*, a *domestic* conception of the universe and of man's place therein.

THIS BOURGEOIS IDEAL is much closer to the Old Testament than to the New—which is, perhaps, why Jews have felt more at home in the bourgeois world than in any other. That God created this world and affirmed its goodness; that men ought confidently to be fruitful and multiply; that work (including that kind of work we call commerce) is elevating rather than demeaning; that the impulse to "better one's condition" (to use a favourite phrase of Adam Smith's) is good because natural—these beliefs were almost perfectly congruent with the world view of post-exilic Judaism. In this world view, there was no trace of aristocratic bias: Everyman was no allegorical figure but, literally, every common person.

SO IT IS NOT SURPRISING that the bourgeois world view—placing the needs and desires of ordinary men and women at its centre—was (and still is) also popular among the common people.[1] Nor is it surprising that, almost from the beginning, it was an unstable world view, evoking active contempt in a minority, and a pervasive disquiet among those who, more successful than others in having bettered their condition, had the leisure to wonder if life did not, perhaps, have more interesting and remote possibilities to offer.

The emergence of romanticism in the middle of the 18th century provided an early warning signal that, within the middle class itself, a kind of non-bourgeois spiritual impulse was at work. Not anti-bourgeois; not yet. For romanticism—with its celebration of noble savages, *Weltschmerz*, passionate love, aristocratic heroes and heroines, savage terrors confronted with haughty boldness and courage—was mainly an escapist aesthetic mode as distinct from a rebellious one. It provided a kind of counter-culture that was, on the whole, safely insulated from bourgeois reality, and could even be tolerated (though always uneasily) as a temporary therapeutic distraction from the serious

[1] This generalisation, skimming over differences in national traditions and religious cultures (especially Protestant *vs.* Catholic cultures), is obviously an over-simplification. But it is only an over-simplification, not a distortion.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

business of living. A clear sign of this self-limitation of the romantic impulse was the degree to which it was generated, and consumed, by a particular section of the middle class: women.

ONE OF THE LESS HAPPY consequences of the women's liberation movement of the past couple of decades is the distorted view it has encouraged of the history of women under capitalism. This history is interpreted in terms of repression—sexual repression above all. That repression was real enough, of course; but it is absurd to regard it as nothing but an expression of masculine possessiveness, even vindictiveness. Sexual repression—and that whole code of feminine conduct we have come to call Victorian—was imposed and enforced by women, not men (who stand to gain very little if *all* women are chaste). And women insisted on this code because, while sexually repressive, it was also liberating in all sorts of other ways. Specifically, it liberated women, ideally if not always actually, from their previous condition as sex objects or work objects. To put it another way: all women were now elevated to the aristocratic status of *ladies*, entitled to a formal deference, respect, consideration. (Even today, some of those habits survive, if weakly—taking off one's hat when greeting a female acquaintance, standing up when a woman enters the room, etc.) The "wench", as had been portrayed in Shakespeare's plays, was not dead. She was still very much to be found in the working and lower classes. But her condition was not immutable; she, too, could become a lady—through marriage, education, or sheer force of will.

The price for this remarkable elevation of women's status was sexual self-restraint and self-denial, which made them, in a sense, owners of valuable (if intangible) property. It is reasonable to think that this change in actual sexual mores had something to do with the rise of romanticism, with its strong erotic component, in literature—the return of the repressed, as Freud was later to call it. For most of those who purchased romantic novels, or borrowed them (for a fee) from the newly established circulating libraries, were women. Indeed they still are, even today, two centuries later, though the romantic novel is now an exclusively popular art form, which flourishes outside the world of "serious" writing.

THIS EXTRAORDINARY and ironical transformation of the novel from a prosaic art form—a tradition that reached its apogee in Jane Austen—to something radically different was itself a bourgeois accomplishment. It was made possible by the growing affluence of the middle classes that provided not only the purchasing power but also the leisure and the solitude ("a room of one's own"). This last point is worth especial notice.

It is a peculiarity of the novel that, unlike all previous art forms, it gains rather than loses from becoming a private experience. Though novels were still occasionally read aloud all during the romantic era, they need not be and gradually ceased to be. Whereas Shakespeare or Racine are most "enchanting" as part of a public experience—on a stage, in daylight—the novel gains its greatest power over us when we "consume" it (or it "consumes" us) in silence and privacy. Reading a novel then becomes something like surrendering oneself to an especially powerful daydream. The bourgeois ethos, oriented toward prosaic actualities, strongly disapproves of such daydreaming (which is why, even today, a businessman will prefer not to be known as an avid reader of novels, and few in fact are). But bourgeois women very soon discovered that living simultaneously in the two worlds of non-bourgeois "romance" and bourgeois "reality" was superior to living in either one.

The men and women who wrote such novels (or poems—one thinks of Byron) were not, however, simply responding to a market incentive. Writers and artists may have originally been receptive to a bourgeois society because of the far greater individual freedoms that it offered them; and because, too, they could not help but be exhilarated by the heightened vitality and quickened vivacity of a capitalist order with its emphasis on progress, economic growth, and liberation from age-old constraints. But, very quickly, disillusionment and dissent set in, and the urge to escape became compelling.

FROM THE POINT OF VIEW OF artists and of those whom we have come to call "intellectuals"—a category itself created by bourgeois society, which converted philosophers into *philosophes* engaged in the task of critical enlightenment—there were three great flaws in the new order of things.

First of all, it threatened to be very boring. Though the idea of *ennui* did not become a prominent theme in literature until the 19th century, there can be little doubt that the experience is considerably older than its literary expression. One can say this with some confidence because,

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

throughout history, artists and writers have been so candidly contemptuous of commercial activity between consenting adults, regarding it as an activity that tends to coarsen and trivialise the human spirit. And since bourgeois society was above all else a commercial society—the first in all of recorded history in which the commercial ethos was sovereign over all others—their exasperation was bound to be all the more acute. Later on, the term "philistinism" would emerge to encapsulate this sentiment.

Second, though a commercial society may offer artists and writers all sorts of desirable things—freedom of expression especially, popularity and affluence occasionally—it did (and does) deprive them of the status that they naturally feel themselves entitled to. Artists and writers and thinkers always have taken themselves to be Very Important People, and they are outraged by a society that merely tolerates them, no matter how generously. Bertolt Brecht was once asked how he could justify his Communist loyalties when his plays could neither be published nor performed in the USSR, while his royalties in the West made him a wealthy man. His quick rejoinder was: "Well, there at least they take me seriously!" Artists and intellectuals are always more respectful of a régime that takes their work and ideas "seriously." To be placed at a far distance from social and political power is, for such people, a deprivation.

Third, a commercial society, a society whose civilisation is shaped by market transactions, is always likely to reflect the appetites and preferences of common men and women. Each may not have much money, but there are so many of them that their tastes are decisive. Artists and intellectuals see this as an inversion of the natural order of things, since it gives "vulgarity" the power to dominate where and when it can. By their very nature "élitists" (as one now says), they believe that a civilisation should be shaped by an *aristoi* to which they will be organically attached, no matter how perilously. The consumerist and environmentalist movements of our own day reflect this aristocratic impulse, albeit in a distorted way: because the democratic idea is the only legitimating political idea of our era, it is claimed that the market does not truly reflect people's preferences, which are deformed by the power of advertising. A minority, however, is presumed to have the education and the will to avoid such deformation. And this minority then claims the paternalist authority to represent "the people" in some more authentic sense. It is this minority which is so appalled by America's "automobile civilisation", in which everyone owns a car, while it is not appalled at all by the fact that in the Soviet Union only a privileged few are able to do so.

IN SUM, intellectuals and artists will be (as they have been) restive in a bourgeois-capitalist society. The popularity of romanticism in the century after 1750 testifies to this fact, as the artists led an "inner emigration" of the spirit—which, however, left the actual world unchanged. But not all such restiveness found refuge in escapism. Rebellion was an alternative route, as the emergence of various socialist philosophies and movements early in the 19th century demonstrated.

SOCIALISM (of whatever kind) is a romantic passion that operates within a rationalist framework. It aims to construct a human community in which *everyone* places the common good—as defined, necessarily, by an intellectual and moral élite—before his own individual interests and appetites. The intention was not new—there isn't a religion in the world that has failed to preach and expound it. What was new was the belief that such self-denial could be realised, not through a voluntary circumscription of individual appetites (as Rousseau had, for example, argued in his *Social Contract*) but even while the aggregate of human appetites was being increasingly satisfied by ever-growing material prosperity. What Marx called "utopian" socialism was frequently defined by the notion that human appetites were insatiable, and that a self-limitation on such appetites was a precondition for a socialist community. The trouble with this notion, from a political point of view, was that it was not likely to appeal to more than a small minority of men and women at any one time. Marxian "scientific" socialism, in contrast, promised to remove this conflict between actual and potentially ideal human nature by creating an economy of such abundance that appetite as a social force would, as it were, wither away.

Behind this promise, of course, was the profound belief that modern science—including the social sciences, and especially including scientific economics—would gradually but ineluctably provide humanity with modes of control over nature (and human nature, too) that would permit the modern world radically to transcend all those limitations of the human condition previously taken to be "natural." The trouble with implementing this belief, however, was that the majority of men and

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

women were no more capable of comprehending a "science of society", and of developing a "consciousness" appropriate to it, than they were of practising austere self-denial. A socialist élite, therefore, was indispensable to mobilise the masses for their own ultimate self-transformation. And the techniques of such mobilisation would themselves of necessity be "scientific"—what moralists would call "Machiavellian"—in that they had to treat the masses as objects of manipulation so that eventually they would achieve a condition where they could properly be subjects of their own history-making.

Michael Polanyi has described this "dynamic coupling" of a romantic moral passion with a ruthlessly "scientific" conception of man, his world, and his history, as a case of "moral inversion." That is to say, it is the moral passion that legitimates the claims of "scientific" socialism to absolute truth, while it is the "scientific" necessities that legitimate every possible form of political immorality. Such a "dynamic coupling" characterised, in the past, only certain religious movements. In the 19th and 20th centuries, it became the property of secular political movements that sought the universal regeneration of mankind in the here and now.

THE APPEAL OF ANY SUCH MOVEMENT to intellectuals is clear enough. As intellectuals, they are qualified candidates for membership in the élite that leads such movements, and they can thus give free expression to their natural impulse for authority and power. They can do so, moreover, within an ideological context, which reassures them that, any superficial evidence to the contrary notwithstanding, they are disinterestedly serving the "true" interests of the people.

BUT THE REALITY PRINCIPLE—*la force des choses*—will, in the end, always prevail over utopian passions. The fate of intellectuals under socialism is disillusionment, dissent, exile, silence. In politics, means determine ends, and socialism everywhere finds its incarnation in coercive bureaucracies that are contemptuously dismissive of the ideals that presumably legitimise them, even while establishing these ideals as a petrified orthodoxy. The most interesting fact of contemporary intellectual life is the utter incapacity of so-called "socialist" countries to produce socialist intellectuals—or even, for that matter, to tolerate socialist intellectuals. If you want to meet active socialist intellectuals, you can go to Oxford or Berkeley or Paris or Rome. There is no point in going to Moscow or Peking or Belgrade or Bucharest or Havana. Socialism today is a dead end for the very intellectuals who have played so significant a role in moving the modern world down that street.

In addition to that romantic-rationalist rebellion we call socialism, there is another mode of "alienation" and rebellion that may be, in the longer run, more important. This is romantic anti-rationalism, which takes a cultural rather than political form. It is this movement specifically that Trilling had in mind when he referred to "the adversary culture."

TAKING ITS INSPIRATION from literary romanticism, this rebellion first created a new kind of "inner emigration"—physical as well as spiritual—in the form of "bohemia." In Paris, in the 1820s and 1830s, there formed enclaves of (mostly) young people who displayed *in nuce* all the symptoms of the counter-culture of the 1960s. Drugs, sexual promiscuity, long hair for men and short hair for women, working-class dress (the "jeans" of the day), a high suicide rate—anything and everything that would separate them from the bourgeois order. The one striking difference between this bohemia and its heirs of a century and a quarter later is that to claim membership in bohemia one had to be (or pretend to be) a producer of "art", while in the 1960s to be a consumer was sufficient. For this transition to occur, the attitudes and values of bohemia had to permeate a vast area of bourgeois society itself. The engine and vehicle of this transition was the "modernist" movement in the arts, which in the century after 1850 gradually displaced the traditional, the established, the "academic."

The history and meaning of this movement are amply described and brilliantly analysed by Daniel Bell in his *The Cultural Contradictions of Capitalism* (1976). Suffice it to say here that modernism in the arts can best be understood as a quasi-religious rebellion against bourgeois sobriety, rather than simply as a series of aesthetic innovations. The very structure of this movement bears a striking resemblance to that of the various gnostic-heretical sects within Judaism and Christianity. There is an "elect"—the artists themselves—who possess the esoteric and redeeming knowledge (*gnosis*); then there are the "critics", whose task it is to convey this gnosis, as a vehicle of conversion, to potential adherents to the movement. And then there is the outer layer of "sympathisers" and

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"fellow travellers"—mainly bourgeois "consumers" of the modernist arts—who help popularise and legitimate the movement within the wider realms of public opinion.

One can even press the analogy further. It is striking, for instance, that modernist movements in the arts no longer claim to create "beauty" but to reveal the "truth" about humanity in its present condition. Beauty is defined by an aesthetic tradition that finds expression in the public's "taste." But the modern artist rejects the sovereignty of public taste, since truth can never be a matter of taste. This truth always involves an indictment of the existing order of things, while holding out the promise, for those whose sensibilities have been suitably reformed, of a redemption of the spirit (now called "the self"). Moreover, the artist himself now becomes the central figure in the artistic enterprise—he is the hero of his own work, the sacrificial redeemer of us all, the only person capable of that transcendence that gives a liberating meaning to our lives. The artist—painter, poet, novelist, composer—who lives to a ripe old age of contentment with fame and fortune strikes us as having abandoned, if not betrayed, his "mission." We think it more appropriate that artists should die young and tormented. The extraordinarily high suicide rate among modern artists would have baffled our ancestors, who assumed that the artist—like any other *secular* person—aimed to achieve recognition and prosperity in this world.

OUR ANCESTORS WOULD have been baffled, too, by the enormous importance of critics and of criticism in modern culture. It is fascinating to pick up a standard anthology in the history of literary criticism and to observe that, prior to 1800, there is very little that we would designate as literary criticism, as distinct from philosophical tracts on aesthetics. Shakespeare had no contemporary critics to explain his plays to the audience; nor did the Greek tragedians, nor Dante, Racine, etc. Yet we desperately feel the need of critics to understand, not only the modern artist, but, by retrospective re-evaluation, all artists. The reason for this odd state of affairs is that we are looking for something in these artists—a redeeming knowledge of ourselves and our human condition—which in previous eras was felt to lie elsewhere, in religious traditions especially.

THE MODERNIST MOVEMENT in the arts gathered momentum slowly, and the first visible sign of its success was the gradual acceptance of the fact that bourgeois society had within it two cultures: the "avant-garde" culture of modernism, and the "popular culture" of the majority. The self-designation of modernism as "avant-garde" is itself illuminating. The term is of military origin, and means not, as we are now inclined to think, merely the latest in cultural or intellectual fashion, but the foremost assault troops in a military attack. It was a term popularised by Saint-Simon to describe the role of his utopian-socialist sect *vis-à-vis* the bourgeois order, and was then taken over by modernist innovators in the arts. The avant-garde is, and always has been, fully self-conscious of its hostile intentions toward the bourgeois world. Until 1914, such hostility was as likely to move intellectuals and artists towards the romantic Right as towards the romantic Left. But Right or Left, the hostility was intransigent. This is, as has been noted, a cultural phenomenon without historical precedent.

AND SO IS the "popular culture" of the bourgeois era, though here again we are so familiar with the phenomenon that we fail to perceive its originality. It is hard to think of a single historical instance where a society presents us with two cultures, a "high" and a "low", whose values are in opposition to one another. We are certainly familiar with the fact that any culture has its more sophisticated and its more popular aspects, differentiated by the level of education needed to move from the one to the other. But the values embodied in these two aspects were basically homogeneous: the sophisticated expression did not *shock* the popular, nor did the popular incite feelings of revulsion among the sophisticated. Indeed, it was taken as a mark of true artistic greatness for a writer or artist to encompass both aspects of his culture. The Greek tragedies were performed before all the citizens of Athens; Dante's *Divine Comedy* was read aloud in the squares of Florence to a large and motley assemblage; and Shakespeare's plays were enacted before a similarly mixed audience.

THE POPULAR CULTURE of the bourgeois era, after 1870 or so, tended to be a culture that educated people despised, or tolerated contemptuously. The age of Richardson, Jane Austen, Walter Scott, and Dickens—an age in which excellence and popularity needed not to contradict

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Columbia Collectibles Fall '79

The Broken Fountain

THOMAS BELMONTE. "In a book of uncommon eloquence Mr. Belmonte shows us . . . the effect of persistent class-deprivation on an impoverished Neapolitan neighborhood called Fontana del Re. But more important, he has drawn a series of unsparing portraits showing how these people live. . . . This is a fine book."—New York Times Book Review. 151 pages, $13.70

The Lawful Revolution

Louis Kossuth and the Hungarians, 1848–1849

ISTVAN DEAK. "Deak's important work fills a major gap in Central European historiography. Combining lucid analysis with fast-moving narrative, the author has produced a most valuable and readable book that can be highly recommended to the specialist, the student, and the general reader."—Piotr S. Wandycz, Yale University. 416 pages, illus., $21.20

A History of Psychoanalysis

REUBEN FINE. This monumental account of the history of psychoanalysis offers a uniquely detailed study of the people who shaped the psychoanalytic tradition: Sigmund Freud, Anna Freud, Heinz Hartmann, Erik Erikson, Harry Stack Sullivan, Abram Kardiner, and the modern ego psychologists, among many others. 686 pages, $31.20

E. M. Forster's Passages to India

ROBIN JARED LEWIS. "Not only does it contain much little-known information but it analyzes with vivid clarity the crucially important experiences which determined Forster's choice of characters. . . . A brilliantly written and fascinating book."—Dr. William G. Archer, Victoria and Albert Museum, London. 168 pages, $20.60

The Making of a Tory Humanist

William Wordsworth and the Idea of Community

MICHAEL H. FRIEDMAN. In a highly compelling reading of William Wordsworth's life and poetical works, Michael Friedman argues that Wordworth's painfully varying sense of himself intensified for him the human impulse to find security in community. 322 pages, $25.00

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS

15A Epsom Road, Guildford, Surrey GU1 3JT

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

one another, in which the distinction between "highbrow" and "lowbrow" made no sense—was over. The spiritual energy that made for artistic excellence was absorbed by the modernist, highbrow movement, while popular culture degenerated into a banal reiteration—almost purely commercial in intent—of "wholesome" bourgeois themes.

In this popular literature of romance and adventure, the "happy ending" not only survived but became a standard cliché. The occasional unhappy ending, involving a sinful action (e.g., adultery) as its effectual cause, always concluded on a note of repentance, and was the occasion for a cathartic "good cry." In "serious" works of literature in the 20th century, of course, the happy ending is under an almost total prohibition. It is also worth making mention of the fact that popular literature remained very much a commodity consumed by women, whose commitments to the bourgeois order (a "domestic" order, remember) has always been stronger than men's. This is why the women's liberation movement of the past two decades, which is so powerfully moving the female sensibility in an anti-bourgeois direction, is such a significant cultural event.

In the last century, the modernist movement in the arts made constant progress at the expense of the popular. It was, after all, the only serious art available to young men and women who were inclined to address themselves to solemn questions about the meaning of life (or "the meaning of it all"). The contemporaneous evolution of liberal capitalism itself encouraged modernism in its quest for moral and spiritual hegemony. It did this in three ways.

First, the increasing affluence that capitalism provided to so many individuals made it possible for them (or, more often, for their children) to relax their energetic pursuit of money, and of the goods that money can buy, in favour of an attention to those non-material goods that used to be called "the higher things in life." The anti-bourgeois arts in the 20th century soon came to be quite generously financed by restless, uneasy, and vaguely discontented bourgeois money.

Second, that spirit of worldly rationalism so characteristic of a commercial society and its business civilisation (and so well described by Max Weber and Joseph Schumpeter) had the effect of de-legitimising all merely traditional beliefs, tasks, and attitudes. The "new", constructed by design or out of the passion of a moment, came to seem inherently superior to the old and established, this latter having emerged "blindly" out of the interaction of generations. This mode of thinking vindicated the socialist ideal of a planned society. But it also vindicated an anarchic, antinomian, "expressionist" impulse in matters cultural and spiritual.

Third, the tremendous expansion—especially after World War II—of post-secondary education provided a powerful institutional milieu for modernist tastes and attitudes among the mass of both teachers and students. Lionel Trilling, in *Beyond Culture*, poignantly describes the spiritual vitality with which this process began in the humanities—the professors were "liberated" to teach the books that most profoundly moved and interested them—and the vulgarised version of modernism that soon became the mass counter-culture among their students who, as consumers, converted it into a pseudo-bohemian life-style.

Simultaneously, and more obviously, in the social sciences, the anti-bourgeois socialist traditions were absorbed as a matter of course, with "the study of society" coming quickly and surely to mean the management of social change by an élite who understood the verities of social structure and social trends. Economics, as the science of making the best choices in a hard world of inevitable scarcity, resisted for a long while; but the Keynesian revolution—with its promise of permanent prosperity through government management of fiscal and monetary policy—eventually brought much of the economics profession in line with the other social sciences.

SO UTOPIAN RATIONALISM and utopian romanticism have, between them, established their hegemony as "adversary cultures" over the modern consciousness and the modern sensibility.

But, inevitably, such victories are accompanied by failure and disillusionment. As socialist reality disappoints, socialist thought fragments into heterogeneous conflicting sects, all of them trying to keep the utopian spark alive while devising explanations for the squalid nature of socialist reality. One is reminded of the experience of Christianity in the first and second centuries, but with this crucial difference: Christianity, as a religion of transcendence, of *other-worldly* hope, of faith not belief, was not really utopian, and the Church Fathers were able to transform the Christian rebellion against the ancient world into a new, vital Christian orthodoxy, teaching its adherents how to live virtuously, i.e., how to seek

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

human fulfilment in this world even while waiting for their eventual migration into a better one. Socialism, lacking this transcendent dimension, is purely and simply trapped in this world, whose realities are for it nothing more than an endless series of frustrations. It is no accident, as the Marxists would say, that there is no credible doctrine of "socialist virtue"—a doctrine informing individuals how actually to live "in authenticity" as distinct from empty rhetoric about "autonomous self-fulfilment"—in any nation (and there are so many!) now calling itself "socialist." It is paradoxically true that other-worldly religions are more capable of providing authoritative guidance for life in this world than are secular religions.

THE UTOPIAN ROMANTICISM that is the impulse behind modernism in the arts is in a not dissimilar situation. It differs in that it seeks transcendence—all of 20th-century art is such a request—but it seeks such transcendence within the secular self. This endeavour can generate that peculiar spiritual intensity that characterises the anti-bourgeois culture of our bourgeois era, but in the end it is mired in self-contradiction.

The deeper one explores into the self, without any transcendental frame of reference, the clearer it becomes that nothing is there. One can then, of course, try to construct a metaphysics of nothingness as an absolute truth of the human condition. But this, too, is self-contradictory: if nothingness is the ultimate reality, those somethings called books, or poems, or paintings, or music are mere evasions of truth rather than expressions of it. Suicide is the only appropriate response to this vision of reality (as Dostoevsky saw long ago) and in the 20th century it has in fact become the fate of many of our artists: self-sacrificial martyrs to a hopeless metaphysical enterprise. Those who stop short of this ultimate gesture experience that *tedium vitae*, already mentioned, which has made the "boringness" of human life a recurrent theme, since Baudelaire at least, among our artists.

This modern association of culture and culture heroes with self-annihilation and *ennui* has no parallel in human history. We are so familiar with it that most of us think of it as natural. It is, in truth, unnatural and cannot endure. Philosophy may, with some justice, be regarded as a preparation for dying, as Plato said—but he assumed that there would never be more than a handful of philosophers at any time. The arts, in contrast, have

Stephen Sheppard
THE FOUR HUNDRED

"The Four Hundred has got a fascinating plot and a number of highly successful set-piece scenes which are both amusing and graphically descriptive of the period. I think the ending of the book, with no less than four separate climaxes interweaving with one another, is particularly exciting. I certainly congratulate Stephen Sheppard on a first novel which makes for an excellent début."
Desmond Bagley
£5.95

David Cook
WINTER DOVES

A love story of humour, tenderness and sharp social observation and a brilliant sequel to David Cook's widely acclaimed **Walter** with which he won the 1978 Hawthornden Prize.
An Alison Press Book **£4.95**

Stanley Kunitz
THE POEMS OF STANLEY KUNITZ 1928-1978

The collected works of one of America's greatest living poets, including twenty new poems.
£6.50

Secker & Warburg

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

always been life-affirming, even when dealing with the theme of death. It is only when the arts usurp the role of religion, but without the transcendence that assures us of the meaning of apparent meaninglessness, that we reach our present absurd (and *absurdiste*) condition.

MOREOVER, though utopian rationalism and utopian romanticism are both hostile to bourgeois society, they turn out to be, in the longer run, equally hostile to one another.

In all socialist nations, of whatever kind, modernism in the arts is repressed—for, as we have seen, this modernism breeds a spirit of nihilism and antinomianism that is subversive of *any* established order. But this repression is never entirely effective, because the pseudo-orthodoxies of socialism can offer no satisfying spiritual alternatives. It turns out that a reading of Franz Kafka can alienate from socialist reality just as easily as from bourgeois reality, and there is no socialist Richardson or Fielding or Jane Austen or Dickens to provide an original equipoise. Who are the "classic" socialist authors or artists worthy of the name? There are none. And so young people in socialist lands naturally turn either to the high modernist culture of the 20th century or to its debased, popularised version in the counter-culture. Picasso and Kafka, blue jeans and rock-and-roll may yet turn out to be the major internal enemies of socialist bureaucracies, uniting intellectuals and the young in an incorrigible hostility to the *status quo*. Not only do socialism and modernism end up in blind alleys—their blind alleys are pointed in radically different directions.

MEANWHILE, LIBERAL CAPITALISM survives and staggers on. It survives because the market economics of capitalism does work—does promote economic growth and permits the individual to better his condition while enjoying an unprecedented degree of individual freedom. But there is something joyless, even somnambulistic, about this survival.

For it was the Judaeo-Christian tradition which, as it were, acted as the Old Testament to the new evangel of liberal, individualistic capitalism—which supplied it with a moral code for the individual to live by, and which also enabled the free individual to find a transcendental meaning in life, to cope joyfully or sadly with all the *rites de passage* that define the human condition. Just as a victorious Christianity needed the Old Testament in its canon because the Ten Commandments were there—along with the assurance that God created the world "*and it was good*", and along, too, with its corollary that it made sense to be fruitful and multiply on this earth—so liberal capitalism needed the Judaeo-Christian tradition to inform it authoritatively about the use and abuse of the individual's newly-won freedom. But the "adversary culture", in both its utopian-rationalist and utopian-romantic aspects, turns this Judaeo-Christian tradition into a mere anachronism. And the churches, now themselves a species of voluntary private enterprise, bereft of all public support and sanction, are increasingly ineffectual in coping with its antagonists.

IS IT POSSIBLE to restore the spiritual base of bourgeois society to something approaching a healthy condition?

One is tempted to answer: no, it is not possible to turn back the clock of history. But this answer itself derives from the romantic-rationalist conception of history, as elaborated by Saint-Simon and Hegel and Marx. In fact, human history, read in a certain way, can be seen as full of critical moments when human beings deliberately turned the clock back. The Reformation, properly understood, was just such a moment, and so was the codification of the Talmud in post-exile Judaism. What we call the "new" in intellectual and spiritual history is often nothing more than a novel way of turning the clock back. The history of science and technology is a cumulative history, in which new ways of seeing and doing effectively displace old ones. But the histories of religion and culture are not at all cumulative in this way, which is why one cannot study religion and culture without studying their histories, while scientists need not study the history of science to understand what they are up to.

So the possibility is open to us—but, for better or worse, it is not the only possibility. All we can say with some certainty, at this time, is that the future of liberal capitalism may be more significantly shaped by the ideas now germinating in the mind of some young, unknown philosopher or theologian than by any vagaries in annual GNP statistics. Those statistics are not unimportant, but to think they are all-important is to indulge in the silly kind of capitalist idolatry that is subversive of capitalism itself. It is the ethos of capitalism that is in gross disrepair, not the economics of capitalism—which is, indeed, its saving grace. But salvation through this grace alone will not suffice.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Paul Johnson

Is There a Moral Basis for Capitalism?

Dissenting Thoughts in a Collectivist Age

IT TAKES NERVE these days to suggest there can be a moral basis for capitalism, let alone to argue that capitalism provides, on the whole, the best economic structure for man's moral fulfilment. No day passes without a prominent clergyman denouncing the gross immorality of some large capitalist concern; and in most schools children are encouraged to hold their noses when such notions as "profit" and "private enterprise" are discussed.

Such attitudes, it seems to me, are confused. They are based on a lack of understanding of the relationship between man's moral development, and the way in which he organises his society. We can and do achieve moral maturity under any kind of economic and social system, including those we find morally repugnant. Indeed, history suggests that societies specifically contrived to promote morality rarely succeed. Such earthly Utopias tend to become theocracies, and theocracies—whether the temple-states of antiquity, Calvin's Geneva, or the Ayatollah's Iran—traffic in a spiritual intolerance which does violence to mind and body. The core of man's moral condition is the free will he is bidden to exercise. Hence the question we should begin by asking is: What social system is most conducive to developing the informed conscience which enables man's free will to make the right choices?

THE FIRST THING to note is that the articulated concept of the individual conscience, though always buried in our nature, took a very long time to emerge. The earliest recorded societies did not recognise that every human being has a unique personality, endowed with self-consciousness and a free will. In the Ancient Egypt of the Old Kingdom, in the first half of the 3rd millennium BC, religious and political doctrine revolved round the assumption that only the Pharaoh was a complete personality. His life and fate embraced that of all his subjects. They engaged in the infinite labour of building his tomb-pyramid not from compulsion but almost certainly with enthusiasm, because they believed that their salvation was subsumed in his: if his funeral and tomb arrangements were satisfactory, they would be carried into eternal life along with him.

Only very gradually did the ancient Egyptians "democratise" their idea of a Last Judgment, in which each human being was separately weighed in the scales of eternal justice. The great American Egyptologist, Professor James Breasted, has called this discovery "the dawn of conscience." And it was an important human discovery as well as a religious one, for it implied that every individual was responsible for his or her actions and therefore, in a moral sense, free. The implication was first properly understood by the Jews, who probably derived the idea from the Egyptians. The Jews (as the earliest parts of the Bible indicate) had, like other primitive societies, a strong belief in collective virtue and crime, and in collective rewards and punishments. These beliefs were very persistent, and the Jews were still trying to shake them off long after they became rigorous monotheists. Only in the two or three centuries before the birth of Christ were they really beginning to work out their theory of the immortal soul and the Last Judgment. At roughly the same time, the Stoic philosophers in the Greek world were developing the idea of the individual conscience, a necessary adjunct to the concept of free will.

The two sets of ideas were made for each other, and Christ and his great interpreter St Paul were the inheritors of this new collection of thoughts

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

about the human individual. The New Testament, which outlines their philosophy, is essentially libertarian and individualistic, since it asserts that the unique personality of each individual, as reflected in his moral choices, is infinitely more important than anything else about him—class, colour, status, sex, or nationality.

THE ESSENCE OF Judaeo-Christian teaching—leaving out their conflicting notions of the actual mechanism of salvation—is that every man or woman, by the mere fact of his or her humanity, is a party to what I call the Divine Contract. The Divine Contract comes into operation at the age of understanding and terminates with earthly death, at which point judgment is given as to whether its terms have been fulfilled—and the inevitable consequences follow. The essence of the Divine Contract is that it is an individual bargain between God and Man. There is nothing collective about it. Each man and woman determines the fate of his or her soul, and the terms of each contract are identical. Judaeo-Christianity, therefore, is based on absolute individuality and on total spiritual equality. In the Divine Contract, all are equal before the law, and each is wholly responsible for his or her actions.

IN CHRISTIANITY in particular, this paramountcy of the individual was reinforced by the Greek concepts which underlay Pauline theology. The tragedy, however, is that Christianity became the official religion of the Roman Empire only after the classical spirit of the Graeco-Roman world had spent itself, and only after the acknowledgment of the individual had been submerged beneath an Oriental despotism. Christianity was married to and appropriated by the Late Empire, which was in all essentials a corporate state. Not only did it possess legally enforced class distinctions but it organised its subjects by trades and occupations, which they were compelled to follow by law, and to which their descendants were likewise bound. The corporation was all; the individual was nothing. Such rights as a man had, he acquired by virtue of his class and trade, not by his existence or merits as an individual human being.

The Dark Ages and the Middle Ages were thus dominated by a collectivist philosophy. Christianity gave men and women moral individuality, but society took it away on the material plane. Men went through life as members of sharply differentiated categories: they spoke and dressed as such, and were judged as such in the courts. It was very difficult to change class, occupation, even place of residence. They were locked into a system—for life; indeed, they were seen and saw themselves as mere living components of a collective social body. The image of society as a body or *corpus*, rather than a collection of individuals, each complete in themselves, dominates the thinking of the pre-modern world.

The concept is illuminated by the story of De Montfort taking a heretic city during the Albigensian Crusade. Turning to his spiritual adviser, a Cistercian abbot, De Montfort asked him how his soldiers, who had orders to slaughter the heretics and spare the rest, would be able to tell them apart. "Oh, kill them all", replied the Abbot. "God will know his own." Only God had the capacity to recognise the individual. Spiritually, the individual was paramount; in earthly terms he was buried in the collectivity.

YET CHRISTIANITY, with its stress on the individual, did carry with it the notion of inalienable rights, slowly though it matured. In Western Europe, missionary Christian bishops collected, purified, codified, Latinised and set down in writing the laws of the barbarians, and invested them with spiritual authority and sanction. By its work on these law-codes, Christianity implanted the concept of the rule of law: a rule which, for the church's own protection, could be invoked even against the state. The Christian church needed a law which was even stronger than the state: and it got such a law. Of course, it was thinking in terms of its own corporate rights: but the notion of the rule of law was progressively extended to cover and underpin the rights of the individual.

By a similar process, the idea of freehold property was established. The freehold was unknown to barbarian Europe; indeed, it was only imperfectly developed in Imperial Rome and Byzantium. The church needed it for the security of its own properties, and wrote it into the law-codes it processed—wrote it, indeed, so indelibly that it survived and defied the superimposed forms of feudalism. The instrument of the land-deed or charter, giving absolute possession of land to a private individual or private corporation, is one of the great inventions of human history. And, taken in conjunction with the notion of the rule of law, it is economically and politically a very important one. For once an individual can own land absolutely, without social or economic qualification, and once his right in that land is protected—

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Concise Dictionary of CORRECT ENGLISH

Compiled by B.A. Phythian

Based on authoritative sources, this book is intended for those who would like to be guided round some of the more common pitfalls in the use of English. It is also a practical introduction to the grammar of modern English, grammar being a basis for the proper understanding of what is correct current usage. The compiler, while making a stand against linguistic abuses such as ungrammatical expressions and ugly coinages, circumlocutions and tautology, fashionable metaphors and misuse of technical terms, has an up-to-date attitude to English as a living, developing language, which is constantly changing through usage and the needs of its writers and speakers. Many, often entertaining, examples of both good and incorrect (but frequently found) English support the definitions in the dictionary.

Boards	£3.75	0 340 24059 8
Paperback	£1.95	0 340 24060 1

Inspection copies are available to teachers on request.

Hodder & Stoughton

Dept. E091, P.O. Box 702, Mill Road,
Dunton Green, Sevenoaks, Kent TN13 2YD.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

even against the state—by the rule of law, he has true security of property. And once security of property is a fact, the propensity to save—which (as Keynes noted) is exceedingly powerful in man—is enormously enhanced, and not only enhanced but translated into the propensity to invest.

WE SEE, THEN, that the Dawn of Conscience, the idea that the individual has an absolute freehold in his own soul, foreshadows the dawn of capitalism. Capitalism is based on the system of possessive individualism, in which individual men and women, as well as tribes, crowns, states or other political and social corporations, own absolute freeholds in property and manage and dispose of them freely. Likewise, the notion of equality before the judgment of God foreshadows the notion of individual equality before the law of man.

These concepts are very much interdependent. Individual freehold is impossible without the rule of law, with its necessary implication of equality before the law, and its guarantee that the law will uphold individual property rights even against state prerogative. England and Holland were the first states in which such rights were effectively established, and legal certitude is the precondition of capitalist enterprise. As Professor Hayek puts it in *The Constitution of Liberty*, "There is probably no single factor which has contributed more to the prosperity of the West than the relatively certainty of the law which has prevailed there. . . ."

The establishment of the individual freehold is not the only way in which Christianity made capitalism possible. Like the Judaism on which it is based, it is a historical religion, generated by a definite historical event and proceeding towards a definite historical goal. Its thrust is thus linear, not cyclical: time is of the essence of its machinery, and it insists on preparedness; its constant exhortation is that "We know not the day nor the hour." Its morality stresses the saving principle of worldly pleasures deferred for the sake of future felicity, and it proceeds by a regular accounting of vice and virtue towards a final audit and a celestial dividend. It is no accident that the monks of the West first produced a system of regular working hours, governed by exact computation of time, and the tolling of the bell. Indeed, most historians now agree that the roots of capitalism lay in the ethics of Christianity long before the advent of Calvin and his "salvation panic." The Merchant of Prato was inscribing, at the head of each page of his accounts, "For the Greater Honour and Glory of God", long before Protestantism was born. But, in my view, the notion of freehold possession was by far the most important Christian contribution to the emergence of capitalism.

INDEED, I WOULD GO SO FAR as to argue that without individual freehold a capitalist system cannot develop. But, once you have individual freehold, with its concomitant developments of the rule of law and equality before the law, the development of some form of capitalism is not only likely but virtually inevitable. The connection between Christian morality and capitalism thus centres essentially around the role and importance of the individual.

We can see this connection being worked out in history. In the later Middle Ages, and especially in the towns, the Christian notion of the individual conscience gradually broke through the corporatist carapace of society. As the towns grew in size and importance, as men changed their class and occupation—and fortunes—more rapidly, a new spirit of individualism was bred: people were increasingly judged and rewarded on their merits and efforts, not their status. In art the true portrait emerges, and not just of the rich patron: the crowd scenes of a Hieronymus Bosch or a Breughel show a sharpening focus even on the faces of humble folk. In the 16th century we get the first true biographies and the first plays based upon the development of character. Individuals leap out at us from the pages of the historical records. The moralistic writings of Erasmus for the first time link the Christian notion of the individual conscience to the spirit of individual enterprise.

THE NEW INDIVIDUALISM inevitably threatened the social structure, based as it was on class privilege and the absolute right of status. In the English Civil Wars of the 1640s, the House of Commons, which represented the institutionalised individualism of property, overthrew the concept of the king as head of the body-corporate. It was the end in England of the medieval corporate state.

But in one sense, individualism threatened the political rights of property also. In the political debates—of which we have a marvellous verbatim record in the Clarke Papers—between Cromwell and some of his generals, officers and men, held in Putney Church in 1647, that was the point at issue:

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VALUES AND VIOLENCE IN AUSCHWITZ

Anna Pawełczyńska

Translated and with an Introduction by Catherine Leach

"The writing of this book needed the perspective of thirty years. Only historical distance, long reflection, and the calm of approaching old age made it possible to consider the concentration camp in objective categories." With these words, Anna Pawełczyńska, an eminent Polish sociologist and a survivor of Auschwitz, begins her examination of the social phenomenon of the concentration camp and the mechanisms which enabled some of its prisoners to survive.

Catherine S. Leach's thoughtful introduction discusses the place of *Values and Violence in Auschwitz* in the context of Polish history and the events of the author's own life; and it draws special attention to the underlying intensity of feeling that makes this scholarly study a work of compelling human interest.

Illus. 208 pages. £8.50.

WHY WAR?

Ideology, Theory, and History

Keith L. Nelson and Spencer C. Olin, Jr.

In a major departure from previous studies of the subject, the authors of *Why War?* categorize and explicate the basic theories for the causes of war. Using three longlived ideological traditions—conservatism, liberalism, and radicalism—as their categories Nelson and Olin provide a new interpretation of the massive historiography of World Wars I and II.

Why War? provides the necessary framework for the kind of comparative, synoptic, and integrated understanding of war that is useful to foreign policy decision makers and citizens alike. It allows the student to recognize the extent to which ideological assumptions and predispositions shape theories about war.

184 pages. £6.25.

THE DARKER REACHES OF GOVERNMENT

Anthony Mathews

This work by a noted South African author and professor of law is a comprehensive survey of the laws, practices and institutions that either support or diminish secrecy in government administration in America, Britain, and South Africa. Starting with the belief that a substantial measure of openness should characterize public administration in a democracy, Professor Mathews analyses and critically evaluates the secrecy laws of each country in their political and social settings as a basis for the reform proposals that end the book.

245 pages. £15.75.

THE POLITICS OF THE OLYMPIC GAMES

Richard Espy

Can sports and politics mix? They can and do, according to the author of this study of the Olympic Games. Richard Espy's objective is to show how the organization of the Olympic Games reflects the current structure of international politics. These are issues that grow in interest and importance as the 1980 Olympics come closer. The author recommends possible changes in the organizational structure of the event or in the Olympic ideal itself to help the Games achieve their intended result: an atmosphere of international good will.

246 pages. £6.50.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA PRESS

2–4 Brook Street, London W.1.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Did a man have political rights by virtue of his property, his stake in the country, as Cromwell and his supporters maintained, or did he have rights by virtue of his personality, the fact that he was a free, adult human being, a simple individual, as the radicals demanded?

At the time, the argument went in favour of property, but in the long run the logical thrust of Christian moral individualism was irresistible. The Civil Wars, by dissolving the old corporate state, necessarily began a process of economic emancipation of the individual, which was just as important as giving him political rights. In the 18th century, as property triumphed over hereditary class and status, new ways of evaluating property and protecting it by law began to emerge. The law of industrial patents, which was now developed in England, made it possible for the first time for a man to obtain a true commercial reward for his inventive skill and investment in research—a notable and historic victory for the gifted and industrious individual. By introducing a new and dynamic element into the economy, it was one of the principal contributing factors to the Industrial Revolution, which began to transform the world from the 1760s onwards.

ANOTHER IMPORTANT EXTENSION of the notion of individual property was the breakdown of the Laws of Settlement, which sought to control the free movement of labour, and were in fact one of the last relics of the old corporatism.

Adam Smith, in his great treatise on how wealth is created, was quick to grasp that this represented the economic emancipation of the ordinary working man. It allowed him to escape from the grip of a status society to one in which rewards depended on a freely-negotiated contract, enabling him to realise the value of the only freehold property he possessed—his energy and skill. Throughout history, argued Smith, governments, lords and guilds had sought to prevent ordinary poor men from seeking work in the best market. Yet, he added,

> "The property which every man has in his own labour, as it is the foundation of all other property, so it is the most sacred and inviolable. To hinder [a poor man] from employing his strength and dexterity in what manner he thinks proper without injury to his neighbour is a plain violation of this most sacred property."

As Smith grasped, the notion of the individual freehold embodied a political as well as an economic freedom: at bottom, political and economic freedom are inseparable. The political freedom to vote as you please is largely meaningless without the economic freedom to work where you please. Once a man is free to make contracts for his own labour, he will soon begin to demand the right to make contracts with his political masters too. It is no accident that the Industrial Revolution and the creation of the capitalist economy based on freely-contracted labour were rapidly followed by the development of democracy in the West.

HENCE IT IS a profound mistake, in my view, to see the rise of what Blake called "the dark, Satanic mills" as the enslavement of man. The factory system, however harsh it may have been, proved to be the road to freedom for millions of agricultural workers. Not only did it offer them an escape from rural poverty, which was deeper and more degrading than anything experienced in the cities; it also allowed them to move from status to contract, from a stationary place in a static society, with tied cottages and semi-conscript labour, to a mobile place in a dynamic one.

Long before he could vote through the ballot, the common man voted for industrial capitalism with his feet, by tramping from the countryside to the towns, first in Britain, then throughout Europe. Tens of millions of European peasants moved relentlessly across the Atlantic in pursuit of that same freedom, from semi-feudal estates and smallholdings in Russia, Poland, Germany, Austro-Hungary, Italy, Ireland, Scandinavia, to the factories and workshops of New York, Chicago, Pittsburg, Cleveland, and Detroit. It was the first time in history that enormous numbers of ordinary, humble people were given the chance to exercise a choice about their livelihood and destiny, to move—not as members of a tribe or conscript soldiers, but as free individuals, selling their labour in the open market.

One might say that capitalism, far from dehumanising man, allowed him at last to assume the full individuality which Christianity had always accorded him as the possessor of a distinctive moral conscience and an immortal soul. Just as the notion of freehold property was implicit in the notion of the free will, so the wage contract was implicit in the divine contract. The advent of capitalism both reflected and advanced the

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

emergence of the individual human personality. In the West, we are so used to being brought up and treated as individuals that we tend to take the concept of individuality for granted. Yet it is a comparatively modern idea—no older than capitalism; scarcely older than the Industrial Revolution. For most of history the great majority of ordinary people have been treated by the authorities as if they were a congealed mass, without distinctive personalities, let alone individual rights and aspirations. For democracy to evolve, it was first necessary for society to recognise that it was composed of millions of individuals, not undifferentiated groups classified merely by occupation and social status.

IT WAS WITH the rise of capitalism that ordinary people acquired names. Not, of course, the names they were given at birth, and by which they were known among the narrow circle of their family and neighbours, but hereditary family names which, in combination with their given names, provided them with a specific identity.

Family names were originally dynastic, reserved for kings. Only very slowly did they spread down to the aristocracy and then to the gentry. Most of those peasants who voted for industrial capitalism with their feet acquired names in the process, along with their residence and immigration papers. As recently as the First World War soldiers in the Russian Army below the rank of senior NCO did not have names on the official record, only numbers. Only in the 19th century did most of the governments of Europe pass laws encouraging or compelling the adoption of family names. Denmark, for instance, passed such a law as late as 1904; the Turks did not do so until 1935.

More than to any other force, then, we owe the acknowledgment of our individuality to capitalism, to the notion of what has been well called "possessive individualism." And individualism is rooted in the Judaeo-Christian doctrine of conscience and free will. Free will implies choice: the moral function of society, the way in which it best serves the moral needs of the individuals who compose it, is when it facilities the process of choice, permits consciences to inform themselves, and so offers the individual the greatest possible opportunity to fulfil his part in the divine contract. That, essentially, is the moral basis of capitalism. Capitalism, strictly defined as a purely economic device, is morally neutral. But capitalism, based as it is on the legal rights of individual freehold, creates a multiplicity of power-centres, rival to that of the state. Hence, it is a matter of historical observation that capitalism tends to promote—and, in my contention, must promote—liberal-democratic political systems; and such systems are not morally neutral; they are morally desirable, for they offer the individual the element of choice through which his free will matures.

BY CONTRAST, socialist societies, pursuing Utopia and a positive moral framework, inevitably restrict this choice. I no longer believe, as I once did, that political freedom can be preserved where economic freedom is eliminated. As I have already argued, the existence of the right to own freehold property makes capitalism inevitable; where, therefore, it is desired to eliminate capitalism, the property freehold must be destroyed first. Capitalism, indeed, cannot be effectively destroyed without eliminating legal freehold. And without such freeholds, there can be no effective and durable rival centres of power, to keep the state in check. Monopoly, therefore, must follow, as night follows day; and where there is monopoly, there is no choice. And without choice, the free will must live in an atrophied state, in hidden darkness and danger, as it did under the most hideous tyrannies of the past. Monopoly is the enemy of morality—and so, therefore, must be the collectivist societies which promote it. The more such collectivisms proclaim or even acquire popular endorsement, the more dangerous they are. Lord Acton rightly observed:

> "It is bad to be oppressed by a minority but it is worse to be oppressed by a majority. For there is a reserve of latent power in the masses which, if it is called into play, the minority can seldom resist. From the absolute will of the entire people there is no appeal, no redemption, no refuge but treason."

IT SEEMS TO ME that the authors of the mature Judaeo-Christian system of morals—the greatest such system the world has ever seen—were right to anchor it in the *individual* conscience. There is no intrinsic morality in the majority decision: far from it. All great moralists have rightly drawn attention to the horrors of the mass or herd in action, symbolised in the terrifying New Testament image of the Gadarene swine. Sir Thomas

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Browne, in *Religio Medici*, warns us against "That great enemy of reason, virtue and religion, the Multitude; that numerous piece of monstrosity which, taken asunder, seem men, and the reasonable creatures of God but, confused together, make but one Great Beast and a monstrosity more prodigious than Hydra. . . ."

A true moral system must contain a self-correcting mechanism: for Christianity it is the conscience of the individual. The strength of the system lies in its just estimate of man as a fallible creature with immortal longings. Its outstanding moral merit is to invest the individual with a conscience and bid him follow it. This particular form of liberation is what St Paul meant by the freedom men find in Christ. For conscience is the enemy of tyranny and the compulsory society; and it is the Christian conscience which has destroyed the very institutional tyrannies Christianity itself has created—the self-correcting mechanism at work. The notions of political and economic freedom both spring from the workings of the Christian conscience as a historical force.

In this process, I have argued, the decisive device is the notion of individual freehold. And individual freehold performs for capitalism the same role as the individual conscience in a Christian moral system—it is the self-correcting mechanism. So long as men can by law hold freehold property in the teeth of the state, or any other large corporation, they will successfully endeavour to get such property, and hold it; and such men will be numerous, and their tendency will be to grow. Where a multiplicity of men hold freehold property, political power must be divided and shared. And where power must be shared, and is shared, there can be no economic monopoly either. Any tendency inherent in capitalism towards monopoly—and I am not so sure that there is generally such a tendency, despite Marx's arguments—is balanced by the undoubted tendency of capitalism to promote democratic liberalism and thus parliamentary checks on monopoly power. This is the self-correcting mechanism at work again.

I AM NOT SPEAKING of theoretical argument, but of demonstrable practice—of history. To take only the cases of the United States and Great Britain: when in history have we had, as over the past 200 years, such outstanding examples of societies reforming themselves from within—not by revolution and violence, but by debate and argument, and by law and statute? That the first capitalist societies were rugged and ruthless, even cruel, cannot be disputed. But the value of an institution lies not in its clumsy origins but in its potentiality. The ability of capitalism to reform and improve itself is almost infinite, and logically so: for by its very nature it is not a monolith but the sum of innumerable freeholds, vested in innumerable free minds, minds which reflect the infinity of human pressures, desires and inventiveness. It is truly protean.

Indeed, its resilience, which has a moral quality because it is rooted in the free interplay of human consciences, is in marked and significant contrast to the rigidity of collectivist systems. They can be changed too—but only by force. They respond—but only to revolution. They lack the self-correcting mechanism because they do not, and by their nature cannot, accord rights to the individual conscience.

Such systems therefore lack a moral basis—not so much as ideas, but as realities—and, lacking a moral basis, they are doomed to revert to the chaos from which they sprang. Democratic capitalism, on the other hand, is destined to survive; though, being protean, its more distant manifestations would astonish us, were we alive to witness them. But democratic capitalism, I suspect, will always in some way retain the notion of the individual freehold, for it is this, the physical manifestation of the individual conscience, which gives it its economic and political strength and, not least, its moral legitimacy.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MAURICE BOWRA ONCE SAID of Isaiah Berlin that, "though like Our Lord and Socrates Berlin has not written much", his influence was immense. As in all Bowra's best jokes, this had a measure of truth in it, when it was said. Indeed, even Berlin's greatest friends and admirers once found it difficult to account for the reputation which, so it seemed, he had so effortlessly acquired.

His rooms in Oxford, in Corpus, All Souls, New College, were always the Mecca of an endless pilgrimage of those who came to sit at his feet and acquire wisdom, and also to enjoy the pleasure of his company and the dazzling effect of his personality; and no one who came was rejected. I myself first met him, when we were both undergraduates, on a beautiful summer afternoon in Christchurch Meadows. Since I was then deeply absorbed in Rilke's *Duineser Elegien* we discussed angels. I came away convinced that he knew more about angels than I ever should, that by a kind of empathy he perfectly and intuitively understood everything that Rilke had intended, but most of all that this was one of the most remarkable people I had met or was ever likely to meet.

But that was all a long time ago. The essays in *Against the Current*[1] cover a period of nearly 25 years, from 1955 to 1978. They have all been previously published but hitherto have not been easily available, unless one was an addict of academic journals, learned periodicals, and obscure publications with a limited circulation. Now, reading them together in this admirably collected edition of Berlin's writings, one is overwhelmed not only by their brilliance, weight and force, but by the striking unity of outlook and attitude that emerges from their treatment of an apparently widely disparate range of subjects.

I am not competent to judge Berlin's strictly philosophical writings *Concepts and Categories*, (published before he abandoned technical philosophy for the study of the history of ideas), which form the second volume of this collected edition. But surely this third volume, together with the first, *Russian Thinkers*, justifies a claim that Berlin is one of the most penetrating, imaginative and original thinkers of our day. I should hasten to add that reading these essays is also a profoundly enjoyable and exhilarating experience; for in addition to his other gifts, Berlin also has all those which would have made him, like Heine or Marx, a scintillating journalist.

AGAINST THE CURRENT covers a variety of subjects which range from Machiavelli in the 15th century to George Sorel in the 20th. Between come essays on Giambattista Vico, Montesquieu, Johann Georg Hamann, Moses Hess, Alexander Herzen, Disraeli and Marx, and Verdi. Diverse as these essays are, however, they have a common theme, which may be roughly described as the reaction across the centuries, but particularly since the 18th, against an intellectual tradition which has been the mainspring of European thought and its greatest glory; that is to say, the tradition which reached its culmination in the French Enlightenment of the 18th century and still provides the intellectual foundation for the fantastic scientific and technological progress of which today we both enjoy and suffer the results.

To concentrate one's view on writers and thinkers who have tried to resist or controvert this tradition is indeed to swim against a current which has seemed to have swept everything irresistibly before it, including God, religion, established institutions and conventions and, not least, the belief in original sin. Yet in doing so Berlin has rediscovered for us certain aspects of the human mind, or spirit, which today have become increasingly powerful and are urgently and pressingly relevant to contemporary problems. It is as if beneath the surface currents of history there lay deeper waters which have not yet fully revealed to us all that is to be found in them.

PERHAPS THE MOST disconcerting of these rediscoveries is one which, in Berlin's view, underlies the immortal fame and notoriety of Machiavelli. In his essay *The Originality of Machiavelli*, he addresses himself to a fascinating historical puzzle. Perhaps more than any other political thinker, Machiavelli was fortunate in possessing a literary style which is, by universal consent, pre-eminently simple, lucid and intelligible, such, indeed, as he who runs may read. How is it then that today thinkers and scholars cannot agree on what he really meant? Berlin presents us with a list of no less than 22 distinct and well-documented interpretations of Machiavelli's views, and today men are no nearer to agreeing on which one is right than they ever were.

[1] *Against the Current: Essays in the History of Ideas.* By ISAIAH BERLIN. Edited and with a Bibliography by HENRY HARDY. With an Introduction by ROGER HAUSHEER. The Hogarth Press, £9.50.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Moreover, beneath this puzzle lies another. How is it that, despite the meticulous analysis to which his writings and his character have been subjected, Machiavelli still has the capacity to surprise and shock us? After all, there is nothing he says which others have not said, rather more portentously, later, and, even more, nothing which statesmen and politicians have not taken almost for granted. Dr Kissinger can murder a few million Cambodians on the Machiavellian principle that the end justifies the means, and no one lifts an eyebrow. Why then should Machiavelli remain a scandal and a scoundrel?

The answer, according to Berlin, is that Machiavelli said or implied something which denies the whole tradition of European thought. He simply does not care about, or is not interested in, the question whether the political doctrines he recommends to the statesman in *The Prince* are compatible with either Christian or pagan ethics. Nor, if they are not, does he think that Christian or pagan political morality is necessarily false. All he says is that if you wish to be a Prince, that is, a statesman or a politician, you must give up morality; otherwise, give up being a Prince, because you will surely fail.

SO COOL, so dispassionate, so neutral a view of political action is profoundly disturbing to all those who accept the assumption that beneath all the flux of appearances the world is ultimately One. This is the common assumption underlying the long tradition of Western thought. Its thinkers and philosophers have, under a variety of forms, felt as Yeats did for a moment in "A Meditation in Time of War:

> *For one throb of the Artery . . .*
> *I knew that One is animate*
> *Mankind inanimate fantasy.*

Machiavelli's view implies that, on the contrary, the One is a figment of reason, that there are incompatible worlds, of the statesman, the saint, the moralist or the artist, only you cannot inhabit them all at the same time.

In this principle, says Berlin, lies the real originality of Machiavelli, and the secret of why he still has the power to shock us. Yet shocking or not, and in a sense tragic, as the doctrine may be, it is also a profoundly liberating one. The idea that there may be a variety of possible worlds offers a prospect of choice, and of freedom, which is not open to men confined in the strait-jacket of reason and its demand that all our instincts, passions, inclinations and affections shall be shown to conform to the ultimate unity of the All, in which all contradictions are finally resolved.

IN ONE FORM OR ANOTHER this theme underlies all the essays collected in this book. It would be wrong, of course, to ascribe to Berlin views which are those of the thinkers whom he has chosen for examination. Yet his choice of these particular thinkers for discussion, and the depth of sympathy and understanding, the eloquence and, at moments, the passion with which he expounds their views cannot but make one feel that there is a measure of agreement between the subjects of these essays and their author. Indeed, the only direct statement of personal belief in the book, in the final essay on "Nationalism: Past Neglect and Present Power", comes as a completely natural conclusion to everything that has gone before; in particular, perhaps, to the essay on "The Life and Opinions of Moses Hess."

Hess is today an almost entirely forgotten figure, except to scholars interested in the early history of socialism. He was, it would seem, irretrievably consigned to the rubbish-bin of history by Karl Marx's summary dismissal of him, in what Berlin describes as one of Marx's "rare moments of good humour", as "the donkey Hess."

Yet this man, who, unlike Marx, had an almost childlike simplicity and innocence of character, and was moved above all by a profound sympathy with the humble and oppressed, is credited by Berlin with a discovery which, in its direct effect upon our own times and problems, has had an importance at least as great as Marx's discovery of "scientific socialism", which after all has affected us only in weirdly distorted forms. That discovery was Zionism, at a time when the movement to which the name was later attached did not yet exist, when the Jews themselves had not yet adopted it as the only means of salvaging their own identity, and certainly no one except Hess had the slightest inkling of the immense importance it was to have in 20th-century history.

Yet perhaps the most interesting aspect of Hess's great discovery, apart from its practical consequences, was the way in which he came to make it. He was a socialist, a revolutionary, an itinerant agitator; and reason, following the ideas of the Enlightenment, assured him of the ultimate victory of the working class. But in Hess, faith in the power of reason to bring about the emancipation of the working class did not obstruct or conflict with a gift for seeing things as they really are, and his own experience told him what he, as a Jew, really was. It was introspection and intuition which told him that the values embodied in his Jewish upbringing, in his family ties and affections, in Jewish religion and tradition, in Jewish hopes of a return to Zion could never be realised in a society in which the rational and enlightened solution of the Jewish problem lay, as for Marx, in progressive assimilation into Western society and culture.

Hess, by examination of his own experience, was

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

persuaded that he and his people could not realise their own identity except by reversing the Diaspora. In this, as in other political problems, the donkey proved a far better guide to the future than Marx.

HESS, WITH HIS INNOCENT EYE for experience, might in many ways stand as an exemplar of all those whom Berlin celebrates in these essays. Their subjects, Machiavelli, Vico, Montesquieu, Herder, Herzen and others form at first glance an ill-assorted group, and their fortunes, in their own lifetime and later, varied to an astonishing degree. Some, like Vico, lived and died in total obscurity. Montesquieu, when alive, achieved, and has retained, immortal fame, though for reasons which were largely based on misunderstanding. Herder founded a school of historical thought which has had immense influence; his compatriot Hamann, friend of Immanuel Kant and once celebrated as "the Magus of the North", is today totally forgotten and unread, not least because the intrinsic difficulty of what he had to say led him to adopt a style so obscure and contorted as to be unreadable. Herzen lived nearly all his adult life in exile and has earned immortality for his memoirs, which are a masterpiece; but he also left a permanent mark on history as one of the earliest and most influential precursors of the Russian Revolution, which in almost every way proved to be destructive of everything he believed in.

Indeed, a part of the fascination of these essays is the range of human personality and human thought which they display. Yet varied though their subjects are in their character and ideas, as in their lives and in what followed, they had certain things in common which gives the book a unity which has a compelling interest.

One of the most important and fundamental is the belief that in direct experience and intuition human beings can achieve knowledge of a reality which is not accessible to reason, and sometimes may conflict with it. Experience, in this context, includes everything which they absorb through the senses and the affections, through family and kinship, and through tradition, religion and the arts; it takes a multiplicity of forms according to the society and the culture to which men belong and for the overwhelming majority of human beings constitutes the only reality which their lives possess.

A second theme is the belief that the varieties of human experience are such that they cannot be reduced to a single and unitary pattern, such as reason, both deductive and inductive, employing the methods which have proved so brilliantly successful in the physical sciences, seeks to impose on them. The stuff out of which experience is made is as rich, dense, confused as life itself, and refuses to conform to universal laws such as reason professes to discover. Unlike inanimate matter, it obeys no observable and demonstrable principles and regularities except under particular circumstances of time and place; it resembles, not a machine, but a plant or an organism.

Lastly, and as a corollary, there is the belief in the unique reality of the individual human being as the centre of the experience which streams in on him from within and without. This belief has no logical or rational foundation; yet it is this alone which ultimately gives meaning and significance to human life.

THESE BELIEFS, in the subjects of Berlin's essays, combine to produce a view of life fundamentally opposed to the main current of Western thought which, until comparatively recently, has since the Greeks assumed that there is a basis of reality which is logical, rational and coherent, and in which, by the application of reason, all contradictions can be resolved.

It would be impossible, except in his own words, to do justice to the gifts of sympathy and imagination, and to the range and depth of knowledge with which Berlin explores this contradiction, and pursues it, through the highways and byways of history, to conclusions which are not only surprising and disturbing, but have the sharpest and most direct relevance to the problems of the contemporary world.

Against the Current certainly represents a most remarkable intellectual achievement. There are few books published in our time which more dazzlingly illuminate some of the most crucial problems of Western culture and civilisation.

R

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Anyone for Tennis, Anyone for Death?

The Schnitzler/Stoppard "Undiscovered Country"

By J. P. Stern

THE YEAR IS 1911, the scene a prosperous factory-owner's villa in Baden, a fashionable spa within motoring distance of Vienna. The costume designers and tailors (David Walker) have had a field day in light worsteds, muslin, lace and crêpe de chine; the stunning settings (William Dudley) are airy dreams in shadowy greens and transparent greys, the music (John White) is an exquisite pastiche of Viennese sententiousness and Viennese charm; and *der nette Herr Doktor* Arthur Schnitzler, all understanding, all-forgiving family practitioner and worldly-wise Jewish father-confessor to the ladies of good society is more than half-way through his successful career as *the* dramatist and chronicler of Vienna's *belle époque*. Another three years and it'll all be over. Do we detect signs of the sinister things to come? Of the last days of that particular lot of mankind?

Well, we shouldn't: there is nothing strenuously prophetic about any of Schnitzler's works. The tinderbox Vienna of chauvinistic layabouts and ranting ideologues hardly impinges on the Austrian society he portrays. Schnitzler began his career, in 1893, with a lyrical, almost anti-dramatic series of one-act sketches called *Anatol*, and he remains tied to the Imperial Vienna of his prime in themes, moods, and sense of values. The city's attraction is uniquely powerful, apparently inescapable, in some ways like that of pre-War Dublin; and it needed death (or its synonym, Hitler) for the intellectuals and artists of Schnitzler's generation to break away from the city's spell.

With an environment so enticing and so deeply questionable, the artist has three possibilities. He can sentimentalise the city (as Schubert did, and the young Hofmannsthal). He can satirise it (as did Grillparzer and Karl Kraus, and Gustav Mahler). Or he can bring to it a gently detached and occasionally critical understanding of the *tout pardonner* kind; which is what, on the whole, Schnitzler does. Perhaps only in *Der Reigen (La Ronde)* of 1922 did he write successful and unflinching satire—with the result that his heir has been flinching ever since and won't let the National Theatre perform that masterpiece even now, 48 years after Schnitzler's death.

THE SEXUAL ACT—perhaps, as in Restoration Comedy, accompanied by the pox—is the circle that holds together the disparate social classes, from street prostitute and private soldier to fashionable society lady and *roué* aristocrat, which make up Imperial Vienna, and this lust-in-action establishes a firmer bond, offers a truer account of what binds people together, than any of their protestations of loyalty or declarations of love. This, in *Der Reigen*, is Schnitzler the almost unwilling satirist. The structure of the present play is miles away from the naturalistic portraits of *Der Reigen*, yet here too, amid upper-middle-class mores and conversational courtesies, the same suggestion is made that, if there is anything that acts as a common concern and a commonly accepted motivation, it is the erotic encounter which both defies the conventions to which mere lip-service is paid and confirms those which make for interest, excitement and life.

The satire in *Undiscovered Country* is gentle and marginal to the action. Herr Dr Schnitzler appears as the affectionate and not uncritical chronicler of a society in several ways like our own (it's tennis and mountain climbing, not jogging, that's all the rage); as an acute observer and recorder of its follies and affectations, its superb good taste (we have nothing

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to compare with the crafts of the *Wiener Werkstätte* which influence some of the furniture on stage), and its ghastly sentimentalities, its perfidies and betrayals, its love of life and love of death. To put it another way: what Schnitzler is turning into dramatic or narrative form is precisely those insights, culled precisely from the same milieu, which his friend and colleague Sigmund Freud distilled into that highly-flavoured tincture-of-spirits known as psychoanalysis.

HOW DOES ALL THIS translate into our world, the language of 1979? Every translation is something of an interpretation, every translator is a critic of sorts. Like the literary critic, the translator is concerned to convey his understanding of the work in a language different from the original. To do this, he is bound (like the critic) to emphasise certain aspects of the text and ignore others, following the general economy of swings and roundabouts. Thus where Schnitzler gets some of his stage effects from contrasting uses of various Viennese modes of address, like "*Küß die Hand, gnädige Frau*" or "*Grüß Sie Gott, Kathi*", from the Austrian habit of addressing every well-heeled hotel guest with "*Herr von . . .*" or "*Herr Doktor von . . .*", and where comic effects are derived from such speech contrasts as between upper-middle-class Viennese, provincial Austrian, and Prussian German, an English version will have to look to its effects in different places. Above all, the English language has no equivalent to those smart solecisms and upper-middle-class literary inanities and philosophical malapropisms which in German accompany the talk of the so-called "educated" upper-middle classes. The shootin'-and-huntin' talk of the English county set is really too agricultural to work as its equivalent.

A translator will have to move into a different area of discourse. And if he happens to be himself an artist in words, you may be sure he won't be able to resist the temptation of imposing some of his own verbal ploys, and thus some of his ideas, on the text before him. There are occasions—the suggestion isn't as arrogant as it sounds—when the literary critic, and therefore also the translator, is able to understand a literary work better, see more clearly the direction in which it is moving, than its creator.

The present version is by Tom Stoppard.[1] This collaborative effort bears the marks of Stoppard's immensely verbal imagination, but this is an aspect

[1] It is not advertised as a translation, but I see no good reason why John Harrison—the one who knows the language of the original—shouldn't be mentioned in the programme notes.

THE SOCIETY OF AUTHORS

invites entries for the

1980 ERIC GREGORY AWARDS

for the encouragement of young poets. Among previous winners have been:

Adrian Mitchell, Geoffrey Hill, James Simmons, Jenny Joseph, Ian Hamilton, Stewart Conn, Robert Nye, Ted Walker, John Fuller, Derek Mahon, Michael Longley, Robin Fulton, Seamus Heaney, Hugo Williams, Brian Patten, Douglas Dunn, Brian Jones, John Mole, Paul Muldoon, Frank Ormsby, Andrew Motion, Tom Paulin, Ciaran Carson, Christopher Reid.

In 1979 Awards totalling £7,000 were made.

In 1980 for the first time the Society has plans to publish a

GREGORY ANTHOLOGY

of poems selected from the entries.

A candidate must be
British by birth
Under the age of 30

and may submit a published or unpublished collection of Belles-Lettres, Poetry or Drama-Poems (not more than 30)

Closing date: 31st October, 1979

Details from:

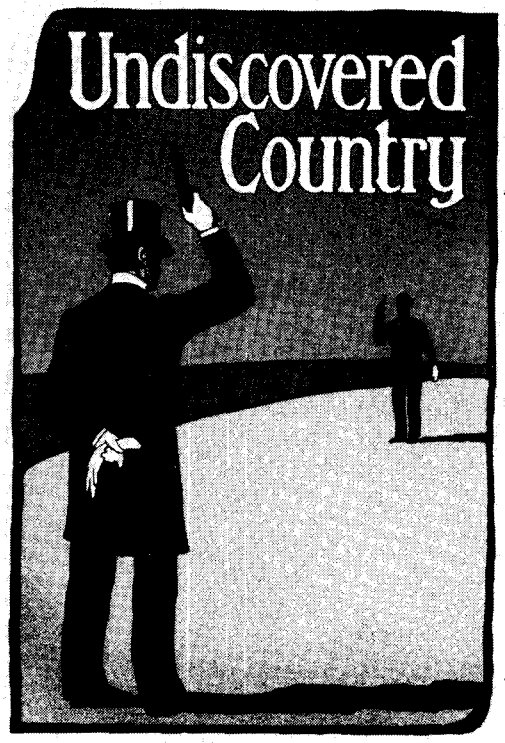
**Awards Secretary,
THE SOCIETY OF AUTHORS,
84 Drayton Gardens,
London SW10 9SD.**

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the English text which is largely absent from Schnitzler's original. Here is an example from the first act. In Schnitzler's text a dead man is described by a bright young girl as having been much too clever and tactful to have left a farewell letter to his friends. The girl in the English version (portrayed with just the right mixture of enthusiasm and intelligence by Emma Piper) puts it much more neatly: "Korsakov", she says, "Korsakov was not the man to be seen dead with a suicide note!" (though it's only fair to add that that in turn is an echo of Beckett's man who "wouldn't be seen dead in a churchyard"). And a little later in the same act, while they are all getting ready for tennis (there is, as you will see, a great deal of tennis going on in this play—deeply significant, indeed symbolical tennis!), the girl thinks about her own death and, to indicate her own indifference, she says: "Once I'm dead, I won't mind if people dance the Cake Walk on my grave." Well, one can see the modest little joke. Stoppard's version, in defiance of American susceptibilities, does better than that: "When it's my turn to go", says the girl in *his* version, "people can knock up against my gravestone, if they like." The way the metaphor is tied into the situation—I suspect by this time I've totally wrecked the joke—shows a scenic and verbal imagination of a high order.

INTERMINGLING WITH the tennis there is a lot of death in this play. For another example of Stoppard's brilliant jazzing up of the text there is the title of the play. Schnitzler called it *Das weite*

Secret Knowledge



FREUD: *"I have often asked myself, wonderingly, from where you were able to draw that secret knowledge of the subject, and in the end I have come to envy the poet whom I had only admired before."*
FREUD TO SCHNITZLER *(letter, 1906)*

SCHNITZLER'S NOTEBOOKS: "A woman is hopelessly in love with a married man; she commits suicide. The husband reproaches himself. Or the other way round. Suicide of a lover. The husband: why not? He asks himself whether he had been worth all that. He comes to the conclusion: would it not have been a thousand times better if she had given herself to him [the lover]. His wife instils horror in him, she conjures up an image of death. He can no longer be intimate with her. He is finally driven mad. The husband has no love left for his wife; has affairs. Her suicide appears to him all the more ridiculous. Dialogue? Returning from the funeral?" (1902)

"Divorce formalities. He realizes that he does not at all feel like going through with the divorce. What inconvenience! Honour has been satisfied. They stay together, lead a busy social life, gradually become reconciled and eventually become quite good friends."
REJECTED ENDING TO UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY

"I had the choice to send my wife packing and to deprive my children of an excellent mother and myself of an excellent hausfrau—or to make my peace and to preserve a mother for my children and a comfortable home for myself. If I had still loved her passionately, of course, I would not have had this choice but luckily this was no longer the case. . .
SKETCH FOR ACT III OF UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY

"Oh God, may she sleep with my stable boy! If only he [my friend] would arise again. Women—how many? But a friend? And such a [close] one at that? Now then, what shall I do? I must go home. How lovely it would be if he were still alive. I won't go near her again, this murderess! And the horrible thing is the lying, the deceit, but I could quite well imagine a marriage in which both parties go their own way and yet remain the best of friends. The only need for divorce is if one party—or both—is still in love."
(1902)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Land, "the vast terrain" or "country." The words are uttered in the third act, which is set in a posh mountain hotel, by a very gentlemanly hotel manager (Michael Bryant shows a splendid understanding for the acid aspect of the character) who combines randiness and dramatic irrelevance with a propensity for profound philosophising. When asked by the protagonist Friedrich Hofreiter to explain why he deceived his wife, whom he claims he loved, the hotel manager, Doktor von Aigner, uses the occasion for a lengthy summing-up of his *Weltanschauung* (to this day highly articulate *Weltanschauungen* are what Alpine hoteliers are apt to suffer from):

> "*You* ask *me* why I betrayed her? Has it never occurred to you what complicated beings we really are? So many things find room in us: love and deceit . . . loyalty and betrayal . . . worshipping one woman yet longing for another, several others. We try to bring order into our lives as best we can, but that very order has something artificial about it. The natural condition is chaos. Yes, my dear Hofreiter, the soul is a vast country, as the poet once said . . . though it could equally well have been the manager of a hotel."

And this, it appears, is the message Schnitzler intends to convey. In this society, whose main preoccupation is an endless round of tennis, love affairs, and gossip, every man's soul is an enigma, to himself and to those around him. No one can foretell how he will react to the other and to each emerging event—and, incidentally, the emphasis, in all of Schnitzler's writings, is always on *re*actions to other people's moves and convictions, and the only time we see purposeful action issuing from a clearcut decision is when the purpose is death. The intended message, it transpires, is hardly more than that the lives of men and women in this society are as unpredictable in their trivialities as in their profundities, and that there isn't much difference between the two. Certainly Friedrich Hofreiter, the protagonist of the play—a husband who accuses his wife of inhumanity because she has turned down one lover, then seduces his best friend's girl friend, and finally kills his wife's second lover because she hasn't turned *him* down—certainly the protagonist bears out this message of the soul's unpredictability; and so does the behaviour of most of the men and women who join him on this extended garden-, tennis- and hotel-party. Tom Stoppard comes closer to revealing the true grounds of the play's action. For what he conveys here, as he did in *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead* is his own understanding that the most interesting issue is not the enigmatic unpredictability of people's souls but the profound attraction of death. Hence his translation of the title refers, not just to the soul's vast and enigmatic expanse, but to the ultimate goal towards which the soul is so deeply enticed—that

> "*undiscovered country, from whose bourn*
> *No traveller returns. . . .*"

THE ADULTEROUS love affair and the duel: these are the two poles of Schnitzler's theatre, its two most characteristic encounters. They make up the gamut of human experience as he presents it, and he returns to them in play after play. Both are closely connected, being at once illicit *and* socially accepted, indeed socially vaunted actions. Both are palliatives for boredom, important ways of breaking the monotony in the social round. In both responsibility is thrown on to society, which sanctions them as ultimately the only really interesting actions it knows; and in both the man assumes a dominant, god-like function.

The one, the adulterous affair, is a source of exquisite and ephemeral satisfaction—Freud's "pleasure principle"—while the other, the duel, is the source of seriousness, the only one there is—Freud's "reality principle." But once again the revealing thing is that the "reality principle" turns out to be identical with what Freud later came to call "the Thanatos drive" or "death wish": death at least is not boring, for it remains the only "reality" there is, "the undiscovered country". . . .

Toward *Samson Agonistes*

The Growth of Milton's Mind
MARY ANN RADZINOWICZ
The endurance of a work of art such as *Samson Agonistes*, this book suggests, derives from its incorporation of the principle of change as the very foundation of its permanence. In a deft and perceptive analysis, Radzinowicz shows how the poem embodies the principle of change, reveals Milton's perpetual concerns, and illuminates the course of his poetic and intellectual development.
£17.30

Princeton University Press
15A Epsom Road
Guildford, Surrey GU1 3JT

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To Friedrich Hofreiter, the protagonist, nothing else matters in the end. There is some vague talk of a factory, of banking (though even here finance and eros intermingle—Hofreiter's banker's wife turns out to have been one of his earlier mistresses). We hear, too, of a business trip to America. But all this is chit-chat, dramatically unconvincing attempts to fill in a gaping vacuum; and when Hofreiter mentions that his major commercial interest is in the manufacture of "incandescent light bulbs", Schnitzler has to remind him that they have already been invented by Edison. . . .

It is Schnitzler's half-explicit criticism of this society that, apart from its amazing luxury, nothing else much matters to it except this elegant game between the love of furtive pleasure and the love of violent, arbitrary death. The importance of tennis as the play's central image is enhanced by the German pun on "*Spiel*" meaning both "game" and "play", sport and pretence and acting; and as such it is a symbol of the kind of truncated life these people lead. But if here Schnitzler gets the better of Stoppard (for the play on words is bound to defeat the translator), the production makes the point with dexterity.

Following the rules of tragi-comedy, the genre of his choice, Schnitzler almost convinces us that he is obliged to leave his criticism half-explicit, that a fuller articulation would destroy its delicate fabric. But would it necessarily do that? He does not suggest an alternative, contrasting set of values. Certainly no such values are available to the society he presents, for it is, above all, a society for which no social world with its responsibilities exists. The elegant, game-like quality of the play is achieved at the cost of all social tension and conflict—this is a self-contained world of erotic artifice.

Schnitzler is certainly capable of dramatising the interplay of social and erotic considerations, of showing (in a way Freud would not have approved of at all; nor incidentally, from the other side of the fence, would Karl Marx) that the interaction of social and erotic motives is among the mainsprings of realistic action in our societies. Thus, in *Liebelei* (1896), surely his greatest play, the seduction of the young girl of the "*midinette*" type—known in Viennese parlance as "*das süße Mädel*", the type Schnitzler introduced into literature—is shown to have its origins in the social situation of the city. She is, and is shown to be, socially inferior to her lover, she is conscious of her inferiority, and she faces the general romantic proposition—the proposition that in a love affair such differences don't matter—with the utmost disbelief. When she "falls in love" with "the young gentleman" and "gives him her all", this is, in part at all events, a humble, wholly non-mercenary tribute to his social position—to him, on the other hand, she is "fair game" (*Freiwild*, the title of another of Schnitzler's plays). Her immense attractiveness lies above all in her sexual accessibility; and that again derives from the fact that she can value herself no more highly than she is valued by him, that he and his like provide the scale of moral and ethical judgments by which she lives and judges—until, that is, the chips are down and the moment of crisis (another duel) shows up the hollowness of this scale, this life, this world. The conflict, in *Liebelei*, is fought out in the soul of a character who discovers that at the point of crisis all her beliefs, derived from a social world not her own, collapse into total nothingness, and that she has no strength and no beliefs of her own with which to replace them.

IN THE PRESENT PLAY, however, this source of conflict is not available to Schnitzler. The scheme that he is putting before us, inspired as it is by an episode from real life, confines the action to a group of people who share a single ethos. There is the family doctor, Mauer (Michael Byrne does his best with a difficult part), in love with the young girl Hofreiter seduces; he is an immensely nice and decent chap, a self-portrait of Schnitzler perhaps. But Mauer is no more than a confidant to his friend Hofreiter and, in the presence of Genia, Hofreiter's wife, he is hardly more than a go-between; his position of somewhat helpless decency remains undeveloped and marginal to the action. Neither he nor anybody else is conceived clearly enough as offering an alternative set of values—but is this omission of an alternative really entailed by the rules of tragi-comedy?

Mention of the family doctor recalls Schnitzler's great contemporary, Anton Chekhov, with whom he has often been compared. The charm and the nostalgia, the feeling for the fleetingness of life, the twin attractions of love and of death—all these are present in both dramatists. Both delight in exploiting the incongruity and humour of social pretensions, the bitter-sweet irony of disillusionment, lust in action muted by gossip, or overdrafts, or sheer laziness.

But Chekhov's criticism of the ethos of his characters, though still only intimated and conveyed with a total lack of moralising, is established a good deal more firmly than it ever is in Schnitzler, because there are, in Chekhov's plays, even within the self-imposed limitations of "tragi-comedy", characters who represent an alternative. There is in Schnitzler no equivalent to Chekhov's affectionate portrayals of those foolish and hopelessly inconsistent idealists who are forever trying to see through the society in which they are trapped—the society encompassed by love affairs at one end and duels at the other—characters whose economic situation and social conscience alike force them to seek, however ineffectually, an alternative sense and form of life. This is a difference of literary and cultural traditions as much as of individual gifts.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What ultimately sustains these Chekhovian characters is the feeling which they express (often at inordinate length) that they are part of a society that goes on, somewhere beyond the tennis courts and red automobiles, and that a man's or woman's involvement with other people, even outside the non-matrimonial bed, *can* be more than a necessary evil and may on occasion bring out not (as with Schnitzler) the worst but the best in them. Always, at some final point of despair, beyond the last derisive answer to the questions "Why?", or "What's the good?", there is, in these Chekhov characters, another assertion—ironically questioned, yes, but no longer radically undermined—something like, "Let us do the accounts . . .", or "In fifty years' time the last trees in this forest will have rotted away if we don't do anything about it now."

AND THIS DIMENSION—Chekhov demonstrates that it *is* compatible with the notion of tragi-comedy—has no equivalent in Schnitzler, and not even the nimble Tom Stoppard can infuse it into the text. There is, for Schnitzler as well as for his characters, no seriousness comparable with the seriousness of death.

To Hofreiter, the slightly weary demi-god who rules this little world, nothing else matters beyond the assertion of the self in the only total act of which he is capable; and even that, in the end, doesn't matter. His decision to challenge his wife's young lover and his determination to kill him—and it is a conscious, deliberate decision—come unexpectedly, accompanied by the sudden shock that derives from superb theatrical timing. The motivation, though, is clear enough. Hofreiter is envious of his rival's youth; he won't be made a fool of in the eyes of society. But above all the duel is the only act he can take fully seriously because he knows that in the pursuit of it he is taken fully seriously by others. John Wood has all the elegant volatility and moodiness, all the quickness and capacity for change that are needed for the part. In every encounter he is always one move ahead of his partner (and of the audience), always impatient of explanation, thoroughly conscious of his own capriciousness and almost as ready to indulge other people's. But there is, in Hofreiter, beyond these qualities, a capacity for self-analysis and a deep brooding nihilism which, alas, just about escapes John Wood's immense Anglo-Irish charm. Schnitzler's Hofreiter knows about tennis and good hotels and mountain climbing, but also about introspection and Freud. He knows about the approach of middle age and when Genia, his wife, says to Mauer, "I need to be wooed long and patiently", we infer that he is seeking refuge in the far-away country from failures closer home. Let me not overstate the point: of course, Schnitzler is no Beckett. At the point where this nihilism is about to take the stage, he quickly pulls back from the abyss with the call, "Anyone for tennis?"—but by that time the call has acquired a sinister undertone.

The charm and the achievement of the play are in these echoes and reverberations, in this criss-crossing of *leitmotifs* and phrases, above all in the tightness of its structure. Hofreiter's wife, Genia (Dorothy Tutin), is at the very centre of this web of actions, motives and intentions, yet, characteristically, she is a passive centre. In love with her husband, she knows that she means little to him. In refusing one lover she was motivated by the belief that adultery would destroy her self-respect, would diminish the integrity of her selfhood, but since this is precisely what her husband's conduct achieves, she seeks remedy—seeks confirmation of her damaged self—in accepting the second lover. This, as Schnitzler beautifully demonstrates, is not incompatible with a genuine attachment; but, again, there can be no consistency, no permanence in this relationship, for like everything else in the play it is a relationship at once created and cut short by the prevailing ethos. This is a difficult mixture of action and reaction, of passion and endurance, and Miss Tutin too does her best to do justice to it. The sexual interest is central to her life; and when one of the men observes, with some Viennese sententiousness, that women's lives aren't taken up entirely by affairs of the heart, I suspect the remark is not meant to be entirely funny.

AND HERE, FINALLY, is the problem the play poses, and which this magnificent production has come as close to solving as seems possible. The country in which this tragi-comedy is enacted borders on Chekhov country on one side, Oscar Wilde's home counties on the other, and Beckettland on the third. With Chekhov's theatre it shares the nostalgia, charm and fine motivation of a mainly passive action, but without showing even the most modest indication of the social whole of which it is, however reluctantly, a part. With Oscar Wilde it shares a delightful isolation from the realistic considerations of the social world (hence the success of its *Importance-of-Being-Ernest*-like settings); yet it lacks the fairy-tale quality and unconcern, the self-containedness, and the uncontentious lyricism of Wilde's masterpiece. And it has a good deal of the Beckettian hollowness of all hopes and aspirations, though hardly any of its humour or his determination to see the nihilism all the way through, heedless of consequences, to the end.

It is not a play about "Vienna as it really was", but about Vienna as it saw itself in a mixture of guilt and delight, self-congratulation and self-mockery. "Anyone for tennis?" is the call, and "Everyone for death!" is its echo.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Anthony Thwaite

The Studio

Pale beauties of a former day, lie there
Suppliant slaves attentive to my gaze!
My brush must worship you, large-eyed, bereft
Of all but wisps of gauze and feathered fans
In such a heat, the ancient classic sea
Glimpsed blue through the embrasure. How you strain
Mutely at these constraints I put on you,
Languid on couches, supine by the pool!

How different the view as now I turn
And look on dank back-gardens, dripping walls,
Façades of terraces, a distant spire,
And rank on rank of villas sprawling up
To crown this city fate has given me . . .
If I had been brought up among your groves,
Your temples and your chambers, purple-draped,
Sun-drenched in marble, what might I have been!

And so I use you, distant and ideal,
Maidens of modesty, passionate and still,
To be my paragons. My purposes
Are chaste, exact, sublime, and beautiful,
However men may misinterpret such
Voluptuous offerings—the upraised breasts,
The yearning thighs, the lips that, swollen, speak
Impulses we deny except to Art. . . .

Back to the canvas. . . . Think—in Manchester
My allegories grace those blackened fanes,
Suggesting a perspective we have spurned
In votes, and bills of lading, and machines
That knit and fret and petulantly stamp
Patterns on shoddiness, an endless wheel
Of usefulness and profit. Yet my shapes—
Lovingly nurtured, individual. . . .

They say I make my profits too. 'Tis so—
I tug the heart, the lost inheritance,
And so the purse-strings. Is that shameful, then?
To please with what would else be lost to us?
Speak not of *markets*: I am fortunate
In doing best what's best for my design,
Romantic ardour in a classic vein,
The pristine captured and brought down from heaven.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Watch how I mix the umber with the rose,
Tinctures of flesh beyond imaginings,
The dew still on the petal, light of light,
Waterdrops glistening on the lifted arm—
A talent, and a gift: no muddiness,
No crudity, no vaulting after vague
Resemblances, but everywhere my crisp
Edges of excellence, a bounding line.

These Frenchmen and these Dutch—I've heard of them,
But what of them? These vogues will come and go
As they have always done. The test must be
Standards established by the chosen few
Time has vouchsafed to us—Praxiteles,
Phidias, a handful else. Where can Art go
Except in emulation? Here—the pink
Lies on the white, and trembles on the cheek.

Stanislaw Baranczak

Browsing through "Homes and Gardens"

So, that's how things are in that world; but
let's show vigilance, let's not be deceived, that
furniture of theirs also gets covered with dust, those juicy
steaks tend to be overdone, those lawns have
continually to be cut, dust, ashes, the mower's
roar in that world too they
have sometimes bled, some of them
are dead, their tanned and massaged
faces also sometimes grow pale and sweat;

and moreover we too have our achievements,

our products are in the lead, our
positive appearances succeed more and
more often, our endeavours do not recede, our
youth accedes to the ranks, our visible effects
proceed when specific activities are embraced;

and yet in this world some have always bled,
even when all goes smoothly, there is someone dead,
and if he is alive, it's only in the other
world there is nothing for one to be dying,
only there everything is not for bleeding
and not for believing

Translated by Adam Czerniawski

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOTES & TOPICS

European Diary

Art in Auction

THE HIGHEST price ever paid for a painting—by New York's Metropolitan Museum at Christie's on 27 November 1970—is over £2,310,000, for Velazquez's "Juan de Pareja." This fact now dominates considerations about the picture, for art and monetary values have become inextricably intertwined. There is the unchaste glamour of expensive things, an instinctual suspicion or disbelief that an expanse of canvas can really be so desirable. By comparison gold bullion seems impressively emphatic. Yet this enormous price was not determined solely on grounds of investment or pure aesthetic, and when market price is equated with the value of the object as a work of art a natural confusion arises, sadly reflected by the American tourist who marches into a museum and asks point-blank to see the most expensive picture.

Nor does the price of a painting necessarily reflect its beauty. Market factors, the painting's saleability, orient around its size (small paintings have a clear utility for private buyers), its condition, its period, the identity of the painter, and whether he is fashionable. A signed and dated painting has much greater value than an unsigned one—a palette-sketch by Renoir or Picasso exacts an astronomical price, while respectable unsigned oils go unwanted.

Certainly the illogical value we attach to the age of a painting would have surprised our forbears, who slung out the mediocre with abandon, but it is bound up with the feeling that antiquity must mean quality and high standards. Old possessions have the appearance of stemming the tide of teeming and bewildering change, and new forms of "art" are constantly being created, right up to yesterday's tin tea caddy. Perhaps our reverence for third-rate old work stems partly from the fragmented and isolationist character of much contemporary art.

IN JULY THIS YEAR at Christie's, a Matisse sold for £720,000, far more than any 20th-century painting had ever fetched. Yet "Young Sailor" would not normally be regarded as an example of Matisse's best work. The curious implications of this new record are interesting to tease out and compare. Does that price reflect the status of the painting, and the painter, in art history? Does it change assessments of the Post-Impressionists?

Academic art history is phlegmatic; it assumes that the long view is always the interesting one, that eventually the calibre of a Goya or a Rembrandt will show through and become established. There are certain paintings of such force and energy that the degree of horror they initially arouse may indicate their ultimate importance. Flabby imitators quicken the solidification process: copiers of Kandinsky and Cézanne have found that mimicry is not so easy, for the evolution of the way the eye sees the same things is exciting at its turning-point, and the pictorial intensity of paintings breaking new ground cannot be rediscovered.

In the art market tentative experiments are not appreciated. Bacon and Hockney have become expensive because critics have asserted their importance. The next step is to refine a painter's portfolio down to a handful of seminal works, and here the auction-house cataloguer with a good eye can, like the critic, play a part in moulding art history—detecting the way in which one painting in a portfolio marks a significant junction, is indeed the crucial axis of the painter's work and the justification of his ideas. Through the system of advised reserves and estimated sale prices this perceived quality affects the painting's hard-cash worth. Above all, the cataloguer's conversations with clients and dealers before the sale influence a painting's desirability, for auction-rooms decidedly have the capacity to push a particular lot. And the presence of investment buyers (financial groups or individuals) as guaranteed bidders in the sale-room has increased the fluidity of a painting's monetary value.

AUCTION-ROOM PRICES are volatile and with inflation and the deduction of auction-house commissions, taxes and charges it is often very difficult to get returns from an investment in fine art comparable to those from orthodox investment. For sale-room practice is complex, and frequently not understood.

The estimate in an auction-house catalogue of the price a painting will fetch is based on the most recent price realised by the painter's work. (Many of the most expensive—and most illustrious—works of art are sold in private transactions, and never go to auction.) But a previous high price may have been a freak—two parties have vied unexpectedly fiercely in the sale-room; there has

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

been an outbreak of "sale-room madness" (reckless bidding induced by "atmosphere" and clever manipulation of the sale's tempo by the auctioneer); international buyers have been present, on behalf of foreign governments and museums, the Paul Getty Fund, and so on. Or the price may be low, due to suspicions about authenticity, the operation of "the ring", soft-selling by the auction-room, "spoiling" (the adverse effect of an item having been exposed and hawked around too freely pre-sale), or simply because no one happened to be interested.

Freshness is important: the fact that no one has seen this painting before; the paucity of the artist's work; the vagaries of fashion, whose vital mechanics are bedevilling to try to comprehend; which, if any, collection the painting comes from; and the whole issue of provenance. And there are wider market considerations, such as the country where the sale is taking place (20th-century art sells better in the USA); international monetary considerations such as the dollar premium; government legislation (works of art entering the States pay no import duty, and investment in art can be entirely offset against tax); and the presence of pension fund buyers and bidders for institutions. Many factors militate against the notion that the market value of a painting is stable (or rising), or is commensurate with its quality.

When the last Labour government wanted to introduce a wealth tax, the anti-lobby asked various independent dealers to evaluate property, demonstrating that valuations vary enormously and that the value of a work of art, especially of a high-quality piece, is truly impossible to assess. The price of the Mona Lisa, if anyone could agree which version is the authentic one, would be incalculable. The old adage wears well: a thing is worth only what someone is prepared to pay for it.

Individual paintings elicit individual responses; responses are conditioned by a knowledge of art history and by subjective taste. Those paintings which show a change in a painter's artistic direction acquire art-historical relevance, but may not be the best or most beautiful examples of his work (for example, Picasso's "Guernica" and Cézanne's "Three Bathers"). Recognition of Kandinsky's "Abstraction" of 1910 as a decisive art-historical landmark was an entirely academic affair. Since then the media have made scholarly views readily available; we have all become *cognoscenti*, and know why Miro placed a red spot floating in blue *here*, and not *there*. Were it not so, the difficulties of selling abstract art in the 1970s for prices on a par with classical art would have been insurmountable—although, true to form, the British failed to recognise the important abstracts and trailed in the rear of fashion. As the Germans

Continued on page 38

ROCKEFELLER OF NEW YORK

Executive Power in the Statehouse

ROBERT H. CONNERY and GERALD BENJAMIN

This book is at once a history of Nelson A. Rockefeller's fifteen-year governorship and, more importantly, a balanced assessment of his performance. Reviewing in depth the major public policies initiated by the Rockefeller administration in New York between 1959 and 1973, the authors pinpoint the governor's successes and failures, and use them to probe the extent and limits of state executive power in the country today.
Rockefeller gave Connery and Benjamin complete access to his own papers and to those of the Executive Chamber. In addition, the authors gathered information by extensive interviews with political leaders and state officials of both parties as well as with journalists. They offer a compelling, rounded view of a controversial chief executive and a vigorous account of the ongoing, dynamic process of government.
Illus. 480 pages. £10.50.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY PRESS
2–4 Brook Street, London W.1.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Raymond Aron & Jean-Paul Sartre . . .

THE PHOTOGRAPH *as printed by several Paris daily newspapers and then by* L'Express *appeared to be quite historic. There was Raymond Aron (seated) shaking hands with Jean-Paul Sartre (standing) with, in the background, a fondly-smiling André Glucksmann (hovering, as becomes a "*nouveau philosophe*"). The* Nouvel Observateur, *quick off the mark to spot a trend, remarked:* "Poignée de main significative, historique. . . ."

And the significance seemed to be that after thirty years of intellectual warfare and ideological polemics between the two formidable figures on the French scene, peace had broken out. They had been close friends a long time ago, but ever since the end of the War they had taken up embattled positions at opposite poles of political commitment. The cold war estranged them, one becoming a firm anti-communist in order to preserve the liberties of Western Europe, the other becoming an anti-anti-communist in order to protect the pure faith of the Left in Revolution, and to concentrate opposition on the true enemy: the bourgeoisie and its imperialist-fascist agents. In that spirit Sartre had refused to go to Royal Stockholm to accept his Nobel Prize. As Aron says, "My own attitude is altogether different. . . . But to use the occasion to settle old scores strikes me as being as indecent as a charade of reconciliation and harking back to a distant past. . . ."

STILL TRUE? *I asked Raymond Aron the other day about the "historic handshake", and apparently it was occasioned by the mounting toll of the tragedies overtaking the Vietnamese "boat people." Not a few on the Left were shocked, even outraged. The Broyelles, who had been Maoists and had written a bitter best-seller called* Deuxième retour de Chine, *were moved to try and do something "concrete" to alleviate the hardships of the refugees in the South China seas, at least by alerting public opinion on the subject. The movement they started was called* "Un bâteau pour le Viet Nam", *and Aron was asked to lend his name by signing the general appeal. "I don't like signing things", Aron says, "but this time I allowed myself to be persuaded. It was, after all, not a political question but a humanitarian one. There was not even any criticism of the Viet Nam régime. I went to their meeting and tried to help. . . ."*

In the months that followed, the fate of the Vietnamese expellees grew ever more urgent. Hundreds of thousands were now facing death; and any rescue efforts had to be accelerated. The Broyelles organised a press conference, and asked Aron to take part.

"When I got there I saw Jean-Paul Sartre come in—a near blind, sick, fragile Jean-Paul Sartre. The people with him whispered, 'Aron est là. . . .' *He came towards me, and I put out my hand to him and said what I used to say in the old days,* 'Bonjour mon petit camarade'."

"I am not even sure", Aron told me, "that he quite heard. . . . But what is interesting indeed is that intellectuals like Sartre, who only a few years ago did not jib at the sacrifice of millions of people on the altar of ideology, now see the importance of humanitarian considerations. Ce n'est pas moi qui a changé, ce sont eux. *And among those who have changed it is Sartre in particular who has had a very long way to come. Remember that even at the time of the Hungarian uprising—and it disturbed him!—he continued to invoke the 'defence of socialism' as a justification for the Russian intervention. But today he has come over to the side of human rights, to* les droits de l'homme. *If our meeting and shaking hands has an importance, that would be it. . . ."*

BUT THE HISTORIC MOMENT, *as all things in history, had a prelude. In 1961, at the time of the French war in Algeria, both Aron and Sartre were in the ranks of the opposition: Sartre among the hosts of the Left, Aron a lone figure in liberal-conservative circles. Their reasons for resisting the Algerian war had completely different political and moral accents, but they seemed to be common campaigners—and at that time it was Sartre who came up to Aron, in a chance meeting on a Paris street, and offered his hand with the ritual greeting,* "Bon jour mon petit camarade. . . ." *He proposed a meeting again; but nothing came of it.*

A decade or so later the Left and all its Sartrian enragés *were in full cry in the Sorbonne student revolt; and a furious Sartre attacked Aron as "unworthy of holding a University chair." Aron, as is well known, is hard to dislodge from his customary stoical and disabused serenity. He reacted only with a philosophical critique of Sartre's latest militant writings, paying homage to the "richness and complexity" of the whole* œuvre *but wondering why such an unpredictable Marxist continued to set so much store by dogmatic loyalty. "He is quite sincere when he convinces himself of a Marxism which Marxists reject and which would have astonished even Karl Marx. . . ."*

INDEED MUCH OF THE DRAMATIC HISTORY *of the post-War intelligentsia can be written in terms of the duel between these two friends, rivals, and antagonists. And the duel goes back a long time, to the days before World War II, even to the days when both were in Germany studying philosophy (Aron reading Max Weber, Sartre reading Husserl and Heidegger). This is how Sartre's lifelong companion, Simone de Beauvoir, describes the relationship in her memoir of the 1930s* (La Force de l'Age; The Prime of Life):

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

. . . an "Historic Handshake"

"WE SAW a good deal of Raymond Aron. . . . He was a member of the Socialist Party, an organisation which we despised—firstly on the grounds that it was infiltrated by the bourgeoisie, and secondly because we were temperamentally opposed to the idea of reform: society, we felt, could change only as a result of sudden cataclysmic upheaval on a global scale. But we hardly ever talked politics with Aron. Mostly he and Sartre argued bitterly about problems of philosophy. I took no part in these discussions, since my mind moved too slowly for them; nevertheless I found myself more often than not on Aron's side. . . .

"Aron enjoyed critical analysis, and set himself to tear Sartre's rash syntheses to bits. He had the knack of getting his opponent in the fork of a dilemma and then crushing him with one sharp hammer-stroke. 'There are two alternatives, *mon petit camarade,'* **he would say. 'Take your choice.' . . . Sartre struggled hard to avoid being cornered, but as there was more imagination than logic in his mental processes, he had his work cut out. I cannot recall one occasion on which he convinced Aron—or on which Aron succeeded in shaking Sartre's own beliefs."**

BUT IF SARTRE *did not change Aron's beliefs he did succeed in swaying the minds of a whole generation of European youth who might otherwise have subscribed to the civilised liberal ideals as represented by Raymond Aron and Albert Camus. One historian, as a matter of fact, has recorded that Sartre*

"won the battle to discredit liberal non-Communist humanism; he had devised philosophical rationalisations for the plastic-bombers of Algiers; he had cheered on Fidel Castro and Che Guevara; he had blessed Cohn-Bendit and the Student Revolt of 1968; he had exposed American imperialism in Viet Nam; he hailed the emancipatory impulses of the Pop-&-Drug culture; he was prepared to go to jail for distributing Maoist newspapers on the streets of Paris (but de Gaulle had said, 'One does not arrest Voltaire'); he visited the Baader-Meinhof terrorists in their German prison-cells and helped their defence; and for all his occasional criticisms of Communist and Soviet excesses (Budapest, Prague) he remained inflexibly loyal to the romantic principles of a Revolution which would change things utterly."

It is this record which caused Solzhenitsyn in Moscow to refuse to see Sartre and de Beauvoir when, on a tour of the USSR they asked to call on him.

AS FOR ARON, *although the estrangement deepened, the fascination remained. Sartre became a kind of symbol for him, perhaps a shadow side of his own self, the mirror image of his own intellectual preoccupations,* un frère ennemi. *And yet, in the English edition of his book which critically analyses Sartre's monumental* Critique de la raison dialectique *(1973), Aron refers to*

"this dialogue between two men who were friends in their youth, who were separated by their quarrels and united by their interests. . . . There were never any political disagreements between Sartre and me of a kind that would compromise our friendship until the united front of the Resistance fell apart in 1946–47. . . . In any event his meeting Simone de Beauvoir necessarily altered the nature of the ties among those who at the École Normale were called his *'petits camarades.'* **In 1938 Sartre was less 'anti-Munich' than I was. . . ."**

But with much generosity, Aron declines to go into detail:

"There is a chance this book will be interpreted as a balance sheet between two youthful friends who, through the events and the passions of the age, have become opposed to one another. Let me say that in the evening of my life the memory of our friendship remains to me more alive than our polemics. It may happen that when the opportunity arises a new polemic will be stirred up. I doubt it—and besides, what does it matter? We have never separated philosophy and politics. . . . I think differently, but I accept him as he is—even while opposing him indefinitely with reasons he will never be ready to listen to."

JAMAIS? *Never say never. Over the years there have been invitations to participate in a public confrontation,* face à face. *Aron always accepted, Sartre always refused. "Yet I am told that he rather liked my critique of his Dialectic of Violence. . . ." Perhaps it is a pity that the grand debate failed to take place, and now it is too late.*

Still, that handshake for the twenty-first of June has a meaning and a symbolism of its own. For surely Aron is right in saying that it is not he who has changed. The Gulag Archipelago *subverted the monolithic self-confidence of the Left, and the gods have been failing rather regularly. The ideologues of* Gauchisme *find themselves suddenly disenchanted and disarmed—and, as Aron says, "deprived of an ideology, they fall back on humanitarianism. . . ." In pleading for human rights and trying to give aid to alleviate the miserable lot of refugees from totalitarian states, the Sartres—like Michel Foucault, and so many others—are making an eleventh-hour effort to save their own soul and conscience. It may be* in extremis, *but who would want to blame them or to discourage them?*

François Fejtö

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and the Japanese showed us how to buy Victorian art, so the Americans did with contemporary art.

Paintings are acquired for different reasons and serve differing purposes. A collector will buy what he likes, what suits his collection and not for immediate re-sale. A museum buys paintings of national importance which will give depth or variety to the collection, or fill gaps in its range. A dealer buys for a predetermined client (another dealer or collector), or because the painting is decorative or sellable. The role of the painting and its quality may be at odds. There are Rembrandts which burn themselves ineffaceably on the mind at first meeting, but which one would not care to live with. And there is investment art, which is supposed to have good potential growth. None of this has much to do with what constitutes a masterpiece.

THE FINE ART WORLD is the last bastion of free enterprise at its most unrestricted, most cut-throat. Coups are still possible, like David Carritt's at the great Mentmore sale in Buckinghamshire in May 1977, where he walked off with a Fragonard, bought for a song, which no one else had recognised. But the auction-houses, enviable pigs-in-the-middle whom no one can do without, gaze with glacial unconcern at the hurly-burly around; they are unassailably dominant in the fine-art market.

Where pure finance, profits, and gross margins have intruded into the rarified realm of high art, this has been beneficial in some ways, undesirable in others. Paintings are scrutinised more closely, no matter the motive. Knowledge increases, and where research can improve knowledge and bear financial fruit research increases—although true expertise is still surprisingly deficient as the Samuel Palmer affair proved. But the rocketing value of paintings has brought about pure investment buying (both unwholesome and unwise), and more faking. Tom Keating's fakes are now worth a lot of money in their own right—the ultimate proof of the art market's pragmatism.

Paintings, seeming most evidently to be what they are, are often not what they seem. In the past, restorers, often possessed of considerable artistic skill, thought nothing of replacing a lemon in a still life with a pear, or a bowl with a skull. The habit persists: paintings are restored to make them more commercial, and few canvases are pristine. (The auction-houses, realising that mystification pays, have been known to advise restorers to occlude improprieties by dark-varnishing a canvas before bringing it in for sale.)

Fables of Aggression
Wyndham Lewis, the Modernist as Fascist
Fredric Jameson

The author proposes a framework in which Lewis's explosive language practice can be grasped as a political symbolic act. He does not, however, ask us to admire the energy of Lewis's style without confronting the inescapable and often scandalous ideological content of Lewis's works: the aggressiveness and sexism, the predilection for racial and national categories, the brief flirtation with fascism, the inveterate and cranky oppositionism that informs his powerful polemics against virtually all the political and counter-cultural tendencies of his time. *Fables of Aggression* draws on the methods of narrative analysis and semiotics, psychoanalysis, and ideological analysis to construct a dynamic model of the contradictions from which Lewis's incomparable narrative corpus is generated and of which it offers so many varying symbolic resolutions.
200 pages. £7.15.

William Carlos Williams and the American Scene, 1920–1940
Dickran Tashjian

William Carlos Williams's interests, writings, and wide acquaintanceship among artists provide a guide to the American avant-garde in this study of literature and the visual arts of the 1920s and 30s. An essay of moderate length complements 129 black-and-white illustrations and 16 color plates to present an interdisciplinary view of American modernism as it was developed by writers and artists determined, in Williams's phrase, to "make contact" with the immediate realities of the American Scene—of locale or region; of city, workplace, tenement; of social class and political conflict; or simply of nature or individual objects, artifacts, people.
Illus. 168 pages. £15.00.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA PRESS
2–4 Brook Street, London W.1.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IF PIGMENT IS DIFFICULT to manipulate, often the market is not. By buying the majority of an unknown painter's works it is possible to create an artificial demand which can collapse later as their inherent lack of quality seeps through. The process is this: ten out of a hundred are released in a sale. The first two are allowed to go quite cheaply, and the last eight are bought in, hired bidders exciting interest by bidding close to the high reserve. A few more are circulated in country sales, and as interest mounts prices grow: the bulk can be sold off at the new price as a collection of an established "sale-room artist." With sufficient capital outlay it is a simple operation. On the same tack, big dealers are prepared if necessary to buy the work of artists from their own stable at an inordinately-high price, even if they do not want the picture, to keep that particular market high.

The art market is permanently artificially inflated. In these heady days of record-breaking prices second-rank work can suffer. Fashion dictates all, and those who have tried to analyse the principle of changing fashions in pictures might look at them *vis-à-vis* prevailing modes of thought. The great boom in Impressionist art in the last ten years coincided with a popular philosophy of subjective, personal impressions, a breakaway from scientific empiricism, and an exploration of the reality beneath appearance. Early in the century when tradition was most honoured, family portraits, now unwanted, commanded the same price as good Old Masters. Now we are back with Victorian art and its honest craftsmanship. No auction-house, or dealer, or art critic can dictate what fashion will come next, but whether it be inspired contemporary iconography, or haughty Edwardian portraiture, it will reflect prevailing systems of values.

Michael Wigan

Some Questions to Zinoviev

ALEXANDER ZINOVIEV'S *The Yawning Heights* may be ranked as one of the great satirical novels of our day; the surrealistic episodes, the parties, the serious discourses, the academic discussions, the sexual scenes and the parodies of bureaucracy all display humour, banality and absurdity. But there is one prevailing theme in this novel: the process of the Soviet system itself. When I discussed this with Zinoviev, he was at pains to explain how the Soviet system actually works. "The aim of Soviet ideology is simple and clear—to oppress the people through their spirit . . . that is all."

—And the reason for such institutionalised oppression?

ZINOVIEV: You see, oppression is the law of the system. One example. I ask you: does Brezhnev want the Soviet people to live badly? Of course not. He wants the Soviet people to live well. But everything he does is against his wishes—why? Because he is a man of the system. He can behave only in a way which is allowed by the laws of the system. These laws extend to the military. Look at the size of the Army and the number of atom bombs. Yet it can't stop making the bombs simply because there is no process in the system to stop this particular process.

—How important is Marxism in this whole political process?

ZINOVIEV: I distinguish between ideology, science, and religion. Religion is based on the notion of belief; science is based on the notion of truth; and ideology is based on acceptance. It is not necessary to believe in an ideology—it is only necessary to accept it. This is the classic situation for the Soviet Union—the majority of Soviet people don't believe in Marxism but they accept it.

"Accepting" means the following: I write a book on logic—but in it I must show that I'm a Marxist—it is enough, however, to say in a single sentence: "Marx and Engels said . . . ." Once I've said this, I can more or less write what I like. You see, this sentence is a sign of acceptance. However, many Russian dissidents maintain the Soviet people don't "believe" in Marxism, and because of this, the Soviet Union is "weak." But the point is this: while it is true that the Soviet people don't believe in Marxism as a science or religion, they accept it as

ALEXANDER ZINOVIEV's book "The Yawning Heights" was published this spring by Bodley Head in London, and later this year Random House will bring it out in the States. Among the articles on the subject we have published, see in ENCOUNTER *Helen von Ssachno's "News from Nowhere in Ibansk" and "Zinoviev's Paradoxes" (May 1977 and February 1978), and Raisa Lert, "Zinoviev's Letter to the World" (May 1979).*

This interview was conducted by JUDY DEMPSEY who read History and Political Science at Trinity College, Dublin, where she specialised in Russian History. From 1977–79 she worked at Yale University Press, and now writes for the "Irish Times" with particular reference to the Soviet Union.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LYTTELTON HART-DAVIS LETTERS

Correspondence of George Lyttelton and Rupert Hart-Davis Volume Two 1956–57 Edited and introduced by Rupert Hart-Davis

The second volume of letters between 'one of Britain's greatest schoolmasters and a highly active publisher of equal distinction.' *The Times*
In this volume new absurdities and fools are dispatched with the old trenchancy and wit, and more authors join those already mutually admired—Orwell and E. Phillips Oppenheim, Conrad and Cardinal Newman, Emerson and Ian Fleming.

Publication October 18
£8.95

FROUDE'S LIFE OF CARLYLE

Abridged and edited by John Clubbe

This contemporary biography (first published in four volumes in 1882 and 1884) of the most eminent of Victorian writers has been abridged, edited and introduced by John Clubbe, who has restored to literature and to our appreciation a masterpiece long hidden.

£17.50

JOHN MURRAY

an ideology. This act of acceptance gives Marxism a more stable and stronger hold on the system.

—By the "system" do you mean a specific way of life in the Soviet Union?

ZINOVIEV: Yes, I do incorporate the way of life into the system, but I must say that my novel is not representative of the system as a whole. In fact my novel *improves* the Soviet system for the following reason. If someone described the real Soviet Union in detail, no one in the West would believe him. The Soviet system is so crazy that a writer who wants to be understood must embellish the system which he sets out to describe and explain. The Soviet authorities and officials consider my books to be a caricature of Soviet life; but this isn't true. Real life is so mad . . . it is a life made of days queueing for meat, queueing for potatoes, queueing for the kindergarten . . . you simply can't measure the madness of this system. The situation often seems absolutely hopeless.

—Yet how important are the revolutionary and anarchist traditions which the Soviet Union has inherited from the 19th century? These traditions were the tools and inspiration for change. Is there any evidence to suggest that in the Soviet Union, today, these motivations for change still exist?

ZINOVIEV: I am absolutely certain that it is impossible to "change the system"—but small changes are important and they are happening. I suppose the Soviet Union is better than it was 30 years ago. Indeed the Soviet Union was much better even ten years ago. But now . . . now the system is more dangerous than any phenomenon of Stalin's era.

—Because the ideology has become so "institutionalised"?

ZINOVIEV: Yes, and also for another reason. The Soviet Union is dangerous because it is bringing a "new way of life", and this life can destroy Western civilisation. I know that no Soviet individual wants a new world war, but the Soviet people as a whole can produce and win the war any time. The problem is that the Soviet system is a system without a brain. It is a system which acts according to its natural laws. Now the laws of this type of system are like the laws of cancer. For instance, one of the principles of the system is this: If it is possible to intrude in the affairs of any country—then intrude. Why? Because again, there is nothing in the process which prevents them from intruding. There is no law to say "stop".

—Is this "principle" of interference or intervention in Africa and Asia somehow still connected with Trotsky's theory of "Permanent Revolution"?

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ZINOVIEV: When Lenin and Plekhanov talked about the "World Revolution", they meant something different—they thought revolution would bring paradise. They were Utopians. The real process, now, has less to do with revolution than with epidemic. The nature of the epidemic is interesting. While most societies work on the principle of a hierarchy (the apex works down to the base of that hierarchy), the Soviet hierarchy is exactly the reverse. The base infiltrates, and gradually works up to the apex. You see, at the apex, there is only a small number of people, and their influence becomes diluted as it stretches down to the base, where the majority live. But in the case of the Soviet Union, the influence, the ground-work, the ideology are developed and nurtured at the base and cannot but strengthen the levels up to the apex. In other words, there is no weakness in the Soviet ideology—from the outset, it is stable, and static.

—Aren't there signs of change which can jolt this sterile stability?

ZINOVIEV: My idea is this. I am sure that the Soviet Union would win a new World War, but it will not win the result of the war. It is unable to use the results of its victory. The conflict is between the closed and the open societies. While Western societies have possibilities for creativity and ideas, the Communist system is a parasite on the body of its own civilisation. It is not a fundamental phenomenon in human life. But let me say that I am not a pessimist. I am an optimist. But that doesn't mean I will tell you that everything will be "all right." My position is this: if you want the future to get better, resist—act. You must resist. By doing so, you make a choice, and perhaps as a result of your resistance there will be some improvement.

Cinnamon Stick

Like a ghost in a gaberdine
the mnemonist comes hunching
over the smooth grass. Oh (he breathes)
I hear psalms in the suburbs;
behold those virgin players
in a drift of light. Lazy
butterflies, they are, white flipflops
dancing on the bouncy green;
their blancoed grace, it bobs and spins
in a pure civil playing. How
this flutters above the haycocks.
I am a chalk man, but; I rise
smoothly from my tomb of vellum,
its sigil a lavender sprig
on a pumice glans: my dreams
web through private libraries
of ancient erotica, pungent
as dolphins anchored on a wave
of bay leaves. I am the nephew
of another nephew, and my
tobacco rhetoric must creak
a dusty music from my lust.
Only Christ, the spirit of the forms,
shivers the surface like a shoal
of fry. He will not answer me;
and I must lay this body down
like a brown whiskered nightjar
shadowing bark and perished leaves.

Tom Paulin

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Special Book Section

Art & Architecture

Image & Self-Image

On Anecdote in Art—By LAWRENCE GOWING

THE STUDIES on which modern sophistication in the historical criticism of art has rested are certainly more honoured than read. Art historians prefer using books to reading them, and concentrated, lapidary texts like these take a good deal of reading even in one's own language. *Die Legende vom Künstler* was published 45 years ago and it is a classic. I have seen one copy for sale in 20 years and bought it for an institutional library where, slender as it is, it has intimidated most readers, myself among them. Among English writers, only Francis Haskell gives sign of knowing *Die Legende vom Künstler* as well in the original as by repute. The signs show; in twelve months echoes of the new edition[1] will be audible everywhere. A few of the seminal classics of half a century ago remain to be translated and republished; Erwin Panofsky's *Die Perspektive als symbolische Form* still circulates in xeroxed copies. But Kris and Kurz on the Artist have a topical relevance that Panofsky on Perspective could hardly have. At the moment, *parmi les avancés* (Matisse's phrase in 1913), there is more interest in conceptions of the artist's role than in his works. A structural insight into the mythology of such conceptions is what the doctor ordered, and it is exactly what Doctors Kris and Kurz have to give.

One had an idea what to expect, but the book itself is nevertheless a striking performance. It was written by two exceptional young men. Otto Kurz, who contributed historical omniscience, was to become the historian of iconoclasm, the best of bibliographers and not only the Librarian, but, as Ernst Gombrich writes, the scholarly oracle of the Warburg Institute in London. Ernst Kris supplied the interpretive method and the intuition. He was a true creature of Vienna, doing an eight-hour day as a curator in the Kunsthistorisches Museum, then working as a psychoanalyst into the small hours. Two different intellectual contexts met to produce this synthesis: the encyclopaedic conspectus of primary sources taught by Julius Schlosser, the author of *Die Kunstliteratur*, and the psychic determinism that prevailed in the circle of Freud, which Kris apparently married into.

The subject to which the two men gravitated was not merely the recurrent mythic patterns in the biographical literature of art. Basically they were debating the whole status of verbal descriptions of artistic purpose. The starting point was the observation that the germ of these descriptions is the anecdote—and that these anecdotes recur across the centuries, applied against all probability to quite discrepant artists. The same story of rediscovery was found to be told of Messerschmidt, the 18th-century portrait sculptor and prize psychotic, whom Kris had studied, and of Giotto. The anecdote, which recurs in countless other cases, is obviously a by-product of the mythic pattern for the infancy of heroes. The childhood mastery, the sheep delineated to perfection in the dust and so on are the artistic counterparts of the snakes strangled by the infant Hercules. Moreover, the anecdotes of untutored rustic childhoods cherished in every century, even when the evidence indicates cultivated upbringing in artistic families, refer primarily not to facts but to the urge to establish that art is an innate part of human nature, and to prove that figurative skills, far from being artificial or meretricious, can be admired as spontaneous and instinctive, owning only "the beautiful sculptures and paintings of nature as their model."

We are hardly across the threshold of K. and K.'s structure, but we have already a methodology that applies well in fields far distant from those it drew on. It illuminates, for example, both the continuities and the reversals of modern art. The naturalness of art nouveau and aestheticism (K. and K. have already traced the myth of pastoral precocity as far as Segantini and Mestrovic) turns out to be rooted in the myth. The arts and crafts movement sprang from the legend of nature as art, as Thomas Crane showed in his meditation on the lacemakers of Caen in 1880:

How can these poor cottagers fashion their lace?
From plant and the flower and the unfolding fern
And the frost on the pane their patterns they learn,
From gossamer web by the spider wove,
From natural taste and natural love
For every form of beauty and grace,
They've learned to fashion their wonderful lace.

[1] *Legend, Myth, and Magic in the Image of the Artist: A Historical Experiment.* By ERNST KRIS and OTTO KURZ. Preface by E. H. GOMBRICH. Yale University Press, £10.80, $15.00.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

art and architecture

JUST PUBLISHED

Visionary Drawings of Architecture & Planning
20th Century through the 1960s
George R Collins
Here are the architectural fantasies of Soleri, Lamb, Gropius, Lloyd Wright, Le Corbusier, Sant 'Elia, Mendelsohn, Keisler, Otto, Wachsmann, Fuller, Isozaki, Webb and others.
£10 50

Moments of Vision
The Stroboscopic Revolution in Photography
Harold E Edgerton & James R Killian Jr
This volume includes pioneer and classic photographs (the bullets, splashes and sports pictures) and numerous recent pictures, by Edgerton and others, using his stroboscopic inventions for underwater, night, and shadow photography.
£12 00

White Towers
Paul Hirshorn & Steven Izenour
White Tower, the pioneering American hamburger chain founded in 1926, depended on its instantly recognizable buildings. The meticulously reproduced photographs in this book trace the evolution of an iconography, an example of architectural symbolism, over the last half-century.
£10 50

Le Corbusier
Elements of a Synthesis
Stanislaus von Moos
This translation of the 1968 German edition has been substantially updated and includes many previously unpublished documents from the archives of the Fondation Le Corbusier, opened to researchers in 1972.
£18 60

RECENT TITLES

Alvar Aalto/Sketches
Goran Schildt, editor
Stuart Wrede, translator
In these 31 essays, articles and speeches, plus 80 pencil sketches, the Finnish architect expresses his views on modernism, traditionalism and functionalism, the design of housing and furnishings, city and regional planning, technology, and the quality of life.
£17 50

Collage City
Colin Rowe & Fred Koetter
Collage City presents a critical reappraisal of contemporary urban theories and of the role of the architect/planner in an urban context. Rejecting 'total planning' the authors propose 'collage city', or utopia in fragments.
£15 75

The Architecture of Frank Lloyd Wright
A Complete Catalog
William Allin Storrer
2nd edition, £10 50

On Domestic Architecture
The Sixth Book: Different Dwellings from the Meanest Hovel to the Most Ornate Palace
Sebastiano Serlio
This reduced facsimile of the original 16th century manuscript is published in collaboration with The Architectural History Foundation in New York, and is the first of a new Series.
£49 00

Bauhaus
Weimar, Dessau, Berlin, Chicago
Hans Wingler
Established as a standard work and the most comprehensive collection of documents and pictorial material ever published on this famous school of design, Wingler's book is now available in paperback.
£12 25

COMING SOON

The Conservation of European Cities
Donald Appleyard, editor
Case studies centre on London, Bolton, Bath, Elsinore, Stockholm, Utrecht, Amsterdam, Brussels, Grenoble, Bologna, Rome, Venice, Split, Athens, and Istanbul.
£18 60

Studies in Italian Art and Architecture, 15th through 18th Centuries
edited by Henry A Millon
From 1974–77 the author served as Director of the American Academy in Rome; this is the inaugural volume of a new series in Art History being published jointly with the Academy.
Not for sale in Europe
£31 00

From Art to Science
Seventy-two Objects Illustrating the Nature of Discovery
Cyril Stanley Smith
This book illustrates and discusses 72 objects and rare books from museums and private collections in the United States and Great Britain.
£12 40

THE MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

books from The MIT PRESS

126 Buckingham Palace Road, London SW1W 9SD

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The perseverance of the legend of the child-virtuoso is particularly interesting when the nature of aptitude is inverted and the heroes of the new art must show in childhood the opposite quality. In the old days the figurative virtuosity of the boy was infallibly recognised by an eminent artist of the previous generation who happened to pass by. In the new age the recognisable quality is the aptness to rebut expectations and the propensity to *épater le bourgeois*. The artists cherish these qualities in themselves. The first record we have of the talent of Cézanne (who in fact possessed exceptional manual aptitude, which was no longer congruent with the myth) is his rhyme describing how his banker father was made to tremble by the emergence behind his counter of the painter-to-be. At the next stage, the spell of the myth is still clearer in its defiant reversal. Gauguin's Uncle Isidore, inquiring why the boy was strutting round and throwing sand about (sand—the very stuff the shepherd boy geniuses used to outline their flocks in), was told by the master-to-be, who was rising eight, "Baby is naughty." (In the same mood, brooding on his fate in his last years in Tahiti, Gauguin wrote, "Ah yes, I am a great criminal. What does it matter? So was Michelangelo and I am not Michelangelo.") In the old myth childhood was transfigured by the glamour of genius. Now the glamour of imaginary infantile transgression transfigured art.

NATURALLY ENOUGH the legend of the artist is found, like everything else, to descend from antiquity. At the start, the core of it is the perennial wonder of the deceptive likeness of art to life. The anecdotes are familiar and always have been. They not only provided the nucleus round which the image of the artist formed, they preserved in fable a possibility that for nearly a millennium was outside the reach of the surviving skills. As the skills were reborn—producing, in turn, first a naturalism that was almost deceptive, then actual *trompe l'oeil*, and finally the profound parallel between art and life, known to no other culture, entailed in "realising" the world in the very terms in which it is seen—the ancient anecdotes were always remembered. Vermeer persuades us to give him best by the very device with which Parrhasius compelled the admiration of Zeuxis.

On the basis of the magic likeness of art to life, the legend proceeded to embody the options of style that opened up for the artist. An anecdote, which was almost contemporary, recorded how Lysippus, a coppersmith, decided to become an artist when he heard that a painter, asked which of his predecessors he followed, pointed instead to a crowd of people. The story was later made to yield another aesthetic antithesis when it was adapted to the different purposes of expositors of Brueghel and of Caravaggio, demonstrating in one case that the heterogeneous variety of the human subject was its essence, in the other that nature alone was worthy of imitation. Finally it was converted to illustrate the opposite, classicising, tendency and Guido Reni's biographer made him, when asked where he found models so fine, point to a crowd of casts from the antique.

Stories about image-magic seem to have a mythopoeic propensity in themselves. The protagonists have names like Veronica to suggest that they were the creatures of their own myths and the painter hero of this one was called Eupompus—"trusty guide." His brother Lysistratus hit upon the idea of taking casts of live forms, which enabled him to achieve an exact correspondence with his model. Techniques of this kind, which place the whole artistic character of an image in doubt, have nevertheless a recurrent significance whenever the idea of a one-to-one comparability, an equivalence beyond the reach of invention, seems inviting. Very likely the legend meant as much as the available Greek or Hellenistic examples of it when the sculptor of the Visitation at Reims reached the same point in the 1220s, making casts of actual draperies and triggering off the Western tradition, in which the legendary issues remain as lively as ever. The same idea occurred to Henry Moore in 1952 when he was transposing a symbolic style into a real-seeming likeness, and cast from life the draperies of the torso on the Time-Life roof in Bond Street. Asked the kind of question that people have been putting to artists ever since that trusty guide, I have seen Henry Moore point to a crowded assemblage of pebbles and bones—he has a special studio to house them.

The fascination is not simply that the issues, which are crucial in our debate on the conception of the artist implicit in figurative art, are one and all prefigured in the myth, though that is reassuring enough. The alliance of purpose and chance, for example, and the problematic frontier between them could not preoccupy us in the artistic context as it does if it had not a history. The tradition extends back through the blots of Alexander Cozens, the etchings of Hercules Seghers, Leonardo's stained wall, which may have been suggested by Piero di Cosimo (an apostle of mythic naturalness if ever there was one) who would stare at a wall on to which sick people had vomited and out of it conjure up for himself battles between mounted horsemen and the strangest cities and vastest landscapes ever seen. It identifies the Western artist with the legacy of antiquity and the numerous stories of frustrated painters, labouring to depict foaming dogs and lathering horses, who threw their sponges at their pictures in despair and learned that it is a half of art to merit the help of chance.

Western artists are not alone in this alliance. Similar stories are found in China, or in Balkan or

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A PORTRAIT OF THE ART CRITIC.

Some remember him as a great art critic and scholar. Others, as the force behind Isabella Stewart Gardner's remarkable collection. Still others, as a supremely romantic expatriate.

Bernard Berenson wrote of life "lived as a sacrament" but lived his life as an art.

Pulitzer-Prize-winning biographer Ernest Samuels has captured the essence of that life in a book which spans four decades and includes dozens of photographs.

R.W.B. Lewis calls it "A magnificent work by one of the most distinguished biographers of our time."

You will call it a treasure.

BERNARD BERENSON

THE MAKING OF A CONNOISSEUR

Ernest Samuels

£9-50

The Belknap Press of
Harvard University Press
126 Buckingham Palace Road
London SW1

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Baltic or Nordic or Teutonic myth (Kurz was really omniscient) often enough to suggest that sometimes the Legend of the Artist is less a narrative tradition than a mental habit, like the fairy tales which, as K. and K. write, "regularly appear anew in the fantasies of children and ... those other themes found in sagas and myths [which] are perpetually revived in the dreams of civilised men." Even so, it is perhaps even more marvellous that these rich, quasi-legendary associations that accumulate round the figurative artist should turn out to be patterns of thought, which renew themselves spontaneously and continually almost everywhere, wherever the image attains the peculiar primacy which shows that this most limited and vitiated expedient, so unworthy of the nobly metaphysical spirit in man, is also the least dispensable, most used and cherished in the ordinary, inarticulate commerce of the mind.

Tracing the conception of artist as magician, K. and K. reach the point in the story at which the reversal begins that comes to mean most in our time, and the question arises whether the illusion of the real can be too real, the question that we associate with neo-Platonic thought and the Christian era. K. and K. detected its beginnings four centuries earlier but I am not sure that they were right. They had Quintilian reporting Demetrios the Athenian sculptor as preferring beauty to likeness—but Quintilian said exactly the reverse: that Demetrios was criticised for preferring verisimilitude to beauty. The statement was indeed built into the legend at a most crucial point and used by Giovanni Bellori to preface his biography of Caravaggio. Nevertheless, there was a distinction, already implied in the realism of Lysippus, and Lysippus was apparently aware of it. "He was already credited with the saying that the ancients [his predecessors] had depicted men as they were, whereas he depicted them as they appeared." In the Platonic view the difference between the "objective" Egyptian-type (or Archaic) art and the contemporary Greek art, which relied on visual perception, was not to the credit of the latter. The "objective" Egyptian image depended on a system of proportions which could be regarded as "knowledge of the secret laws with which God had created man." One might guess that the old antithesis lay dormant in the racial memory to supply the distinction that Henri Rousseau adopted in complimenting Picasso on his mastery of the Egyptian style (no doubt thinking of the primitive figures of 1905 and 1906), by contrast with the modern style of his own work.

IT APPEARS THAT the compound legend of the artist is not only a tradition of historiography, but supplies a repertory of artistic behaviour. It imparts a conception of a typical fate or destiny to which, as K. and K. put it, "the practitioner of the vocation to some extent submits." Or else (when the myth embodies one of the reversals that are built into the programme) to some extent rejects: he is moulded by it just the same. In the 20th century, for example, the precocious childhood of the old myth is rejected and replaced by the reverse; no artist could confess to having been discovered by an eminent elder to possess an untutored genius for drawing. The view of his vocation preferred by L. S. Lowry, for example—a painter with strong views on his self-image who is now the subject of a sympathetic and well documented biography by Shelley Rohde[2]—was that he was only directed to art by the fact that he was incapable of anything else. This is entirely in keeping with the new anti-myth, which requires that the vocation should be manifest only by some private internal necessity, which will merely disqualify the artist from being anything else. (This is, incidentally, how I quite honestly believe that I came to this occupation myself.) In fact the evidence is that Lowry was fairly precocious, producing a creditable sketch, which survives, at the age of six and making his own sketchbooks out of scraps of paper. Similarly, he did not like to be regarded as a dedicated artist.

> "I kept on going, but I wasn't on fire! I wasn't dedicated. I did it because I couldn't stop doing it, but I was not inspired. It was always a job to me. . . ."

He had the inverted pride of his time, and he translated his very positive drive towards art into terms of it. "Well, I mean to say that my ambition was not to be an artist. My ambition was to put the industrial scene on the map because nobody had done it ... not seriously."

THE CONCEPTION of the artist now requires a criticism of the institutionalised definition of art so deeply felt that it appears to reject the name of art—on whatever grounds; the reason is immaterial. It makes no difference whether Lowry knew that there had been painters like Atkinson Grimshaw, or regarded himself as more serious than them. The essential thing was that his role should submit to the new conception of artistic destiny.

He invented a totally untrue account of not having particularly wanted to go to art school, which after some years of rehearsal he had word-perfect. The timing of the act is said to have been

[2] *A Private View of L. S. Lowry*. By SHELLEY ROHDE. Foreword by JOHN ROTHENSTEIN. Collins, £8.50.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New Art & Architecture Titles From Yale

The Victorian Country House

Revised and enlarged edition
Mark Girouard

The author of the highly acclaimed *Life in the English Country House* here turns his inimitable combination of wit and scholarship to the study of the vast, complex and often stunning country houses of the Victorian era, and the pattern of life above and below stairs. This lavishly illustrated volume will undoubtedly delight all those who enjoyed its companion. £14.95

Paris: A Century of Change, 1878–1978

Norma Evenson

A vividly illustrated chronicle of the planning of Paris during the past one hundred years that will fascinate all for whom the city of Paris has a compelling and cherishing vitality. £18.00

German Romanticism and English Art

William Vaughan

With the aid of over 170 illustrations, this highly original study investigates and analyses the reactions of English artists in the 1840's to the influence of the German Romantics and its consequences. £22.50
Published for the Paul Mellon Centre for Studies in British Art.

The Diary of Joseph Farington

Volumes V and VI: 1 August 1801 to 31 December 1804
edited by Kenneth Garlick and Angus Macintyre

In the third pair of volumes of this invaluable source for the history of English art and artists, the chief interest is provided by Farington's account of his visit to Paris. He also portrays in detail the pre-Regency society of these years ranging from the gossip and social life to art and politics. £30.00
Published for the Paul Mellon Centre for Studies in British Art.

The Drawings of Poussin

Anthony Blunt

This lucid essay, based on forty years' study of Poussin's art and written by one of the most distinguished of British art historians, assesses clearly and concisely the graphic achievement of the artist. £18.50

John Loughborough Pearson

Anthony Quiney

A fascinating study which traces the development of a leading architect of the Gothic Revival, analysing the more important buildings phase by phase. £18.50
Published for the Paul Mellon Centre for Studies in British Art.

The Parnasse François

Titon du Tillet and the Origins of the Monument to Genius
Judith Colton

Traces the origins of the modern concept of genius as expressed in the form of public figure sculpture through the first of such "monuments to genius", the *Parnasse François*. £15.75

George Eliot and the Visual Arts

Hugh Witemeyer

"This highly original work provides the first authoritative account of George Eliot's knowledge of the arts and the part they played in her fiction".—Gordon S. Haight. £14.00

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS

New Haven & London
13 Bedford Square, London WC1B 3JF

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

conspicuously professional, like a comic on the pier. The interesting fact is that he was intensely annoyed when anybody accepted this fantasy as fact. His public, and critics in particular, were required to explode the fallacy for themselves. I would guess that the peculiar subtlety, the odd combination of sympathy and irony in his style, is due to the fact that we are meant to treat its appearance of naive make-believe in the same way. We are meant to detect that it could not have been self-taught. In fact he secretly cherished the memory of his training and eventually, when people took his modesty at its face value, he could contain his modesty no longer:

> "I am tired of people saying I am self-taught; I am sick of it. . . . I went one day to art school and I said, Please I want to join, and so I went into the Freehand Drawing Class and then I took Preparatory Antique, light and shade, and then after a time, the Antique Class, and when they thought that I was sufficiently advanced in Antique I went into the Life Class, I did the life drawing for twelve solid years as well as I could."

We are expected to have the wit to explode the fallacy of the serio-comic innocence for ourselves, and decipher a bitter message of estrangement and of disbelief in the conventional pantomime of togetherness in life and art.

REFLECTING THUS, and equipped with a splendid album collected and introduced by Julian Spalding,[3] I find Lowry's art more appealing than ever. His interpreter has to deal warily with the undeniable proportion of repetitive reach-me-down paintings that Lowry produced in the '40s and '50s, when one can imagine that he despaired of the subtlety and substance of his art ever being understood or valued. Something schematic and meagre served just as well. "I never can resist testing the market", he would say, though it was perhaps the testing of friendship that he had in mind. His friends were in fact thoroughly tested. As he had a different story for each, a different, more or less improved scenario for the role of the gaunt independent painter in the industrial scene, the friends had to be kept severely apart; they met for the first time at his funeral.

Even the successive girls who represented emotional companionship in his self-image had to play the part ordained for them. One of them who happened to be a good painter—Sheila Fell, who is nobody's puppet—was affronted to find one of her pictures improved to suit. Apart from this, I doubt if Shelley Rohde misses much in this strange, significant life story. She retells the story, which created a stir when it emerged, of how he concealed that he spent a whole working lifetime as a rent collector, painting only at night and at week-ends. His fear of being labelled a Sunday Painter, which would have given the play with seeming naivety quite a different, circumstantial character, was surely well justified. Even so he had to endure far more condescension than would ever be the lot of a painter of similar powers in America or France. The real shock was reserved for the young woman whom he adopted as his niece and his heir. After his death she found that he had left an accumulation of fantasy drawings that could fairly be described as pornographic, drawings that squeezed and pinched his girl friends into roles that were decidedly perverse, ending in the fearful torturing and slicing of the stricken heir herself. These drawings are so specific, so realised and convinced, that I find them some of the plainest signs of his calibre. James Fitton, his companion in youth, regarded Lowry as an asexual being, a kind of neuter: I have never seen anything by Fitton so drastically moulded by sexual pressure as these.

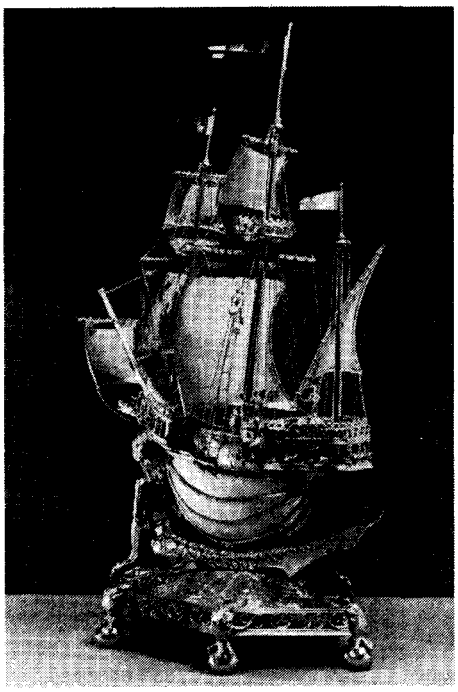
THERE HAVE BEEN PLENTY of attempts to identify the wound and the bow in Lowry's emotional and artistic make-up. If the family had never been turned out of "a very nice residential side of Manchester" by the poverty that confined them to Pendlebury, one of the most industrial villages in that countryside, would Lowry ever have painted as he did, the excellent Shelley Rohde asked him. "That is a question I have often wondered about", said Lowry. "But I don't know. . . . At first I detested it. And then, after a few years, I got pretty interested in it and began to walk about. . . . That is how it all happened. I wasn't brought up in it." Just as Brueghel wasn't brought up a peasant; one would guess that Lowry's achievement required an abstinence from conventional styles and skills of somewhat the same kind, as if they were contaminated by something hateful. It rested on some very elementary and faithful kind of integration, a hard-bitten, last-ditch contentment with some basic and ubiquitous quality of existence that place and people have in common. Julian Spalding is tender and responsive to a quality in Lowry's painting before 1940, which one recognises again among his very last works, when he was already describing himself as giving up in disgust (the role-playing and the mythologies were obviously indispensable to Lowry). Unexpectedly I find myself agreeing that this is indeed one of the unshakable achievements of the century. In the light of it one even comes to sympathise with the need for the schematic and sardonic mood between.

[3] *Lowry*. By JULIAN SPALDING. Phaidon, £4.95.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Treasures of France and Italy

Catalogue of French Silver
Magnificently presented volume cataloguing and discussing all 120 pieces in the Victoria and Albert Museum. The work of French silversmiths and goldsmiths is one of the great traditions of



European creative work. This volume pays handsome tribute to their skill.
ISBN 0 11 290250 2 132pp illus cased £21

Art Nouveau and Alphonse Mucha
The Art Nouveau movement affected everyday French life as well as art. Theatrical posters in this inimitable style are popular in reproduction, and station signs on the Paris Metro still display its influence. An evocative study of a technique which proclaimed, more visibly than the calendar, that the 20th century was at hand.
ISBN 0 11 290071 2 68pp illus 85p

Rodin Sculptures
Rodin himself presented many of the works now in the Victoria and Albert Museum. This excitingly illustrated edition includes an account of his life and career, as well as studies of many famous works.
ISBN 0 11 290210 3 36pp illus £2.25

Catalogue of Italian Maiolica
The decorative and pictorial skills of the turbulent Renaissance period in Italy were lavished upon fragile dishes, bowls, jugs and tiles with a sureness of hand and exquisite artistic expression which invite comparison with contemporary frescoes. Here is a re-issue of one of the very few standard works on Maiolica.
ISBN 0 11 290095 X 776pp illus cased £40
(set of two volumes)

Catalogue of Italian Drawings, Volume I
First part of a superb new *catalogue raisonné* of the Victoria and Albert Museum's collection. With its thousand illustrations and discursive approach to problematic pictures, this will be an indispensible reference instrument for all scholars and collectors interested in pre-17th century Italian art.
ISBN 0 11 290231 6 cased £45
due September/October

HMSO BOOKS

Titles offered subject to availability. Prices correct at time of going to press.

Available from Government Bookshops in London, Edinburgh, Cardiff, Manchester, Belfast, Birmingham and Bristol; from all agents for HMSO Books (See Yellow Pages); and all good booksellers.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Joshua C Taylor

The Fine Arts in America

The author (Director of the National Collection of Fine Arts at the Smithsonian Institution) shows how, over the course of three centuries, art has become a vital part of American society.
250 illustrations, £9 75

The Plan for Restoration and Adaptive Use of the

Frank Lloyd Wright Home and Studio

Originally published privately in a limited edition by the Frank Lloyd Wright Home and Studio Foundation, this book records the evolution of Wright's first home over a period of 68 years from its construction in 1889.
50 drawings, 20 photographs, £16 25

Jean F Block

Hyde Park Houses

An Informal History, 1856–1910

Hyde Park/Kenwood was Chicago's first suburb, its growth from a pastoral prairie settlement to a thriving urban community being reflected in its varied domestic architecture. Many early houses are still in use and form the basis of this study.
76 photographs, 22 figures, £9 10

Ian M Quimby, editor

American Furniture & Its Makers

Winterthur Portfolio 13

The essays in this final hardcover volume of *Winterthur Portfolio* examine the styles, structure, makers and users of American furniture from the 17th–20th centuries.
135 halftones, 9 line drawings, £13 00
From February 1979 Winterthur Portfolio: A Journal of American Material Culture *began publication as a quarterly journal. Enquiries: Journals Division, UCP, 5801 Ellis Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60637, USA.*

CHICAGO

The University of Chicago Press
126 Buckingham Palace Road
London SW1W 9SD

STANLEY SPENCER will clearly be a fruitful quarry for those who study the images that artists cherish of themself. The evidence seems abundantly to confirm the clear-cut and vivid beauty of his nature, as one remembers it, and it is a surprise to gather between the lines of recent books a note of protest at some others, which have outraged those who loved the painter; the whole controversy, if there was one, has passed me by, and for once I do not regret having been a less than constant student of Stanleyana. Both these books depend on sources that are obviously voluminous, Richard Carline builds them in *Stanley Spencer At War*[4] into a telling narrative; Sir John Rothenstein in the *Correspondence and Reminiscences*[5] quotes them at length, like the famous visionary description of life and devotion at Cookham that Stanley wrote from Salonika in 1917.

There is obviously so much that is golden that one wonders whether eventually we cannot be given the sources intact and left to absorb what is beautiful and what is outrageous in them at choice. Stanley would have thought we could; for some pages he is locked in a struggle with Dudley Tooth in 1938 about whether John Rothenstein should be allowed to write a well-thought-of book on him or Stanley should produce an inclusive and antagonising one of his own.

> "I think the 'neat' 'tastefully' got-up books that one understands are popular in this country but which I think are not popular are horrible. I would rather a book on myself and my work were a confused heap and mass of matter from which much could be gathered than risk something of me being left out. . . . No matter how I put it people *very much* want to know what I think . . ."

A numbered list of the proposals follows, ending

> "Many seemingly trivial things might be mentioned and which I think are important as being very like me. . . ."

This narcissistic confidence was the mood that Stanley painted in when he was at his best. If you value Stanley highly, as I have come to (and I think that John Rothenstein's work for him is among the best things he has ever done), you will feel you cannot have too much of it. Perhaps it is not books we want but a public Stanleythèque, where we can read for ourselves.

---

[4] *Stanley Spencer at War*. By RICHARD CARLINE. Faber, £9.50.

[5] *Stanley Spencer, The Man: Correspondence and Reminiscences*. Edited by JOHN ROTHENSTEIN, Elek, £8.95.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Not everyone feels, as Spencer and Lowry did, that the world is well lost for that compulsive involvement with a milieu and theme which this age has extracted from the legendary momentum of painterly purpose. There is always an alternative. Sir William Rothenstein, for example, in his autobiography, which I have always found more informative than inspiring (and which is now condensed to more appropriate dimensions[6]), wrote about a painter who was all for commitment. He imagined himself addressing Sickert:

> "Had I a tittle of your charm, your finished manners, your wit and good looks, I should not be painting in a dusty room in the squalidest corner of Chelsea. Nor for that matter should I be laboriously matching the dingy tones of women lying in unwashed sheets upon cast iron bedsteads. . . ."

If refined taste is thought to be on the side of art and its meaning, words in somewhat the same key in the Foreword to Shelley Rohde's biography are a reminder. Sir John Rothenstein is describing the building in the centre of Lowry's *An Island*—one of his most sardonic self-projections—"a Georgian house which, when originally erected, surrounded by a garden, would have been a highly civilised place." The comedy of Sir William's passage was, of course, intended.

[6] *Men and Memories 1872–1938*. By WILLIAM ROTHENSTEIN. Abridged with Introduction and Notes by MARY LAGO. Chatto & Windus, £8.95.

Heroism & Art History

Decorative Design—By BEVIS HILLIER

YOUNG WILLIAM WALDEGRAVE, perhaps the next Prime Minister but four, recently lamented in the *Telegraph Sunday Magazine* that nobody today enterprises the heroic, in politics or in literature. Iris Murdoch and Angus Wilson are fine novelists, but they are not (nor try to be) Tolstoy or Dostoevsky or even Dickens. Post-Eliot poetry has prided itself on its temperate tone, almost deadpan with its little rhyme and much reason.

But in one realm of literature there is still a show of the heroic. Sir Ernst Gombrich has brought it to art history. If some of his flights are Icaran, that does not detract from their heroism. In *Art and Illusion* and his new book *The Sense of Order*[1] he tackles two of the most daunting subjects an art historian could possibly choose: the psychology of pictorial representation and now the psychology of decorative design. He does so in the mewling and puking infancy of some of the disciplines on which he must most rely for conclusions (especially psychology)—he is trying to run before they can walk. He is forced to be psychologist, oculist, scientist, mathematician, musicologist and *littérateur* as well as art historian; and if that sounds uncomfortably like the portrait of the Duke of Buckingham in *Absalom and Achitophel* ("That, in the course of one revolving moon, / Was statesman, chymist, fiddler and buffoon"), so it should, for it is in grappling manfully with so many disciplines not his own that his heroism partly lies.

Gombrich tells us that this book has been gestated for almost nine years since he delivered the original Wrightsman Lectures on the subject, and he must have added much, much, much—for Job himself could not be expected to sit through an oral reading of these doughty chapters. This is no criticism of Sir Ernst's (admirable) literary style, which is all one would expect of a Viennese who did not absorb the English language with mother's milk: he approaches it as an Englishman does foreign food, half gingerly, half voluptuously. The generations of art students brought up on his *Story of Art* know his almost magical powers of synthesis, bringing us the kernels without the use of nutcrackers.

In this book, too, he makes it as easy as possible for us, even reducing his central theme to a snappy slogan—that "groping comes before grasping or seeking before seeing": the organism reaches out to the environment not blindly, but "guided by its inbuilt sense of order." This enshrines his theory of "forward matching"—the construction of "internal models which govern our anticipations and also our surprises", a kind of "betting on the next move." And so on to his theory that profound aesthetic effects in visual pattern (as in music) depend on "a subtle balance between the expected and the surprising": it is nice to travel with anticipation, but it is good to arrive sometimes too.

[1] *The Sense of Order*. By ERNST GOMBRICH. Phaidon, £15.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Important new titles from

Matisse

Lawrence Gowing

An earlier study of Matisse by Lawrence Gowing has been described as 'one of the finest, most perceptive and inspired essays'. The present book, richly illustrated, takes us through Matisse's career, evaluating at each stage the artist's relationship to tradition and to contemporary art. The detailed discussion of individual works reveals the subtlety and complexity of one of the greatest masters of our time.

With 191 illustrations, 32 in colour
Hardcover £5.95 Paperback £2.95
October 29

The Sculptures of the Parthenon

Metopes, Frieze, Pediments, Cult-Statue

Frank Brommer
Foreword by John Boardman

The main purpose of this book is to illustrate in a single volume all the sculptures that have survived in a reasonably good state of preservation, in their correct sequence as far as can be ascertained. A photographic presentation has been used so that the various elements can be viewed as a whole.

With 144 plates and 33 figures in the text
£30.00

Duccio

Tuscan Art and the Medieval Workshop

John White

The great Sienese artist Duccio di Buoninsegna has been unduly neglected. Yet he was unquestionably one of the most talented and innovative of the Renaissance painters. Professor White has restored him to his rightful place in this major re-interpretation of the period. The book is richly illustrated, revealing the full splendour of this period of transition, and includes a catalogue of Duccio's complete works.

With 214 illustrations, 4 in colour £18.00
November 12

Rodchenko

German Karginov

Rodchenko was a key figure in the period of the Russian Revolution. Associating with Tatlin, Malevich, El Lissitzky and Mayakovsky, he experimented with a number of styles of paintings as well as working in several practical areas of design, including book jackets, stage sets, advertising and magazine photography. Reproducing works still privately held in Russia, German Karginov casts new light on a vital figure in twentieth century art.

With 211 illustrations, 67 in colour £10.50

A History of Building Types

Nikolaus Pevsner
Now available in paperback

The questions posed by Nikolaus Pevsner in *A History of Building Types* captured the imagination of architects and architectural historians all over the world when this book was published in 1976. Sir Nikolaus showed that functional considerations are logically prior to aesthetic and that it is pointless to evaluate the second without understanding the first. Buildings have a use before they have a style.

With 744 illustrations Paperback £8.95
November 5

Picasso: The Cubist Years 1907-1916

A Catalogue Raisonné of the Paintings and Related Works

Pierre Daix and Joan Rosselet

'Not until the publication of the complete catalogue of his Cubist period shall we be able to comprehend the immense resources which Picasso poured into Cubism', wrote Robert Melville in 1939. Now, forty years later, comes this definitive catalogue of paintings, *papiers collés*, constructions and drawings, each reproduced and for the first time fully documented.

With 1059 illustrations, 52 in colour £60.00
October 29

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Thames and Hudson

Pictures by David Hockney

Pictures by David Hockney is a completely new large-format paperback published in response to the widespread popular demand for a representative selection from all his paintings, drawings, graphic work and stage designs. It includes an introduction by David Hockney, and a series of 144 magnificent colour and black and white reproductions, encompassing every stage of the artist's development and also featuring his most recent work in coloured and pressed paper pulp.
With 144 illustrations, 61 in colour £4.95
October 8

Oriental Architecture in the West

Patrick Conner
Of the many imported styles that have caught the imagination of western architects and designers, few have been more inventive or extravagant in their expression than those of China, India and Japan. In this fresh and challenging study, Dr Conner shows how the styles of the Orient came to impress – or antagonize – such leaders of taste as Horace Walpole, Humphry Repton and John Nash.
With 154 illustrations, 14 in colour £12.00
October 15

Joseph Beuys

Caroline Tisdall
Since he first emerged as a major international figure in the 1960s, Beuys has challenged narrow definitions of art, and of the specialist activities of artists, by proposing the process of living itself as the creative field; hence the extension of his own work beyond sculpture and drawing into teaching and political organization. 'Everyone an artist' is the clearest formulation of his intention.
With 513 illustrations £18.00
October 29

Art and Thought in the Hellenistic Age

The Greek World View 350-50 BC
John Onians
In this radical re-interpretation of the Hellenistic age, John Onians examines a number of the key philosophical and scientific ideas current in fourth century Greece and relates them to parallel manifestations in sculpture, architecture, painting and literature. Numerous in-text plates and line-drawings illustrate the argument at every stage and complement this compelling work.
With 189 illustrations £10.50

English Architecture

A Concise History
David Watkin
Every generation needs its own history of English architecture: new facts are discovered, old assumptions may turn out to be wrong. David Watkin, one of the most brilliant of our younger architectural historians, has provided a brief but highly readable outline of the whole story, from Saxon times to the present, 'centred on buildings that people can actually see today'.
With 309 illustrations, 20 in colour
Hardcover £5.50 Paperback £2.95

The New Sobriety, 1917-1935

Art and Politics in the Weimar Period
John Willett
Now available in paperback
Widely acclaimed as soon as it appeared, *The New Sobriety* is now being published in paperback in response to popular request. Described by Ronald Gray in *The Sunday Times* as 'an original and challenging book, thoroughly researched and aptly illustrated', it examines the state of the arts and their relation to politics during the Weimar Republic.
With 212 illustrations Paperback £4.95

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SO FAR, SO CLEAR: but round this central argument Gombrich constructs tier upon tier of sub-arguments and illustrations. Some seem to have little relevance to the main theme, and at times one has the uneasy suspicion that he has just dug out of the attic a hobby horse he used to enjoy riding and has decided it might as well go in here as anywhere else. Even on that basis, the book would still be required reading for anyone interested in the decorative arts, for the constant insights he gives us, and the wonderful wealth of examples and comparisons that his allusive mind disgorges. The chapter on the Grotesque (an interest of Gombrich's since his early work on caricature with Ernst Kris) is particularly rich, and presumably earns its place in the book as a rip-roaring example of "the surprising"—though the Grotesque too has its conventions, and eventually even the "surprises" become predictable (we come to expect a pigeon-chested sphinx to end in a villainous pair of claws or a fish-tail).

So the choice of subject and the range of directions from which it is approached are both heroic: it is like waging a battle for a worthwhile objective on many ingenious fronts. But there is one aspect of the book which is unheroic: the failure to use the magnificent armoury he has amassed to establish the limitations of the extolled pattern-makers of contemporary art. There is not a sign of Bridget Riley, the most over-praised of modern pattern-makers, in either text or illustration: as though Gombrich were tacitly agreeing that there was something in *her* patterns that puts them in a different category from mere Greek frets and acanthus leaves. Historiography is the safe way of dealing with the problems of design: you state what others have held, awarding the odd rosette or black mark, and committing yourself as little as possible. Gombrich's complacent "The historian is not a critic and should not aspire to be one" does not wash. He is quite prepared to damn Grinling Gibbons's exquisite copy in limewood of a lace cravat ("We are prone to regard such displays as tasteless and I am not out to defend them") and every choice of example and illustration in the book represents the working of a singularly well-developed critical power.

A LARGE SECTION of the book and several *en-passant* references are given to a dangerous but exciting comparison between visual pattern and music. In the course of this, Gombrich quotes Donald Tovey's suggestion that it is always worth while to play a few bars of a piece of music and to reflect at which point one became sure that the composer was no fool. "Surely [Gombrich adds] it comes when he offers a solution which we could not have thought of and which still fits the structure of the design to perfection." But this predicates that the composer *is* a fool (or, at least, that he is far from a genius) when we *can* think of the solution for ourselves—and isn't that the argument that all the abstract artists and their besotted champions have derided from Picasso onwards: "I could do better myself", or "A child of ten could do it"? These are now seen to be perfectly valid criticisms, and it is a tragic flaw of Gombrich's book that he does not ram the point home.

Pusillanimity? Perhaps: it is still dangerous to upset the art establishment, and even Alan Bowness when taking over the directorship of the Tate had to make it clear on television that he was not, er, actually saying that the pile of bricks his predecessor had bought was a load of rubbish. Berenson at least never surrendered to this kind of nonsense. Perhaps Gombrich thinks he went far enough in doubt about contemporary trends in *The Story of Art*. Or perhaps he thinks it not quite relevant to his theme, the sense of order.

But it is supremely relevant. Gombrich quotes Nietzsche on the desirability of self-imposed rules in art—"Poetry is a dance in chains." When the rules are all flouted, when in fact there are no rules left, the result is as woeful as anarchy in politics. What is specially curious is that, in this book on visual pattern, Gombrich is quite prepared to commit himself to the view that no experiments have justified "the dismantlement of one of the greatest inventions of mankind, the tonal system" (and how I agree with him), but while he seems to be tentatively advancing the same argument for art (". . . neither the painter nor the musician can simply switch off the field of force without having his resources severely curtailed") he finally burkes the issue.

The clue to one of his motives comes in his revealing phrase "the critics of modern developments who were trying in vain to stop the stars in their courses." Sir Ernst Gombrich doesn't want to be regarded as one of those benighted fellows! The phrase suggests an inevitability—almost a predestination—in artistic creation. Are critics, then, not to criticise? Is everything that is done worth doing? Surely there must come a point at which the art critic says "This is worthless" and even the art historian may say "In the short life-span allotted me—little enough to study even the Greeks and the Romans as they deserve—shall I waste my time on these inanities?"

One of Gombrich's very few lapses into naïveté in this book is his contention that an artist may be held to have succeeded if he achieves what he set out to do. This is as misguided as to suppose that an artist succeeds if he is original. Any fool can be original; and any fool can achieve what he sets out to do if he sets his sights low enough—for example, if he just wants to achieve a "spacial relationship", whatever that may be, or to see the effect of a pink

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

blob set on a mauve blob—something painters were formerly content to restrict to their messy palettes. (This brings us back to Waldegrave's complaint about the dearth of heroic enterprise today.) Artists such as Rothko, with his endless rectangles of vapid colour, or Bridget Riley with her patterns like the old optical puzzles in children's comics ("Move the page from side to side and see the wheel revolve")—pattern-makers in their way, and certainly little more—seem to me to fall into this low-aim, low-achievement category. In preserving a diplomatic silence on their work, Gombrich is like a 1930s German praising Hitler for his orderly train schedules and ignoring what was happening to the Jews (hardly a posture of Professor Gombrich in the 1930s). He, of all men, could settle the hash of the impostors and disabuse their poor dupes with authority.

HEROIC IN ANOTHER SENSE is a book published by Gordon Fraser, *Edvard Munch*, by Ragna Stang,[2] magnificently produced with a huge number of colour plates. (It is also, I fear, a heroic price.) In *The Sense of Order*, Gombrich treats with some scepticism the idea of a pervasive "period style" which affects all artefacts in that period, including paintings. If anything could undermine that scepticism, it is the works of Munch, which have inescapable affinities with the Art Nouveau style in the sinuous writhings of the outlines and the flats of colour within the outlines. They also, of course, owe much to the tortured personality of Munch, of whom a contemporary said in 1893:

> He does not just see yellow, red and blue and violet; he sees sorrow and screaming and melancholy and decay.

He was the most self-revealing of artists, and Ragna Stang wisely begins by illustrating a long series of his self-portraits. I would like to hear Gombrich discussing her rather arm-chancing dictum that

> often the artists who probe most deeply into their times are the ones who paint the most self-portraits. Generally this does not simply indicate selfish introspection: any artist who wishes to penetrate beneath the superficial realities of life must continually strive to "know himself" in order to be able to "help others understand their own lives."

Does this apply to Rembrandt? Probably.

This book is a wonderful feast for the eye: I have never seen a better example of what André

[2] *Edvard Munch*. By RAGNA STANG. Translated by GEOFFREY CULVERWELL. Gordon Fraser, £35.

BRITISH ART

from Holbein to the present day

SIMON WILSON

'Though he writes concisely and readably; he does not write down to the layman . . . it seems to me to cover the ground more usefully than many more pretentious works.'

W.T. OLIVER, *Yorkshire Post*

'Richly studied with a beautifully balanced selection of plates, well designed, laid out and bound, *British Art* is certainly good value for the money.'

PAULINE SOUTHCOTT, *Art & Artists*

80 full colour half-tones and 100 pages of black and white illustrations £10·00

The Bodley Head / The Tate Gallery

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Malraux meant by "the Museum without Walls." But the text is also excellent, particularly the story of Munch's life; and I like the way the material is presented, with quotations from Munch and his contemporaries in italics alongside the main narrative. Only two complaints: the numbers of plates 37 and 38 have been mixed up; and why is the name of the author not on the front cover? Try that one on Dr Roy Strong and see what you get. Unfortunately Ragna Stang died in a car accident before this English edition (excellently translated, as far as one can judge) appeared, so she was not around to protect her interest in the matter—or to see what a marvellous job Gordon Fraser (better known to me as makers of greetings cards) have made of her work.

IT IS VERY ENCOURAGING that British publishers are again beginning to issue really lavish art books (though I do not know whether Fraser initiated the lavishness of the Munch book, or simply took it over lock, stock and barrel from a Norwegian publisher at bargain rates). I have recently had the depressing feeling that only Abrams in New York were prepared to publish art books on a grand scale, and that even Phaidon and Thames and Hudson, on whom we had previously relied, were cutting back severely. The high costs of colour printing, and the entrenched belief that the public are not prepared to pay more than £10 for an art book, however magnificent, were mainly responsible for this. But now we have not only the Munch book, but another splendid colour production from a publisher not best known for art books, the New English Library: *Moveable Books* by Peter Haining, at a whacking £25.[3]

I have always thought that children's pop-up picture books of the past (the kind where Red Riding Hood and the Wolf suddenly rear up at you as you turn over the page) would make a fascinating collection and an enjoyable book. Mr Haining's book deals not only with those, but all the other kinds of children's books with working parts—moveable pointers, removable paper clothes, peepholes in the page, levers which cause limbs to work. (I own such a book in which Jack actually climbs the beanstalk.) The book is organised into shortish sections on each successive type of "moveable book", accompanied by informative texts by Mr Haining about "Slovenly Peter—the Dirtiest Boy You Have Ever Met" and other engaging figures. This is the very best kind of coffee-table book: my only reservation is that surely the publishers should have found the extra money to include at least one "pop-up" illustration.

ANOTHER BOOK which scores heavily for its plates is *The Phaidon Encyclopedia of Decorative Arts, 1890–1940*.[4] It must have cost the publishers a lot to integrate colour and black-and-white illustrations with the text. Unfortunately the text does not live up to the illustrations. The mistake was to invite Philippe Garner to edit it.

Mr Garner is one of the Brightish Youngish Things at Sotheby's Belgravia (the outpost of Sotheby's which sells late 19th-century and 20th-century artefacts). As such, he is very naturally interested in the luxury goods which command high prices in the sale-room, for example the marvellously hand-crafted furniture of Ruhlmann, in rare woods and with trimmings in ivory, the sophisticated lacquer work of Jean Dunand and Eileen Gray, or the silver of Puiforcat—all of which are fully represented in this book. But Garner's lack of interest in anything below the very valuable makes nonsense of this work's claims to be an "Encyclopaedia", which suggests comprehensiveness. There is not a single illustration among the 500 in the book of anything which might have been found in an ordinary middle-class or working-class person's house in the period under consideration.

Presumably this book is aimed at collectors—Mr Garner's professional quarry—but few collectors indeed can hope to acquire the kinds of works represented. As for art and design students, they will get a quite distorted idea of the period from this highly selective production.

A DIFFERENT BIAS afflicts the text of Fiona MacCarthy's *A History of British Design, 1830–1970*.[5] Again we have a text which does not live up to the title. Miss MacCarthy does not share Mr Garner's predilection for *objets de luxe*; her interest is in "good design." This also, of course, excludes most of what the general public have had in their houses during the period she covers, though some of the well-designed things she illustrates did become part of the average home's furnishings. So it is inaccurate to call her book *A History of British Design*. British design included all kinds of things that the rarefied designers Miss MacCarthy covers would have despised, including radiograms disguised as Tudor closets in fumed oak. However, within these limitations, the book is assembled with clarity, and students of design, a growing tribe, will

[3] *Moveable Books*. By PETER HAINING. New English Library, £25.

[4] *The Phaidon Encyclopedia of Decorative Arts, 1890–1940*. Edited by PHILIPPE GARNER. Phaidon, £12.95.

[5] *A History of British Design, 1830-1970*. By FIONA MACCARTHY. Allen & Unwin, £7.50, paper £3.50.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

find her chronological table of design very useful.

While on the subject of useful tables, I would like to praise to the skies *A Bibliography of Design in Britain, 1851–1970* by Anthony J. Coulson.[6] I would be less than human if I had not immediately flicked over the pages to see if my own books were included. They are: so I conclude the book is comprehensive to a fault. I do jib a bit at the price of £12.50 for a book which contains no illustrations, but perhaps the Design Council anticipate only a minority sale. If so, I hope they are wrong: this well-organised bibliography should be in all libraries and is a "must" for design students. The only way it could be improved would be to enlarge it and have a bit more text describing the scope and merits of each book. But that would mean that the poor compiler would actually have to read them, which is unthinkable. My idea of hell is reading books on design to the sound of carillon door-chimes.

A BOOK WHICH HAS ESCAPED Coulson's "Book Design" section, but richly deserves to be in it, is *The Comely Frontispiece* by Margery Corbett and R. W. Lightbown.[7] No doubt it was published too late for inclusion. It covers a 110-year span in English book design, the period 1550–1660, which was the heyday of books with an elaborately engraved title page.

Authors today rarely have a say in the jackets given to their books: the jacket is regarded as part of promotion and therefore within the publisher's domain (though I happen to know that John Murray are an honourable exception in this matter: I once came upon John Murray senior gloomily inspecting the third design for a jacket, the author having been allowed to reject the previous two). But in the Renaissance, it was accepted that authors should have some control over what went on the title-page engraving, which was often intended to be symbolic of the book's contents.

In this first ever work on the subject, the exceptionally learned authors, without a trace of pedantry, explore the fascinating arcana of Renaissance symbolism. After a general introduction they wisely concentrate on just twenty title pages, analysing the imagery and meaning in detail. They show, for example, that Thomas Hobbes not only closely supervised the title page of *Leviathan*, linking its imagery with that of his text, but had his own face, after the portrait by J. B. Jaspers, given to the fearful figure of the Leviathan.

[6] *A Bibliography of Design in Britain, 1851–1970.* By ANTHONY J. COULSON. Design Council, £12.50.

[7] *The Comely Frontispiece: The Emblematic Title-Page in England 1550–1660.* By MARGERY CORBETT and R. W. LIGHTBOWN. Routledge, £11.95.

English Architecture

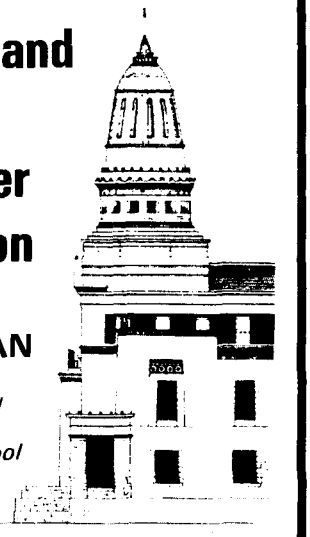
BRUCE ALLSOPP and URSULA CLARK

This introduction to the history of English architecture from the Bronze Age to the present day, written by an architectural historian and illustrated by a professional photographer, relates buildings to people and shows how changing conditions led to different kinds of architecture. Illustrated with more than 300 photographs, *English Architecture* is a valuable introduction and reference book. *Oriel Press Publication 0 85362 177 2, £6·75*

The Life and Work of Alexander Thompson

RONALD McFADZEAN

Lecturer in Architecture and Planning, Scott Sutherland School of Architecture, Aberdeen



Alexander "Greek" Thompson was one of the leading architects in Glasgow in the mid-nineteenth century and designed many important buildings in a late neo-classic style. Since his death, he has been regarded by some as an architect of genius, by others as merely an architectural picture-maker. This major new study of Thompson assesses his importance as an architect, and his influence on other architects. *0 7100 0069 3, profusely illustrated, £15·50*

Routledge & Kegan Paul
39 Store Street, London WC1

RKP

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LORD CLARK and Sir Ernst Gombrich were both born in the first decade of the century, and both have taken inspiration from a childhood memory. Gombrich's memory was of the patterned Slovak embroideries which his mother loved and collected.

> We eagerly waited for the visits to Vienna of a Slovak trader by the name of Matonicky, who used to come to the door and unpack his splendours of embroidered waistcoats, jackets, blouses, bonnets and ribbons. My mother's means rarely extended beyond the latter two items, but we learned to admire the beauty of colours and the immense decorative tact and skill displayed in these embroideries. I well remember wondering why such works were not esteemed as "art" in the same way as great paintings were. I also recall hearing that these pieces were doubly precious since they could never be produced again. The tradition was rapidly fading. . . .

This episode makes it possible for Gombrich to claim that "my interest in problems of pure design goes back much further in my life than my interest in the psychology of illusion." Lord Clark's interest in Beardsley, who died only five years before he was born and was only 31 years older than him, also dates back to a boyhood experience. In the preface to his new book, *The Best of Aubrey Beardsley*,[8] Clark remembers how Beardsley's illustrations "became a kind of catmint to adolescents":

> I was one of the adolescents thus bewitched. Sixty years ago I was producing pastiches of Beardsley with an excitement which I have seldom felt since. I remember my housemaster discovering one of them in my desk and saying, "It's erotic and neurotic, and I won't have it in my house." My housemaster's comment, though correct as far as it went, was incomplete; and I like to think that I was not only fascinated by Beardsley's sexual depravities but that I had already recognised his extraordinary powers of design.

The Best of Aubrey Beardsley is not, alas, the best of Kenneth Clark. It is all in the self-indulgently personal, somewhat meandering manner of that introduction. Brian Reade is better on the solid scholarship side, Brigid Brophy on the interpretive side. But still it is Lord Clark of Civilisation talking to us, and if we are prepared to treat this book as an enjoyable discursive television talk squashed between hard covers, we can still get a lot out of it.

The comments on individual designs which make up the bulk of the book are in exactly his television style, glancing, patronising, vivid and elegant. But commenting on 62 plates taxes even his ingenuity, because although one could never say of Beardsley drawings "When you've seen one, you've seen the lot", basically the same general commentary would apply to them all, and asides such as "Pierrots played an important part in the iconography of the 1890s and survived into the work of Picasso and Rouault" add little to our appreciation of Beardsley. The best part of the book is the introduction, since there Clark deploys his formidable visual memory to show us exactly what Beardsley owed to earlier artists and in what ways he influenced later men such as Crane.

THE LAST BOOK is also, in a sense, a study in Black and White—*Chessmen* by Frank Greygoose.[9] This is unashamedly a book for collectors and might have been titled *Games People Buy*. Collecting chess sets is big business today, with £42,000 paid for a *single* bone chess piece (Northern European, possibly early 12th century) at the Robert Hirsch sale in Sotheby's, and £12,000 for an ebony and ivory veneered games board (Augsburg, c.1600) in the same sale-room. Mr Greygoose has amassed the

[8] *The Best of Aubrey Beardsley*. By KENNETH CLARK. John Murray, £9.50.

[9] *Chessmen*. By FRANK GREYGOOSE. David & Charles, £9.50.

The Aesthetics of Architecture
Roger Scruton

Roger Scruton contends that much architectural theory mistakes the nature of its subject and that a return to first principles is necessary. He develops a theory of aesthetic judgment, showing its ultimate relation to imaginative experience, and to the exercise of practical reason. In applying the theory of architectural practice he argues for the priority of detail and the indispensability of style.
This compelling essay is extremely well illustrated and includes all of Roger Scruton's principal citations.

Illustrated 234x156mm 312 pages
Hb 0 416 85970 4 £12.50
Pb 0 416 85980 1 £6.95

METHUEN

Prices net in the UK only

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

finest collection of chessmen in the world, so he can afford to show off his treasures and help to put up the price for the rest of us, increasing the value of his own sets at the same time. He handles his material with what is called "easy familiarity" and tells the collector what he needs to know, with sizes and useful diagrams. But, when publishers increasingly need big American sales, he makes a commercial as well as scholarly mistake in not including American chess sets, such as that made for the American prodigy Paul Morphy who defeated all the great European masters (except Howard Staunton who refused to play him): on his return to New York in 1859 his admirers presented him with a superb gold and silver chess set, with pieces representing the Romans subduing the Barbarians.

Filling the Space

Recent Books on Architecture—By CEDRIC PRICE

ONCE UPON A TIME, not too long ago, BBC Radio ran a programme on philately. Shapes, designs, patterns and colours were painstakingly described. Suspecting lunacy, I questioned the BBC and was chastened by the immediate and not too tolerant reply that a large number of the blind collected stamps. With this exchange in mind, I have tried very carefully to discover why, for whom, and with what end in view were the latest batch of architectural books produced. I avoid the word "written" since many, though using words, string them around illustrations more as a decorative frame than as an informative panel. This is, of course, in the best tradition of antique architectural textbooks, and here indeed may be the clue to the answer to my first two questions.

For centuries, architectural textbooks, containing both reproductions of antique buildings and original works, have been produced for and used by patrons, builders, architects and potential consumers of architecture as both guides and cribsheets to and for the reproduction of further building. Numerous time-saving devices were employed and a form of graphic shorthand established whereby architectural practitioners and builders alike could readily reproduce either directly or with adaptations forms previously built. In addition, of course, books were purchased by those who wished to inform and enrich themselves with greater knowledge, understanding and sensitivity towards this most humane of the arts.

Architecture—being a long business and only achieving reality in built form—has often to be separated into its constituent parts such as conception, wonder, illusion, tradition, convention and cunning in order to be readily assimilated by those interested in the process rather than the product. These various methods and reasons for producing mentally edible products from the rather secretive and complex body architecture seem to me reasonable if not all that admirable.

BUT A NEW USE is being made of architecture, by academics, journalists and others who should know of better ways to spend their time, as a trace source of quasi-socio-scientific understanding of mankind. While there is no denying the links between architecture, the soul, the id and the aspirations of society, it is hypocrisy of the most crass form to suggest that within the built environment the sum total of life, warts and all, is to be found. Other artifactual fields of endeavour have in the past been made to play this false role of an all-seeing mirror to man, notably clothes, ornaments and sculpture. Architecture may well reflect the standard of society in which it is produced, but in no way explains or displays the aspirations of such a society. A society dedicated to social inequality or to the achieving of a cure for cancer need not make different demands on the responsiveness of its built environment. (Rich people can live in old castles—the poor would die in them.)

As major achievements by mankind in such fields as biology, economics, physics, social administration, electronics and medicine become increasingly invisible, architecture, often the provider of containment for other activities, becomes the vehicle of recognition in the eyes of those who expect visual symbolism to be constant. Many contemporary commentators invest architecture with social and emotional qualities far in excess of the designer's intent (or, indeed, the users' aspirations), conveniently grouping disparate buildings in order to reinforce preconceived "theories" of design intention and user satisfaction. This not to deny that a small number of contemporary architects are involved in producing in built form, or more frequently in graphic form, metaphors for other disciplines in order to introduce instant meaning into the newly created form.

OPPOSED TO THIS APPETITE for visualising the metaphysical is the well-established group of com-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mentators who through scrupulous attention to observed behaviour patterns delineate codes of practice for numerous design problems that collectively can produce a template for architectural decisions. Social observations and historic examples of economic and legislative constraints are also ingredients for the verbal and graphic distillation of comprehensive architectural comment, and have, together with the two other major fashionable approaches, prompted the content of the range of recent books.

As an architect I have tended to read and view these books as possible useful tools for myself rather than as sources of information and delight for the multifarious appetites of the unknown. However, I have found that the intent of their authors is of more interest than the particular content, and in trying to explain this imbalance I hope their qualities will be clarified sufficiently to whet others' appetites.

Disturbingly, there is a staggering lack of wit in almost all the books, despite the frequency of wit evident in the architecture described. It is a pity that the style of Ruskin, Trystan Edwards, Lethaby and even Geoffrey Scott is seldom matched in contemporary architectural writing, with the notable exception of Reyner Banham. Carefully researched works on serious matters do not benefit from deadpan presentation, and the substitution of dullness and the pedantic for clarity and impartiality can do irreparable damage to the sensitive observer.

URBAN SPACES and their attendant boundary buildings are the subject of the first three books. Rob Krier's *Urban Space*[1] provides a very particular view of their history, concentrating on aspects of symbolism therein, often observable only when various assumptions on the formal intent of such areas are accepted. In more recent examples, both realised and projected, where his assumptions can be matched against the intent of the designer, a clearer picture of his thesis is obtained. Basically, the message is, as described by Colin Rowe in an admirable introduction:

> His techniques are subdued. He implies no critical neutrality (nor even its possibility). He has, really, very little to say about either "science" or "history." (Though a victim of neither.) His approaches are completely the opposite of the rabble-rousing strategies to be associated with the protagonists of modern architecture.

Looking at the author's own projects, which are copiously illustrated, I find it difficult to relate such harsh unyielding formalism, with its insistence on observed order in physical form, organisation and resultant choice of movement, to the liberal sentiments expressed. Numerous models and axonometric drawings viewed from a bird's-eye level are mixed with perspectives which owe much to de Chirico, providing evidence of coherent planning while giving little opportunity to the viewer to project the attendant vital city dross that such large areas would encourage. This book is far more a private proposal by an extremely thoughtful particular designer than some of the earlier text would suggest.

THE MASSIVE AND SCHOLARLY work *On Streets*[2] covers, in a series of essays—I suspect very carefully edited by Stanford Anderson—almost every aspect of the urban street as found, and the difficulty of producing continuity of comparison from a series of essays is successfully achieved, although the last contribution on a "field experiment" in Binghampton, Long Island, does rather resemble the finishing of a meal of grouse with peppermint creams. But there is extraordinarily little about the *future* of the street as a viable city amalgam of communication and containment. Both Pompeii and vast modern mobile home parks as found in the United States are noticeably absent, as is any detailed reference to the increasing range of "invisible" servicing and communications available to concentrated urban areas. It is no longer essential to put all that is shared into the street, as Professor Peter Cowan's study, *The Office: A Facet of Urban Growth* (1969), made clear. I do not think this is too carping a criticism since, surely, in a book of such tremendous scope and scholarship there should be some investigation of the future (if any) of the urban street as we know it. It may be that the subject is itself too particular to be afforded such attention. In past times the role of the forum, market place or cathedral as both generator and matrix of urban organisation could have been justified with equal validity. However, this is a beautifully produced book of immense interest and of invaluable reference.

QUITE DIFFERENT in form and manner, though not in content, is W. Houghton-Evans' *Architecture and Urban Design*.[3] An extremely straight survey of largely United Kingdom history and present-day work in urban design is presented in a most economic form, with simple line illustrations

---

[1] *Urban Space*. By ROB KRIER. Academy Editions, £15, paper £10.50.

[2] *On Streets*. Edited by STANFORD ANDERSON. MIT Press, £31.50, $45.00.

[3] *Architecture and Urban Design*. By W. HOUGHTON-EVANS. The Construction Press (Longman), £15.00.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

accompanying a well-written report-type prose. There is no doubt that this is produced as a handbook for practitioners, but its straightforward text and indexing, combined with essential data, make it ideal reading for an interested lay person. The conclusions are bland but cheerful while the appendices, bringing together so many data normally inextricably scattered, are material for a separate booklet.

One factor common to all three books is their inherent immediacy and capacity in large part to date quickly. (This in itself is no fault—and in the case of Rob Krier's book an asset, since his particular stand could remain a useful comment on a particular architectural viewpoint unlikely to be held for long.) Their value lies in the use of history as a tool to manufacture a series of sets from which are built particularly structured arguments.

CHARLES JENCKS' *The Language of Post-Modern Architecture*,[4] in contrast, manufactures a small piece of architectural history in its title. Over and above the convenience of labelling a particular field of endeavour prior to disseminating it, the timid can find a new order in the fragmentary architectural contemporary scene while the bumptious can use it as a convenient title on which to hang their own collected observations. It is an extremely clever book, and good fun, though the collected hybrids require more cloning to convince me that here is indeed a new movement or even a style in the making. The title gives the lie—the book is more a celebration of the uncomfortable situation in which modern architecture finds itself than a definitive assessment of a design trend. Jencks is good at describing what has gone wrong but loses interest when trying to define the usefulness of what he selects as healthy alternative strategies and stratagems. However, the observations are constructively pithy while the illustrations alone make the book most welcome. They are beautifully arranged and show the author's understanding of the value of details in showing architectural qualities that the total building might not yet have realised.

One architect Jencks deems a post-modernist is Michael Graves, the subject of *Architectural Monographs 5*,[5] whom he describes as concentrating his attention on "suggesting anthropomorphic metaphors without naming them." This publication

[4] *The Language of Post-Modern Architecture*. By CHARLES JENCKS. Revised, enlarged edition. Academy Editions, £5.95.

[5] *Architectural Monographs 5: Michael Graves*. Edited by DAVID DUNSTER. Academy Editions, £6.95.

PRINTS AND RELATED DRAWINGS BY THE CARRACCI FAMILY

A Catalogue Raisonné

By Diane DeGrazia Bohlin

The Carracci family of Bologna—brothers Agostino and Annibale and their cousin Lodovico—were a major influence on the development of Italian Baroque art. Until now their paintings have been the mainstay of their reputation, but this catalogue raisonné demonstrates the importance of the Carracci as printmakers. Not only is this analytical catalogue the first compiled since 1818, but also it is the first comprehensive study of the Carracci prints in any language.

Published in Association with the National Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C.

November 1979

8½ x 11, 540 pp.,
approx. 525 b & w illus.

£34.50

INDIANA UNIVERSITY PRESS

1 Gower Street

London W.C.1.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is a lavishly illustrated catalogue of this American architect's work, which mainly consists of private houses. In an erudite introduction Alan Colquhoun, a fellow architect, observes that in Graves's architecture "the myth becomes pure myth, recognised as such, and the architectural sign floats in the dematerialised world of gestalt, and the dehistoricised world of memory and free association." Well, may be, but I'm not sure whether such observations help or hinder the individual reader in assessing rather than understanding his work. Handbooks of three-dimensional objects have to be handled very simply if the message is to transfer. That renowned crib-book of 1837, S. H. Brooks' *Cottage and Village Architecture*, showed the way.

With these two books we have a very good introduction to both the scope and the workings of a vocal and visually precocious field of contemporary architecture which makes no secret of its eclecticism and élitism.

THE THIRD GROUP of books comprises what are quite clearly, if not entirely intentionally, textbooks for designers. *The Timeless Way of Building* (Volume 1), *A Pattern Language* (Volume 2), and *The Oregon Experiment* (Volume 3) are obviously master-minded by Christopher Alexander [6] and portray the imprint of the Cambridge mathematician. He and his colleagues claim to produce a "language" for building and planning in the first volume, and in volume two give instructions for its use, while in the third volume this system is applied to, of all things, a master plan for a university. It is difficult to imagine a more rigid architectural brief than a North American university, peopled as it is with those—staff, students and administrators alike—dedicated to ordered tertiary education, not learning, in comprehensively finite imbalanced communities. The value of testing a new language of design in these circumstances is akin to asking the graduates of West Point to simulate a Pop Festival. Recognition of the size of the task is possibly reflected in the 1,911 pages of very small type and even smaller drawings. They are fortunately printed on a paper rather like rice paper. In Volume 1 a three-floored Russian tower is shown, together with furniture and people in axonometric perspective and all three floor plans, in an area which could be occupied by two "Architecture *US*" 15c postage stamps.

Economy of space is not matched by modesty of intent. These volumes are to "lay the basis for an entirely new approach to architecture, building and planning which will we hope replace existing ideas and practices entirely." Well now, let us look at some of the generators of this unique design language:

> People will not feel comfortable in their houses unless a group of houses forms a cluster, with the public land between them jointly owned by all the householders.
>
> Nobody wants fast through traffic going by their homes.
>
> Bus stops must be easy to recognise, and pleasant, with enough activity around them to make people comfortable and safe.
>
> A building cannot be a human building unless it is a complex of still smaller buildings or smaller parts which manifest its own internal social facts.
>
> Placing the main entrance (or main entrances) is perhaps the single most important step you take during the evolution of a building plan.
>
> If the right rooms are facing south, a house is bright and sunny and cheerful; if the wrong

[6] *The Timeless Way of Building*. By CHRISTOPHER ALEXANDER. Oxford University Press, $19.50, £13.25 (UK publication autumn). *A Pattern Language: Town, Buildings, Construction*. By CHRISTOPHER ALEXANDER, SARA ISHIKAWA, MURRAY SILVERSTEIN, and others. Oxford University Press, $35.00, £12.50. *The Oregon Experiment*. By CHRISTOPHER ALEXANDER, MURRAY SILVERSTEIN, SHLOMO ANGEL, SARA ISHIKAWA, and DENNY ABRAMS. Oxford University Press, $12.95, £7.75.

If you read books you need

British Book News

the review journal with the widest coverage of books published in the UK. Over 200 specialist signed reviews in each issue, a monthly list of up to 700 forthcoming books and new paperbacks, and articles and information on general, academic and children's books.

'The most useful single British reviewing periodical' *Librarian*, Notts. County Library.
'Simply the best general selection tool I know of' *County Librarian*, Hertfordshire.

Subscriptions: UK £9.60; Overseas £10.80; US/Can $24. Single issue, £0.80. Full details from 65 Davies Street, London W1Y 2AA. Telephone: 01-499 8011

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rooms are facing south, the house is dark and gloomy.

Dark gloomy kitchens are depressing. The kitchen needs the sun more than other rooms, not less.

I, personally, am opposed to all these propositions (I dislike sunlight, use bus stops to speed my journey, consider the Pantheon one of the world's finest buildings, have blocked up all the windows in my kitchen, and live alongside one of London's busiest streets with great enjoyment) and do not imagine I am alone. Their conceited single-mindedness implies a meanness of language foreign to the expansion of choice, delight, and expectations that real architecture must offer. This is not to deny recognition of the immense amount of work produced or indeed of the useful if slightly childish (a good sign in this new language?) "helping-through" of "the people" to the design of their own environment in the second volume. Trystan Edwards' observation in the 1920s—that the finest art is that of Manners and that the second, that of Language, can only flourish if the first is observed—goes tragically unheeded by this work.

GROWING UP IN CITIES, edited by Kevin Lynch,[7] describes the response in childhood and adolescence of city-dwellers in Argentina, Australia, Mexico and Poland. One is taken clearly and fully through the questioning process, the answering, the incumbent environment and the comprehensive yet modest methods of resultant dissemination. Accurately and movingly illustrated, and written with both scholarship and compassion, it is a fine example of a design handbook for a particular condition; and it has the strength to leave the further design process—whether social, economic or physical—to the reader.

Last in this group comes a pamphlet, *The Little Green Book*, sub-titled rather preciously *An Owner's Manual to the Planet*.[8] However short-term the statistics are—on population, world resources, food, land use, city growth, etc.—the comprehensivity of its interest, the simplicity of its concern and the clarity of its presentation, despite its fey illustrations, make it a rather important little book, for a year at least.

BOOKS CONCERNED with artifactual matters often act as usefully as warning material as they do in their intended role of informative

[7] *Growing Up in Cities*. Edited by KEVIN LYNCH. MIT Press, £8.75, $12.50.

[8] *The Little Green Book: An Owner's Manual to the Planet*. Edited by RICHARD BOSTON, RICHARD HOLME and RICHARD NORTH. Wildwood House, 95p.

A STUDY OF VERMEER

Edward A. Snow

We cherish Vermeer, suggests Edward Snow in this beautiful and exhilarating study of the artist, because his paintings are themselves so fundamentally engaged with the question of value. Whether they depict a remote view of the everyday life of a city, an intimate, restrained interchange between a man and a woman, or a solitary woman quietly absorbed in some familiar domestic activity, they always finally touch on the deepest human needs, and the power of art to satisfy them.

A Study of Vermeer offers not only a fresh, finely nuanced look at the individual paintings, but also a profound new understanding of Vermeer's evolving vision. Starting with the artist's early pre-occupation with the attention man pays to woman, the book traces the erotic theme as it develops from painting to painting, and reveals how it gradually comes to involve questions about the nature of art itself.

204 pages, 51 full colour reproductions, 21 black and white.

Pre-publication price £13.50 until December 31st 1979; thereafter £16.50.

University of California Press

2–4 Brook Street, London W.1.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reinforcement. Such a book is *Streets Ahead*[9]—a vacuous, over-produced, smug design manual. Produced in the superior know-all prose that the Design Council has made its own, it purports "to help everyone in creating the street scene" and proceeds to show through the following 110 pages just how few do just that. Continuous reference is made verbally and visually to the need for "good design", produced presumably by that far-from-common "good designer." Street scenes are uncluttered with people, road signs have no vehicles in the foreground, and tree trunks, beautifully rooted, lack dogs. This book, produced in association with the Royal Town Planning Institute, takes great pains to discuss objects and systems which primarily stop, prevent, deter, control, order or regulate human beings. Road signs, barriers, fences, rubbish bins, road surfaces, playgrounds are the dross of an urban environment which requires such band-aids because it itself is worn out, open to question and probably ready for replacement. There is no need to electrify Big Ben.

Painting the Town by Graham Cooper and Doug Sargent[10] is a seductively produced booklet of a series of street murals, invariably painted on old or poor-standard buildings. Some are enchanting, others vile. There is a noticeable omission—the old Beatles Apple Shop in Baker Street, surely one of the most notorious if not the largest of the original crop. Perhaps it was too commercial for these authors, since most of the examples appear to be doing good to rather desperate situations: again, another form of visual band-aids running the risk of distorting the socially beneficial life of the "canvas"—the building. An example of just such anti-social distortion occurred recently in London when the demolition of one of these temporary murals caused community havoc. Once again, where did the people and cars go when these photographers turned up? Large, colourful, temporary murals are nothing new to the street scene—we used to call them posters.

This group concludes with a really disturbing book which unlike the others, intends to be so. Bernard Friedan's *The Environmental Protection Hustle*[11] details with painstaking care and accuracy various unpleasant and indeed anti-social aspects of the zeal of environmentalists and protectionists. In several detailed instances, although the concept of environmental protection is quoted by the plaintiffs, believable environmental issues are not in fact involved; greed and privilege would appear to be nearer the mark. Although the examples are drawn from California the warnings are extremely pertinent to this country at present. The editors of *The Little Green Book* have, I hope, read this disturbing and impressive book very carefully.

I AM NOW LEFT with three disparate books which require noting rather than reviewing in the context of this particular survey. Peter Smith's *Architecture and The Human Dimension*[12] is an extremely English textbook on an architectural theory held with some conviction by the author. Its similarity to some of the writings of the late Howard Robertson is due, I am certain, to a mental sympathy between these two educators. I agree with very little of it, but feel that as a textbook it should be on the recommended but not required list for those embarking on this tricky activity.

The second, *The Architects of London* by Alastair Service,[13] is a really rather good guide-book, with useful maps and remarkably clear comprehensive photographs. Factual text is flavoured with gossipy tit-bits which often brighten the blandest aspect of a second-rate building—I have used this book and know. This leads to my main objection: it is too bulky, heavy and unhandleable for a guide book. The publishers should look at those superb *Thorough Guidebooks* published at the turn of the century to see how to handle maps, indexing and extraneous information. The section on the post-1945 period is by far the weakest, understandably so—perhaps it could be omitted and reduce the weight further.

Finally, for those who would like to read even more of Lewis Mumford, I recommend *My Works and Days*[14] which is massive and even more revealing than *Findings and Keepings*. It is vast and highly personal. My favourite pieces are on Patrick Geddes and Britain in 1946—I could have done with less on Love but at least this book is very easy to pick and choose from.

Concluding this survey requires comment on the actual format, material printing and binding of those of the books which are specifically related to architectural design. In most cases they are inappropriately produced, making the addition of notes at relevant points difficult, and in some cases rendering visual comparison between illustrations well-nigh impossible. If only *On Streets* had been fitted with an openable spiral binder!

---

[9] *Streets Ahead*. Design Council in conjunction with the Royal Town Planning Institute, £6.50.

[10] *Painting the Town*. By GRAHAM COOPER and DOUG SARGENT. Phaidon, £3.95.

[11] *The Environmental Protection Hustle*. By BERNARD J. FRIEDAN. MIT Press, £8.75, $12.50.

[12] *Architecture and the Human Dimension*. By PETER F. SMITH. George Godwin, £7.50.

[13] *The Architects of London, and Their Buildings from 1066 to the Present Day*. By ALASTAIR SERVICE. Architectural Press, £10.95.

[14] *My Works and Days*. By LEWIS MUMFORD. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, £8.95, $13.95.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Which Revolution Was That?

Art of Eye & Mind—By P. S. RAWSON

FOR QUITE A WHILE NOW virtually every artist and art student has taken it for granted that there was a radical 20th-century revolution in art, though the precise nature of that revolution still remains obscure.

The art-historical cliché describes an abyss running roughly between 1907 (Picasso's "Demoiselles d'Avignon" and "Danseuse") and the appearance of Dada and the major Russian movements between 1917 and 1921. After this, it is felt, things could never be the same again, as after Faraday's discovery and application of the generation and use of electricity. But, unlike Faraday's discoveries, which most users of electricity forget, the consciousness of this art-historical cliché has become an Old Man of the Sea, which practising artists have to carry on their backs, and which gets heavier and heavier as time goes by. A further unresolved entanglement of the aesthetic revolution with the Marxist revolution, of which art history is refining the detail all the time, bids fair to turn into another Old Man, climbing on the back of the first, and putting a kind of double-bind on the artist's freedom of creative movement. Emotional attachment to the idea that long-past revolutions need to be continuously re-enacted is not the best basis for creative work.

New attitudes are now abroad, and there is growing dissatisfaction with the cliché which has dominated for too long the historical consciousness of visual artists. For painters and sculptors seem to have been far more firmly in the grip of historicism than poets and musicians, partly because of the system of art education they are imprisoned in, and the role of some teachers in Colleges of Art. There has been much discussion about this, and a good deal more is needed.

To take an over-view of the 20th-century arts together gives a very different picture from the conventional view of art seen from inside a normal British art-school. But this does not mean remaining satisfied with the kind of slick historicist matches between music, literature, art and political events that are the staple currency, for example, of TV culture-programmes. These imply that each physical work of art is in some simply intelligible way a direct product and correlate of immediate contemporary external events, and this corny notion should have died long ago, especially after the publication of Rudolf and Margot Wittkower's *Born Under Saturn*.

If there is anything certain about history, it is that nobody ever escapes it. He *is* it. No artist needs self-consciously to try and represent his period—though just such self-consciousness has become itself a historical phenomenon, leading usually to what is called "Mannerism." Simply to act according to whatever lights he has makes an artist historical. And his personal depth is what makes him important historically, not his mere conformity with the prescriptions of public fashion. It is not yet generally accepted that the history of fashion is the history of art. His "lights", of course, may be judged morally, partly on the basis of some kind of truth or falsity which for visual art raises interesting philosophical questions.

It seems more than probable that many artists today are experiencing a failure of confidence in their own relationship to the processes of history, and submitting to pressures of fashion in manner, and to a deliberately assumed political morality, in the hope that they must therefore be worth considering as "modern" artists. Now that we are in a position to look back over, say, the New York School with the help, for example, of Irving Sandler's (shamefully printed) book,[1] we can only wonder at some of the tawdry images which once claimed so much attention.

IF ONE COMPARES different kinds of influence working on different kinds of artist, interesting factors emerge. The poet, for example, uses a public language spoken by all his fellows in that language-group. What he does *with* his language, in the communication of his insights, depends upon philological and semantic structures and upon realms of accepted meaning and discourse which have, to begin with, a kind of independent public existence. It has been said that one of the things a poet naturally does is awaken metaphors which lie sleeping in his language; and a live linguistic matrix is of immense benefit to any writer, as T. S. Eliot pointed out long ago. A dead matrix is what distinguishes Nazi German and modern Academic English prose.

Poets whose intentions were in an aesthetic sense revolutionary—Mallarmé, Pound, Blok—did not destroy the current matrix, but rather enlarged and

[1] *The New York School.* By IRVING SANDLER. Harper & Row, £18, $29.95.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

repotentiated it. This can be said as much of Arp, Mayakowsky or Brecht as of Rilke. And Joyce demanded of his readers greater competence in more linguistic matrices than any other writer before or since. No living English poet, I think, would imagine that he had nothing to learn from Yeats or Shakespeare. Rather does he feel a strong sense of affinity and continuity with them, running back through time, out of which his own creativity springs like a growing point of a living plant. By contrast, one wonders how many painters have any remotely similar relationship to their language and imagine they have anything whatever to do with Titian or Grünewald, or sculptors with Donatello or Gregor Erhart; there seem to be few bridges over that chasm which opened, as art history tells it, between 1907 and 1921.

When it comes to publication and earning his living, the poet knows several facts. One is that his living cannot really come from selling his poetry as a product. Maybe his poetry may *lead to* a living—in an American university or as some kind of performer. This topic was thrashed over years ago in Cyril Connolly's *Horizon*. But the essence of poetry publishing is that its physical products are printed pages; and many individuals can own or read them. No one buys them up as investment, as they do a picture, to be tucked away in a bank vault, never seen, and used as collateral for international finance. The poet's utterances become in the first instance public property, not private. So the poet knows that, potentially at least, he speaks to an audience not only of poets, even though he may publish in little magazines. The language group in which he lives and for which he writes includes, potentially again, all its listeners and readers. If he is a translator or translated, and interested in other languages, his field of intercourse into the past and future is enlarged. Much of the public exhibition activity and institutional patronage of visual art developed in the Western world during the last few decades (whatever their failings) is in some sense an attempt to redress the limitations imposed on visual art by private ownership, and come closer to the relatively free platform the poet enjoys.

Perhaps most important of all, the world of possible forms and relationships the public language lays open before the poet is extraordinarily wide and complex. He can seem to be dealing at one moment with the most "objective" possible references, but at the same time be handling a remote metaphor. The slightest adjustments to word order and context can open a new vista both of meaning and melody. He can extend metaphor at a high conceptual level, positing abstract connectives, through imagined action that may be accessible only via feelings at the human level. There is in his linguistic matrix a vast wealth of possibility, only a fraction of which any individual is able to explore. But by the richness of meaning he does develop his quality is known.

THE MUSICAL COMPOSER is in a different but no less interesting position. He may conceive and compose all the music he likes quite cheaply at home. He may get it published, and so pass it in some sense into the public domain, as the poet does his work. He may compose it as graphic or on tape, so that again it does exist, potentially at least, as sound. No other person usually comes to own his work in the property sense, save maybe by copyright. But most composers still rely in one way or another on a community of executant musicians for their productions to reach the public ear. And the latter also have their livings to earn, mainly by giving repeated realisation to old master-works which audiences already know and wish to hear. Through the executants a kind of negative filter may be imposed upon what is acceptable as musical language; but they can also be a powerful support to less popular work, when they recognise its quality. So "revolutionary composers", especially aleatoric composers, have been able to assemble performance-groups to get their work into sound.

Schönberg, once the arch-revolutionary, with his pupils, used performance-groups. But like many other recent composers, he died without hearing some of his own works ever realised in sound. Schönberg saw his music as couched in a language which was a logical extension of 19th-century German and Austrian music. Through his lifelong work as a teacher of compositional technique, carried on partly through brilliant analyses of earlier music, he knew very well what he meant. He intended what he wrote to be a comprehensive ongrowth of what had preceded him.

SCHÖNBERG OCCUPIED a position in place and time which permitted him to think like this of his own work. But other living composers think of theirs quite differently, and feel that they have moved out into an open world of sonic form and experience which was simply not accessible to Schönberg's generation—not only for physical reasons, but for cultural. There has been fairly recently in the musical press some discussion as to the existence and possible nature of (to use a merely conventional term) "musical absolutes": the irreducibly objective common physical and psychological factors which musicians and listeners from widely different musical cultures share, and which make it possible for them to grasp something of each other's meanings.

This represents a revival and extension of work done by earlier generations of theorists represented

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by Fabre d'Olivet, Alain Daniélou and Marius Schneider. The cultural atmosphere prevailing before the last World War compelled these theories to be presented in the generic but misleading guise of "mysticism", because there was no ground of common experience to which the writers could appeal. That situation has now changed. What has changed it are certain characteristic features of modern western culture, the consequence probably of national imperialist urges, which led both to the concept of the museum with its associated technologies, and to a consequent creative electicism. Precisely similar factors are actually the force behind manifestations of modern visual art. They are still immensely underrated by art-history.

WHAT IS CALLED in our universities Ethno-Musicology is an academic stereotype of the very widespread interest which practical musicians take in virtually all the musical cultures of the world. It was Schneider's experiences with Senegalese music, for example, that stimulated him to develop his ideas. The music of Indian sitar and sarangi players, of the Indonesian gamelan, of Japanese koto and shakuhachi, of the Arab and African peoples, has been tape-recorded by dedicated travellers, and issued on disc and tape. Stockhausen is not the only composer to have travelled widely, listened and learned. Festivals now exchange performers across the globe. So every younger composer works in the full consciousness of a spectrum of musical and sonic culture which none of his predecessors could have known. But only a few deny all relevance to major masters of the European past, though they may tend to stretch their concept of "the past" well back beyond the Baroque.

An interest in "musical absolutes" may be naturally associated with attempts to understand what it is that enables modern men and women to share a universe of musical discourse with otherwise remote cultures. This raises big questions concerning the nature and limitations of musical "languages", their forms and contents, which have not yet been answered. Most important, it fails to take account of the way in which the phrasing of music is intimately related to and developed from the rhythms and inflections of vocal expression in widely differing spoken languages and song. One of the obvious characteristics of much recent "absolutist" music is the absence of an element of phrased and shaped discourse.

NO ONE WHO SAW the epoch-making exhibition mounted in Munich in 1975, for the XXth Olympiad, could possibly forget its lessons. There was a music section. But the visual art sections

The Architecture of John F. Staub

Houston and the South

By HOWARD BARNSTONE with the assistance of David Courtwright, Jerome Iowa, and Stephen Fox.

From the spectacular mansions of River Oaks to modest bay houses, from romantic to colonial to modern, this volume documents the architecture of John Staub. For five decades, Staub has designed homes for the elite of Houston and the South. His eclectic style, with its air of gentle allusion, produced houses of enduring beauty and interest.

Howard Barnstone provides a comprehensive introduction to Staub's work, which is followed by a portfolio of his finest houses. The book is a stimulating mixture of the architectural history of the United States and the private history of Houston, as the bayou city and its architecture evolved from the smalltown society of the twenties to the sophisticated community of today.

$8\frac{1}{2} \times 11$ in., 356 pp., 28 color plates, 330 b & w photos, 179 line drawings, 4 maps. £24.50

Special edition
A limited number of slipcased, specially bound, numbered volumes, signed by Howard Barnstone and John Staub, are available. £70.00

Texas Homes of the Nineteenth Century

Photogaphs by Todd Webb
Text by Drury Blakeley Alexander

"... vivid testimony to the richness of the architectural heritage enjoyed by Texas. The stunning photographs by Todd Webb are as important as the very readable text."—*American Institute of Architects Journal*

$9\frac{1}{2} \times 12$ in., 290 pp., 200 halftones, 14 line drawings. £17.50

UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS PRESS
American University Publishers Group
1 Gower Street
London WC1E 6HA

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

were far the most important. The organisers sought out extraordinarily close prototypes among exotic arts for the individual works of western art which imitated their formal characteristics.

The process they reflect began back in the 19th century. The famous stories about Kirchner in 1905 and Picasso in 1907, picking on African sculptures as patterns, show them to be latecomers on the scene. By that time potters, glassmakers and designers had been working in a world of form imbued with exotic influences for over 30 years. That painters were so very late in joining this artistic revolution was probably due to the conditions imposed by the current dealership and patronage system.

It was interesting to discover how individual artists came to reach beyond the mere imitation of the superficial appearance of the exotic to grasp the idea that there might be such a thing as an autonomous world of visual forms within which they had the freedom to move. At first the superficial appearances of exotic images were assimilated into the structure of established Western types of images—portraiture, for example. Such assimilation of the exotic began, of course, with the romantic Arabism of the 1840s, continued with Monet's and Whistler's Japonnerie in the '60s, van Gogh's in the '70s. The exoticism began to penetrate the structure in Picasso's early "African" works. This whole phase is probably analogous to the musical assimilation of the sound-effects of exotic musics, for example by Weber, which he in turn learned from his much-travelled teacher Vogeler, who published in 1806 his "Polymelos or Characteristic Music of Divers Nations", and extending far later to Debussy et al.

This way of doing things is far from dead, and cannot by any stretch of the imagination be called revolutionary. It was quite stunning to see at Munich the visual proof of how many artists still ransack the actual museum or the imaginary one of art publication to steal formal clothes to wear. This cannot be unconnected with the fact that painters and sculptors, to live, expect continuously to sell their products to patrons, and need to make them "impressive." But it also merges with the idea that access to the "museum of mankind", developed in part as a consequence of imperialist activity, has awarded Western art a special kind of franchise to take possession of exotic cultures and digest them.

WESTERN ARTISTS were able to adopt the superficial appearances of exotic and tribal arts only because the actual meanings of their component forms, in terms of natural metaphor, local usage of gesture, posture and facial signals and formal language-structure, were quite unknown to them; in order not to have to worry about disregarding these meanings two theories were produced, mated, and more or less tacitly accepted.

The first was that forms were capable of being "significant" in themselves. The second was a kind of extrapolation from sub-Freudian psychology of the unconscious, combined with the older idea that primitive people represent a "childhood" stage of the civilised "adult" human race. It was assumed that at the level of their "unconscious" (a term newly given wide currency from Vienna) modern men shared the same psychic resources as "primitives"; by making a reversion to unconscious levels in an act of deliberate "primitivism", modern men would be able to rediscover their natural common endowment of formal symbols.

Both these theories we now believe to be totally inadequate, and Ernst Gombrich has never tired of pointing out that forms do not carry significance like trucks carrying bricks. Transmission is a far more subtle question of semantics and symbology than that. Anthropological writers have constantly to emphasise that the cultures we call "primitive" are the same age as our own, and in their own ways equally—or far more—sophisticated; and that their arts do not mean to their makers what our free interpretation assumes them to mean.

CHRISTOPHER MIDDLETON lists in *Bolshevism in Art*[2] the ingredients of what he calls the 20th-century concept of primitivism. Among them are the conscious infantilism and feigned illiteracy of some Russian and Dada work, the "Elementary" and "Demonic" in Expressionism and Dada. He draws the historical lesson (actually an ample restatement of part of Coleridge's theory of the two-fold imagination) that:

> for artists and writers today . . . the Dada experiment showed how, given the structure of the modern creative mind, its dynamism and its responsibility, unreason is only a start. The Dada experiment shows, too, however, that "intelligibility" also is only a start: that "intelligibility" bears only a contingent relation to a poem's sense and to a painting's sense.

Middleton goes on to invoke the trinity of "toil, severity" and "Dada spontaneity" as essential concomitants in the creation of valuable work. From this he steps readily to an apparent assumption that all genuine artists need (as, so to speak, ontogeny recapitulating phylogeny) to pass through a personal "primitivist" or Dada phase, as a way of breaking down the crust of conventional attitudes and expression. Fair enough. But Coleridge required a further, ultimately more important second phase of imagination: the reconstituting of a

[2] *Bolshevism in Art*. By CHRISTOPHER MIDDLETON. Carcanet New Press, £6.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

world in which feeling and reason, the irrational and rational, were ordered in such a way as to offer a new and unified view of "reality" which could meet the challenge of intense questioning, and itself serve as a symbol of higher unity. This is, for example, what Cézanne achieved.

The earlier 20th-century artists about whom Middleton writes may well have needed a primitivist phase. But is it correct to imagine that we as artists all *still* need to "free" ourselves by constantly re-enacting the Dada or primitivism of 60 years ago? Surely the conventions from which we *now*, at our epoch, need to free ourselves have become different—a narrow arbitrariness, and a pursuit of mindless happenings which bear no cultural fruit.

THE IDEA THAT THERE WAS a world of form, independent of particular cultural meanings, within which artists had the freedom to move, gained currency against the background of one further potent idea. This was the analogy between music and art, which fascinated many practitioners of both arts in the last decades of the 19th century.

Certain literary and visual artists began to look for the same kind of freedom from immediate representation as they believed music had—forgetting the element of rhythmic phrasing in musical discourse which relates to spoken languages. When this general conception of music was amplified in the 1920s to include "exotic" and "primitive" musics, the analogy became more potent. It led visual artists to believe in an autonomous world of form, analogous to that of sonority, to parallel the "musical absolute" of frequencies, overtones, fifths and fourths, "given" scale systems and especially "musical space". The composer Xenakis, also an architect, has developed music which is designed to generate a kind of musical trans-space. Many visual artists have absorbed elements from architectural design so as to create their own version of such space. (Possibly this is one of the reasons for the cult of very big paintings.) Painters began to take an increasing interest in "visual absolutes" such as those generated by the colour spectrum, optics and their physiological consequences, fundamental geometric symbolism along with counterchange, progressions, and illusion.

This is a field which many artists still investigate—among them Bridget Riley and Viktor Vasarely. But there are limitations to such research. Concentrating on and questioning what can be called "the common actual" of perception, it leaves out of account altogether those issues of form and meaning which are the lifeblood of other kinds of art. It analyses rather than synthesises, dismantling rather than generating wholes, enquiring into phenomena rather than praising Being. This kind of research demands to be connected up, on its implicit analogy with the procedures of a science, with the results of other investigations. Meantime, the idea that art partakes of the character of research has become so conventional in much art school teaching that students may be expected to mark out for themselves personal "areas of formal investigation" in which to become competent, and as adult artists may be expected to do the same.

To a considerable extent the "visual absolute" still concerns kinetic, light and environmental artists, as well as many sculptors, but nowadays with phenomenological overtones. This concern shows itself in the way they choose shapes, light-tubes, colours, to arrange and maybe set in movement so as to generate response patterns, leaving out of consideration the meanings of the shapes, qualities, textures, material of the tubes, and colours themselves. Components are treated as neutral integers, would-be abstract elements with no other qualities than those the artist chooses to correlate. This seems to be an attempt to concentrate enquiry by eliminating idiosyncracy in the component material forms of a composition, and to go so far as by an act of will to get rid of their individual meaning content.

To be published on October 18

CONTEMPORARY BRITISH ARTISTS

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALIA

Introduction by Norbert Lynton

A much needed and valuable directory of over 200 contemporary British painters and sculptors, with 600 illustrations (examples of work and portrait photographs). 352pp.
£14.50 hardback £7.95 paperback

Bergstrom + Boyle Books Limited
31 Foubert's Place, London W1V 1HE

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SUCH PROCEDURE seems to be substantially an inheritance from Russian revolutionary Constructivism. As Robert Williams points out in *Artists in Revolution*[3]:

> Artistically it meant the disappearance of the individual from the work of art in favour of abstraction and non-objectivity; politically it meant the cult of the masses and the demise of the individual as a legacy of bourgeois society.

As a matter of historical fact, such an interpretation was rejected in Russia in the name of the masses, to become a decidedly élitist phenomenon in the West. Now the danger is that it no longer fulfils its original intention in any sense, but rather seems merely to avoid certain fundamental problems of art. For, as I have suggested elsewhere,[4] it does not take proper account of the way our perceptive minds work. Once the shared attitude to such general forms has died out, all they may convey to us is a sentimentality of scientism; generalised shapes are meant to be clean, mechanical, wholesome, technologically-produced and businesslike. But from this sentiment the once positive optimistic sympathy on which it traded in the early decades of this century is ebbing fast away.

Implied in this attitude are unspoken assumptions which musicians are transcending, visual artists following. The most critical assumption is that the source of all possible artistic meaning is to be found outside the person, or in experience conceived as the immediate contact of person with daily phenomena. It is a natural concomitant of a now widespread behaviourist assumption that the world is a knowable external reality upon which we, as natural animals, absolutely and immediately depend. Art might thus be seen in some sense as a mode of investigative record, devoid of humane discourse.

THERE WAS ANOTHER growth-pole for the notion of an autonomous world of form, derived broadly from the German Romantic tradition. This is perhaps best stated in "The Disciples at Sais" by the German writer Novalis (1772–1801). He there describes students discovering unknown forms within the world of phenomena. Some years ago an edition was published adorned with drawings by Klee, who declared:

> "We do not always know at once what flows into us from the elemental realm of nature, what comes up from the depths in order to become images."

And Kandinsky's concern with forms "behind reality" or "beyond the real", together with his interest in theosophy as one of the avenues of access to these forms, is well documented—"mysticism" again!

Occultism and theosophical mysticism played a far larger part in the evolution of modernist art in Russia than some of its modern admirers like to admit. Hence some of the terms in which Kandinsky wrote down his ideas may be unacceptable to people with any positivism in their turn of mind. He knew Scriabin, and cultivated that musician's version of the analogy between music and art. "Colour", he wrote:

> is the key, the eye the hammer which strikes it, the soul the instrument with a thousand strings. The artist is the hand which . . . obtains from the soul the vibration which is appropriate.

He was interested especially in the forms of movement, which is by its nature transitory and only understood via memory, so he referred constantly to the inner world by which art should supplant the world of "objects taken from nature" and "narrative." Despite what may be seen as its defects of terminology, this idea can be interpreted as valid, once it is recognised that, as with spoken language, the only place where any cosmos, structure or meaning for art can exist at all is in the human matrix (not simply "the mind"). The apparent close parallel between "the surface" of the world and the surface of the art work is a delusion. For Kandinsky's "soul" one may read "realm of structured traces" within the body-mind entity.

THERE IS NOTHING a man knows or perceives which is not mediated through his sense of forms and relationships. Spoken language is one of the public modes of access to this realm. When a musician thinks of "a world of sonority" or an artist of "an autonomous world of form" neither can be referring (whatever they may like to think) to something which exists independently, complete with all its content, "out there in reality." He can only mean the complex of potential meaning and relationship contained in that human matrix for which Kandinsky used the term "soul."

What the painter actually presents to the spectator is a sheet of cloth or paper covered with smears and blobs of physical substances—mostly oxides of metals. (The sculptor has his own equivalent.) These can only "mean" anything in aesthetic terms—as distinct from chemical, say—by virtue of their evocative power working through memory; and this is most obviously so when they deal with the shapes of movement.

[3] *Artists in Revolution.* By ROBERT C. WILLIAMS. Scolar Press, £9.

[4] P. S. Rawson, *Drawing* (Oxford University Press, 1969).

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This evocation works through the human faculty of analogy, basic to all conceptualisation at the levels of both the first and second of Coleridge's imaginations. The "absolutes" of form may indeed rest in physical attributes of the media through which forms and structures are projected. But what these latter evoke are echoes from a huge complex of *gestalten* of different grades—biological, paralinguistic, naturally and culturally symbolic, maybe some of the order of putative but aborted action, all strongly modified and channelled by culture. These may be contained, probably somehow encoded, within the psychosomatic matrix.

IT SEEMS REASONABLE to suppose that earlier phases of Western artistic culture very much restricted the fields of *gestalten* which the painter or sculptor was "permitted" to explore as "legitimate." Certainly the mechanical peephole image of the world which prevailed in painting up to 1907 exiles a host of intersections among *gestalten*. Liberation from such restricted legitimacy must have seemed to artists like being released into a vast field of possibility; and they seem to have precipitated many formal symbols for this release, for new levels of order and for the sense of optimism with which the release imbued them. It may now have become difficult for everyone to read the correct "original" feeling—significance of the attributes of forms used by, say, Malevitch or Rodchenko, without almost as much study as is needed for the art of New Guinea. To many of us they have become "exotic."

It is important to remember that the field of *gestalten* belongs to the self and its experience—and large parts of this experience will always be exiled from recognition in any public, everyday utilitarian world for the purely pragmatic reason that this world can only encompass so much, and no more. Some may call "unconscious" what others define phenomenogically. Such differences in interpretation probably result from projecting different points of view on to the same basic reality: i.e. non-verbal recognitions of categories, formal interrelationships, objects, properties and attributes of reality which the imagination actually contains submerged and normally unused. This is probably the realm in which the languages of the arts operate; and they may have no less a claim to validity as the source of truth-functions and value-propositions than any of the utilitarian, commonly accepted languages. And there is no necessary connection between the arts' truth-functions or value-propositions and those of utilitarian statement—though there *may* be one.

This disparity of reference can be the cause of all sorts of problems and disagreements, notably in the interpretation of art that does use the categories of common utilitarian speech for a moral or political message. One can sometimes read the images on representational posters, say, or on formally undeveloped and sentimental paintings, in a sense almost diametrically opposed to that intended, without title of text to help. A familiar 19th-century "Baxter print" which shows two children carrying a pigeon has nothing in the actual execution to tell us whether we should respond to "we will nurse this poor thing" (probably intended) or to "Look what we have got for dinner" (probably not).

TO WHAT EXTENT, and how, can "submerged" *gestalt*-recognitions become the basis for any artistic "language"? The continuous process of analogical matching forms phrased in terms of the artistic media, with the human field of inner *gestalten* does seem to be involved in reading all art; and the artist may seek new conjunctions and relationships among his own *gestalt*-content, often enough by experiment with shapes projected in his own medium. But can one really expect that every individual artist, having enacted his personal "primitivist" revolution, must be able to create his own artistic language from the bottom up? The nature of "language" as seen in any other context seems to rule such an expectation out of court.

Bil Risebero
THE STORY OF WESTERN ARCHITECTURE

"One of the most remarkable books on the subject that I have ever come across . . . a tremendous achievement of Pevsnerian dimensions."
Sherban Cantacuzino, Executive Editor, *The Architectural Review*
"Will prove to be an immensely useful introduction to the subject for some time to come . . . a well written and sensitively drawn account of the development of communities, strongpoints, public and religious buildings, the art of landscapes, etc., handled in a comprehensive manner and through the eyes of an exceptional draughtsman."
Alvin Boyarsky, Chairman, The Architectural Association School of Architecture
272pp (139pp drawings) £6·95

John Percival
THE WORLD OF DIAGHILEV

This classic introduction of the man, his work and his world, appears in a new, enlarged format to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the death of the twentieth century's greatest impresario.
144pp (120 illus) £5·75

THE HERBERT PRESS
Distributed by Pitman

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lee Seldes in *The Legacy of Mark Rothko* [5] gives a touching account of the drunken Rothko trying to ensure that only visitors who recognised the truly "tragic" feeling in his work should get to see it, the implication being that not everyone was able to recognise it (despite the colossal financial values his paintings reached). Another implication might be that it was not adequately articulated as discourse for that many people; and it is open to the malicious to call Rothko's "tragic" feeling "self-pity." No one who has felt the power of the great Rothkos can doubt that, somehow, the grandiose feeling may indeed come across. But that can only be because somewhere within the formal language he employs, perhaps especially in the colour, there are actually strong elements of usage which can reach through to the intended region of reference in human experience. It is not correspondingly true that recalcitrance to interpretation can always be taken as an indication of depth.

A critics' theory, promulgated a few years ago, that works of art are "new objects", and have no "meaning", simply will not stand philosophical or psychological investigation. An art which consists of the projection of a handful of open unexplained forms with which it is hoped individuals will find themselves in some kind of sympathy, without the benefit of any discourse or "lead-in", has not yet happened—as Tom Wolfe recently demonstrated in *The Painted Word*. Such art actually needs, and gets, an awful lot of words. It is certainly true that some works that appear to lack "discourse" may serve those who already understand a particular field of questioning (and thus have a lead-in) as "experimental demonstrations"—say, of what may happen within the physiology of a human organism confronted by such-and-such a set of controlled phenomena.

But this is only one of the many things it is possible for visual art to do. The demonic pressures of fashion, administered by Museum trustees (who may be businessmen), which were reflected in the vast sums in dispute between Rothko's heirs and the Marlborough Gallery, have imposed the idea that real art, *money-art*, only does certain specified things at any given time. (Irving Sandler has a horrid example of this idea in *The New York School*.) But if art is genuinely a language, we may accept, on the analogy of spoken language, that all sorts of things can be done with it in different modes of discourse, all valuable in their own ways: preaching sermons, making love, presenting history, composing ecstatic poetry, telling jokes, as well as discussing how painting itself works.

WHAT SEEMS NOW to be appearing as a function of dissatisfaction with the cash nexus is a kind of artistic discourse which one can appreciate and judge for its qualities in the same way as any other (clear, profound, muddled, a mess!)—an art which includes its own "painted word." In the discourse of any language the general coordinating forms of its grammar and syntax are not themselves the whole content. Just as a sense of orthodox "vanishing-point" perspective only arises in the spectator from the relationships, chiefly of size and emphasis, given to objects in a picture, so the subtler perspectives which artists like R. B. Kitaj are opening do not arise from a few forms which are expected to carry meaning or feeling like those trucks carrying bricks. Worked out in terms of a sophisticated use of the visual-tactile "absolute", they develop from an inner wealth and referential coherence of discursive components, which provide contexts for one another. Structural transitions from scale to scale and time level to time level become possible, which constitute highly "abstract" levels of order. By "discourse" I do not mean only representation of identifiable objects from the public world of utilitarian speech, but something eye and mind can follow—a linked and sustained phrasing of disparate elements *within* the arena of the work, whose qualities complement and develop over against each other, and so awaken fields of meaning within the matrix of human experience to which there is no other avenue.

[5] *The Legacy of Mark Rothko*. By LEE SELDES. Secker, £7.90.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Horizons in Space

By Arthur Koestler

THERE IS A METHOD of arguing, dear to the mentally blinkered: the sneering metaphor. Mention subversion in industry, and you are looking for Reds under your Bed. Mention that you are interested in the search for intelligent life in the galaxy and you are in cahoots with the Little Green Men from Venus. More surprisingly, even mentally alert members of the educated classes are mostly unaware that for the last twenty years official government agencies in both the USA and the USSR have been actively sponsoring large research-programmes aimed at detecting radio signals from civilisations in outer space. This is a proposition on quite a different scale from looking for microbial forms of life on Mars. The Mars probes were digging in the back garden of our nearest neighbour in the small suburb which is our solar system. The radio telescopes of NASA and of the Soviet Academy of Science are listening in for messages from the universe at large. In the words of NASA's most recent publication: "This is an exploration of a new kind, an exploration we think as uncertain and as full of meaning as any that human beings have ever undertaken. . . ."[1]

Yet astronomers apart, nobody seems to be interested, least of all the media. This is not entirely due to lack of imagination or the inability to tell a radio telescope from a flying saucer. To be fair, it must be admitted that the moon landings, and even the Mars probes, though parochial compared to SETI—or because of it—provided more drama than the silent, patient, dogged search of the skies for those tell-tale "glitches", unnaturally patterned spikes on the recording tape, which would provide definite proof that one of the giant antennae of the Soviets or the Yanks had picked up a signal from an alien culture. To date this has not happened; it may happen today or a century hence; and though it is said that no news is good news, it is not *news*. Even so, SETI might trigger off the most important developments in the history of mankind, on a par with Hiroshima, but opening more hopeful perspectives.

THE SEARCH STARTED in the 1960s with *"Project Ozma"*, initiated by Frank Drake, astronomer at Cornell University. Drake and his team were granted use of the National Radio Astronomy Observatory at Green Banks, West Virginia. With the limited observation time at their disposal (150 hours), they decided to concentrate on possible signals from two nearby stars, Epsilon Eridani and Tau Ceti, both much like our sun and likely to have habitable planets. ("Nearby" is of course a relative term: Eridani is 11, Tau Ceti 12 light-years away; and if you remember that light travels at 186,000 miles per second, a light-year is quite a respectable distance.) No signals were received, but *Ozma* was followed by more and more ambitious searches, involving radio-telescopes from NASA's Arecibo observatory in Puerto Rico—the largest in the world—to Byurakan in Soviet Armenia. The latest proposals like Project *Cyclops*[2] (still under consideration) at a cost of ten billion dollars, compare to *Ozma* like TV via satellite to the cat-whiskers radio sets of the early 1920s.

One of the highlights of these pioneering years was the 1971 International CETI[3] Congress in

THIS is the first of a series of columns planned by Arthur Koestler, for which he acts as an editorial adviser. In a sense this new departure is intended as a positive contribution to the debate about "the Two Cultures" which ENCOUNTER *initiated some twenty years ago, when we first published C. P. Snow's controversial Rede Lectures. It could be, however, that the new frontier does not lie between the sciences and the humanities, but on the peripheries of contemporary science itself which, in a silent revolution, has abandoned the classical view of the universe as a mechanical clockwork, has de-materialised matter, and has liberated philosophy from the strait-jacket of strict causality and determinism. This department will be mainly concerned with those border areas, from cosmology to psychology, which are of special relevance to both cultures.*

[1] *SETI—The Search for Extraterrestrial Intelligence* (NASA, SP-419), p.6.

[2] *Project Cyclops: A Design Study of a System for Detecting Extraterrestrial Intelligent Life* (NASA, CR-114445), Stanford University and NASA Ames Res. Cen., Moffett Field, California (1972).

[3] This was the accepted acronym at the time. The Americans have later changed it to SETI—from *"Communication" with* to *"Search" for* Extraterrestrial Intelligence—perhaps hoping that it would sound less provocative to the bureaucrats in the scientific establishment.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Byurakan, jointly sponsored by the Russian and American Academies of Science, attended by a galaxy of scientists from all fields—from astrophysics to biology and psychology. Its proceedings (published by the MIT Press, 1973) represent a landmark in the study of the problems of extraterrestrial life, and of the possible methods of establishing contact with alien life-forms. The Russian scientists turned out to be particularly enthusiastic and bubbling with imaginative ideas. Perhaps they felt that the whole of planet earth was a place of confinement so long as it remained cut off from contact with the rest of the inhabited universe. CETI may have provided the symbolic answer to GULAG—at least for some of them. (And perhaps for some of us too.)

The problems involved in all SETI research projects are summed up in a symbolic formula devised by Frank Drake, who pioneered *Ozma:* the so-called "Drake equation":

$$N=R_*f_pn_ef_lf_if_cL.$$

It looks forbidding, but it is not really a mathematical formula, merely a list of the various factors which have to be taken into account when we try to arrive at an estimate of *N*—the number of technologically advanced species in our galaxy with which we should theoretically be able to enter into contact. Thus R_* stands for the average rate of the formation of new stars (the galactic birth rate as it were); f_p is the number of existing stars which have planets; n_e is the average proportion of "good" planets potentially capable of supporting life; f_l is the fraction of such planets on which some form of life actually evolves; f_i is the fraction of these life-forms which develops intelligence; f_c the fraction of these intelligent civilisations capable of interstellar communication; and lastly *L* is the mean lifetime of such civilisations—or the duration of their interest in communicating with others.

R_* IS A FACTOR which astrophysicists can calculate with some confidence. The total number of stars in our galaxy is of the order of a hundred billion (or 10^{11} i.e., 1 followed by 11 zeros). The age of our galaxy is about 10^{10} years, so the birth rate is about 10 stars per year. Turning to the next factors, f_p and n_e, we are also still on fairly solid ground. Half a century ago, it was generally assumed that the formation of solar systems endowed with planets was a rare event, and that we enjoyed the rare privilege of living in such a system. But the rapid progress of astrophysics over the last thirty years resulted in the general acceptance of the so-called nebular theory, according to which the stars and their planets were formed by a continuous process out of rotating disc-like clouds. To quote the NASA report mentioned before:

> "This renewed scientific support for the nebular theory of planetary formation has rekindled interest in the existence of extraterrestrial life because it predicts that stars with planetary systems should be the rule rather then the exception. In contrast to other theories, which attribute planetary formation to catastrophic events . . . the nebular theory suggests that formation of planets will usually accompany the formation of a star. This implies that the galaxy and Universe should be replete with potentially life-supporting planetary sites."

What does "replete" mean in numerical terms? Even if only one per cent of all the planets is a "good" planet, we can afford to knock off a couple of zeroes from the total number of stars in the galaxy and are still faced with an order of billions of potentially life-supporting celestial habitats.

THE NEXT STEP—f_l—poses the question how many of these hospitable habitats are actually inhabited by living organisms. Here, again, the last few decades of research in astrophysics have led to a radical revision of the earlier view that the emergence of life was an extremely rare event, which may have occurred only once, on this privileged planet of ours, and nowhere else. Such earth-chauvinism has become as outdated as the pre-Copernican cosmology which regarded our planet as the centre of the universe. Organic compounds, potentially capable of giving rise to life, have been found not only in our surburban neighbourhood, on Mars, but more revealingly, in the spectra of the interstellar dust and gas clouds, out of which stars are formed, in a certain class of meteorites (those containing carbonaceous chondrites), and in the spectra of comets whose elongated orbits reach far out into interstellar space. "Since comets", says the NASA report,

> "are considered to be similar in composition to the primordial material of the solar nebula, this constitutes evidence of organic matter in the very material from which the solar system was formed. . . . Organic matter appears to be common in the cosmos . . . life is widespread in the universe."

Or, as one physicist remarked, the origin of life has turned from a miracle into a statistic.

SIR FRED HOYLE has gone even further than that. In a series of scientific papers and a recent book[4] he and his co-author, the Indian astronomer Chandra Wickramasinghe, maintain that not only organic molecules, but living cells abound in the interstellar dust-clouds

[4] Fred Hoyle and N. C. Wickramasinghe, *Lifecloud* (London, 1978).

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

> "as the most natural 'cradles' of life. Processes occurring in such clouds lead to the commencement and dispersal of biological activity in the Galaxy. It would now seem most likely that the transformation of inorganic matter into primitive biological systems is occurring more or less continually in the space between the stars."[5]

The authors further argue that meteorites and comets acted as vehicles for the transportation of these primitive life-forms "from distant far-flung regions to the inner part of the solar system, and so to the earth." They conclude that

> "the prospect for the emergence of life on a galactic scale appears very favourable. The picture is of a vast quantity of the right kind of molecules simply looking for suitable homes, and of there being very many suitable homes."

I must mention here—with some hesitation—Hoyle's most recent hypothesis, that the fall-out of cometary dust may contain not only the original seeds of life on earth, but also bacteria or viruses responsible for some epidemic outbreaks of 'flu or plague (*Daily Telegraph*, 4 June 1979). But instead of suspecting that our most eminent astronomer has gone round the bend, let us rather acknowledge the fact that we live in an age where the frontiers between science and science-fiction have become blurred.

RETURNING TO THE Drake equation, the factors discussed so far seem to indicate that life is omnipresent in the universe, and that its spreading and spawning is infectious, irresistible and knows no limits. This is the general conclusion derived from the observed data of astrophysics and biochemistry, combined with informed guesses. But when we come to f_i—the estimated fraction of extraterrestrial life-forms which develop intelligence—we risk getting bogged down in questions of metaphysics and semantics. ("What do you mean by intelligence? Are social insects, dolphins, computers, more intelligent than man? Were the citizens of Erewhon of superior intelligence when they banned all technology because of its potentially lethal power?" And so forth.)

To avoid this trap, we must regretfully confine our inquiry to those civilisations (f_c) which, for better or worse, have chosen to develop a technology, are interested in communication, and have reached a stage equal or superior to ours. "Equal" may sound presumptuous, but non-scientists are unaware of the power and range of the techniques already at our disposal. Thus, to quote NASA again, "our radio technique, only a generation or so old, has now reached such maturity that a signal sent from an existing radio dish on Earth, with the sending and receiving devices already at hand, could be detected with ease across the Galaxy by a similar dish, if only it is pointed in the *right* direction, at the *right* time, tuned to the *right* frequency . . ." (italics in the original). The difficulty, of course, lies in getting those three *rights* more or less exactly right. But there are no theoretical obstacles barring the way; the problem is of a purely technical nature—a matter of patience, financial endowments, research priorities, and finding the most effective scanning strategies.

Ironically, even without conscious intent, we have been emitting since the 1940s a flood of telltale signals to our neighbours in space—the leakage from our television and radar transmissions. This electro-magnetic bilge can be picked up by the inhabitants of every planet within 40 light-years' distance, with a receiver not larger than our modest Jodrell Bank dish, informing them that another civilisation in our galaxy has come of age—at least in this respect.

WHAT ARE THE CHANCES that this has already happened? The average distance between stars in our part of the galaxy is about 5 light-years. Thus there are more than 2,000 stars within 40 light-years from us. If only one per cent of these stars has a habitable planet, we arrive at about twenty planets which have already been washed over by the tide from our transmitters and had a chance of picking up the leakage from Coronation Street. But we cannot tell whether any of them has actually done so, and whether anybody has signalled back to us, partly because a signal even from the nearest stars takes several years to reach us, but mainly because SETI is still in its infancy, and has so far been confined to a few pilot projects which, though impressive in themselves, are still far from the kind of systematic search needed to produce positive results.

The problem is, as I have mentioned, to listen in the right direction at the right time, on the right wavelength—until the historic moment when two antennae become locked together across space and mankind has made its first contact with the galactic communication network. It is a formidable task, but various strategies have been proposed to narrow down the scope of the search and serve as guide-lines. Several astronomers have presented shopping lists of about a dozen stars, within the modest distance of from four to twenty light-years, which are likely to have habitable planets. As for wavelength, the majority of astronomers favours the 21 cm (1420 MHz) microwave band because it is the natural frequency emitted by the hydrogen atom; and since hydrogen is the basic and most abundant element in the universe, there is a reason-

[5] *New Scientist*, 21 April 1977.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

able hope that their distant colleagues will by the same logic arrive at the same conclusions. By a further refinement of the argument, NASA's *Cyclops* study concluded that the most hopeful frequency-band extended from 1420 to 1720 MHz. This preferential region was dubbed "the water hole" because it is supposed to serve as a rendezvous for interstellar signals. Other ingenious strategies have been proposed to maximalise the listening time available for any given region of the sky. De-coding the message should pose no serious problem as the senders must be equal or superior in intelligence to us and thus masters of the techniques of transmitting visual images, easy to reconstruct once the wavelength is known.

THE ONE BIG SHADOW darkening these rosy prospects—and a very big one indeed—is Time. Even if we make a lucky hit within the, say, 20 light-years' range in our neighbourhood, the time lapse between question and answer would amount to several decades. And if we turn towards more distant regions of the galaxy, our patience would have to be stretched over centuries and millennia. Nevertheless, there seems to be an urge in men to make their presence known throughout the universe, even if they cannot hope for an acknowledgment. A touching and somewhat absurd episode may illustrate this.[6]

On 16 November 1974, the giant radio telescope at Arecibo, operated by Cornell University, was put back into service after a major overhaul and repairs. To celebrate the occasion, the Arecibo team sent out a three-minute message towards a cluster of 300,000 stars, 24,000 light years away, in the constellation Hercules. The improvements of the dish guarantee that "with a band width of 1 Hz or less its signal can be detected by similar radio telescopes throughout the Milky Way. . . ." The message consisted of a string of 1679 pulses (on 12.6 cm. wavelength) which—with a minimum of logic—could be arranged into a grid of 23 × 73, revealing a dot picture which represented 5 basic atoms, the composition and structure of the DNA double helix, the outlines of a human figure, our planetary system, etc. A reply to the message could only be expected after 48,000 years, and the whole enterprise was more in the nature of a stunt, yet it was symbolic of the craving to reach out into space. It was also criticised on the grounds that the Arecibo team had failed to inform the Russians of their plan to send a message to constellation Hercules, which they should have done according to the agreement reached at the Byurakan Congress of 1971.

There are other messengers on their way. In 1972 and 1973 two unmanned spacecraft, *Pioneer 10* and *Pioneer 11*, were dispatched to have a close look at Jupiter, and then drift out of the solar system towards other stars. Both carry messages, on the principle of bottles thrown into the ocean, on the off-chance that they will be washed ashore and retrieved by the inhabitants of some alien planet. The messages are pictorial, engraved on plaques. In 1977 two further probes, *Voyager 1* and *2*, were launched on journeys into the galaxy. They carried their messages on gramophone records with varied information on human activities (including a message from President Carter). One may smile indulgently at these games in SETI's kindergarten, but that is a rather short-sighted attitude. For if we can play these childish games, it is elementary, my dear Watson, that older civilisations in space can play them on an incomparably more sophisticated scale. And "older" in this context must mean, for countless other planets, millions of years ahead of us in culture and technology.

AT THIS POINT our powers of imagination completely fail: we are incapable of extrapolating to large distances in space or time. A billion or a trillion miles are the same to us. We can add or take away half-a-dozen zeros and it makes no difference. Add to the average human life-span a single zero, and you get 750 instead of 75 years. This is a meaningful step, but you can't build a staircase of such steps: add more zeros and you are in the clouds where the constraints imposed by commonsense are lifted and the union of science and science fiction consummated: $Sc = SF$.

Thus we cannot tell how many *Pioneers* or *Voyagers*, millions of years more advanced, are orbiting within our solar system waiting for the time when we become articulate on the microwave band and join the company at the water hole; nor whether they can eliminate distance by travelling through hyper-space (or "worm-holes" or "space-warps") postulated by some highly respectable physicists; nor even whether L, the last factor in the Drake equation which stands for the average life-time of galactic civilisations, should be assessed at a few hundred or a few million years. The pessimists assume that once a civilisation has opened the Pandora Box of nuclear reactions it will, sooner rather than later, eliminate itself; the optimists believe that a few pinches of SALT may suffice to prevent this. My own cherished belief is that those species in the galaxy which are mentally unstable biological misfits (as homo sap. seems to be) will choose the first alternative; while the sane, good and beautiful will survive. Thanks to this process of natural selection, the baddies perish and the universe is inhabited by goodies, all over the starry sky. It is a comforting thought, and not quite as silly as it may seem.

[6] I owe this account to Ian Ridpath's excellent summary of CETI: *Messages from the Stars* (London 1978).

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MEMOIR

On Revisiting Father's Room

By Dmitri Nabokov

"You have to have in you some cell, some gene, some germ that will vibrate in answer to sensations that you can neither define, nor dismiss. Beauty plus pity—that is the closest we can get to a definition of art. Where there is beauty there is pity, for the simple reason that beauty must die, beauty always dies, the manner dies with the matter, the world dies with the individual."

Vladimir Nabokov,
in a university lecture (unpublished)
on Kafka's "Metamorphosis"

LAKE GENEVA REFLECTS, here and there, the last details of a rosy sunset, the mirrory surface broken only by a semi-circular ripple of wake that the aged evening sidewheeler leaves as it rounds the point of Clarens on its way to Lausanne and Geneva. Pinkish contrails criss-cross the sky, like a grid for some gigantic game of tic-tac-toe. The top of the ancient lakeside pine, where a large crow takes its midday break, is vacant.

On the far, French, side of Lake Léman stands a minor mountain group, foothill to the Mont Blanc massif. Seen from our Montreux windows it is a classic triple formation: two ancillary summits, whose slopes drop into the lake, flanking a little suspended valley that leads inland to the central, highest pyramid. These are not the professional peaks, with their moraines, icefalls, and precipitous rock faces, that both Father and I knew well, but a friendly little group, whose topographic and aesthetic harmony lures the viewer's eye into its depths. Often my parents and I would look into that miniature magic world and plan to take the tempting road that switchbacks up the left sub-peak and curls into the meadows and hamlets of the alpine valley beyond, to sample the panorama at close quarters at last, to see what butterflies were available, and to look back on Montreux from those slopes. Father, who so much yearned to make that outing, was invariably side-tracked by other matters while in Montreux; and, when time would come for summer travels, distant hotel-rooms would be reserved, cars loaded, and little fairytale Grammont would be left for another month or year. The longer we postponed this simple pleasure, the more mysterious and inaccessible it grew. We never did go; and it was, in a sense, a joy, I think for Father as well as for me, to let that toy mountain world live on, unspoiled and full of hidden pleasures, preserved as each of us, in his mind's eye, wished to see it.

AFTER SUNSET in September it grows suddenly cooler in Montreux. It is time to close the window and withdraw my thoughts into the room. Now, when in Montreux, I sleep here; but for years it was Father's little lair, where he would write, read, and rest, and from which he would emerge, during periods of intense creative concentration, only for a hurried, absent-minded meal, or to share some amusing tidbit with Mother and with me. The room still retains many of the touches only Father could impart. For example, the huge old wooden floor-lamp with its enormous shade on which the practised eye can distinguish a splendidly detailed butterfly here, hidden as in a Flemish still-life, or a funny little chap there, worked into and around the garland design and its yellowed background, traversed by myriad little cracks. The furniture is rearranged now; and that marvellous lectern at which he would begin his writing day is gone. But here, propped against the desk's rear parapet, is the unframed, faded, and dusty reproduction of Fra Beato Angelico's *L'Annunziazione*, brought from Italy by Aunt Elena, with the rigid angel making his announcement on one knee. And, pencilled underneath in Father's minute, meticulous hand, referring to the angel's stylised rainbow wings: "A recollection of *Iphiclides podalirius* with a slight dash of *Papilio machaon* and perhaps a hint of the day-flying moth *Panaxia quadripunctaria*. The two blackish stripes of each 'wing' correspond to the pattern of *I. podalirius* in the natural position of rest"—then an asterisk joined by a line to another in the vertical margin—"see Portmann, *Animal Forms*, p. 110, NY 1967."

For years he had longed to do that never-to-be book on butterflies in art. Discovering a perfect

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Vanessa atalanta concealed in a Brueghel bush thrilled him almost as much as spotting a rare mutant on the wing.

There are, in the rooms, shelves of art books—loved by Mother, used by Father in his search—and butterfly books, and a rich variety of reference works. Here is an American dictionary with the national eagle on its olive-brown cover transformed into a magnificent furry hawk moth. Ornithological and botanical texts too, for he took pride in identifying every plant and bird encountered. How he lectured me, on a lakeside walk, for confusing a linden with an elm! What joy all three of us took in observing the grebes and coots on the lake, and the graceful, yellow-beaked alpine choughs that often perched on our balcony.

Father loved both the bird and the word. It delighted him that three species of owl—the common scops and long-eared owls, and the rarer eagle owl—are known in French as *petit-duc, moyen-duc*, and *grand-duc*. The two larger duke owls, in fact, made a quick appearance in "A Visit to the Museum." Often, pencilled into the bird books, is the exact Russian name, and one of them is Sirin (for his Russian *nom de plume* of the twenties and thirties was that of the hawk owl as well as of the fabled bird).

IT WAS IN THIS ROOM that I found Father on my return from a trip to the United States in the late winter of 1977. He had been discharged from the hospital, thin and weak but declared clinically cured. We began once again going for walks—not the alpine rambles of previous years, but a few hundred feet, up and down the Grand-Rue. Father always had a cheerful quip for the druggist and news-vendor, and never once complained of his weakness. His courage, his love of life, and his trusting, gentle nature were to remain with him to the end. If there is a quality overlooked in his writing by some of the more obtuse commentators, it is that gentleness, coupled with a total honesty on every plane and an utter freedom from anything cruel, cheap, or mean. I recall his pang of pity upon seeing the grisly newsreels at the time of John Kennedy's assassination—not only for the dead president, but also for a still innocent (inasmuch as only suspected) Oswald, shown bruised and black-eyed; "if they have worked over (*zamoochili*) this poor little guy (*chelovechka*) needlessly . . ." he said, with the menacing tone he used only when defending the weak and blameless, whether animal or human. When the facts were established his attitude obviously changed. But I wonder how many people had such a first reaction.

If Father had a defect, it was an openness to and trust of others, a goodness bordering sometimes on ingenuousness, an instinctive assumption that others were as good as he until proven otherwise. Else he might never have let certain scoundrels come close. How funny—and how wretched—the grudging concession of a recent biographer: "He is, I reckon, a good man, oh, in a peculiar way perhaps, and with certain lapses, but a good man none the less." However, to paraphrase Chateaubriand, let me not narrow the field of my contempt to one recipient, when others, too, are needy. The embittered would-be Pushkinist, for instance, who rears up to launch a posthumous assault on Father's translation of, and commentary to, *Eugene Onegin*. The man's credentials, though, are not totally convincing, and his objectivity might be more persuasive if he were not the perpetrator of a versified version of the same work, withdrawn by its publisher, to be replaced by an only slightly improved edition after Father had pointed out some of the most blatant howlers.

I shall, however, follow Father's example and not pursue polemics with the unworthy. It is far better to let lying dogs sleep, and instead pay attention to those blessed with the gift (for a gift it is) of tuning in on the poetic genius and the profound humanity of the utterly original Nabokov, and with the dignity to criticise, if they so choose, not out of ignorance or Salierian envy, but with dispassionate conviction.

ON THOSE LATE-WINTER walks I was somehow sure that Father's once powerful body would recover its strength, that I would see him once again fit and tanned, in shorts and climbing shoes on an Alpine slope, butterfly net in hand and a novel working in his mind. The last time we had had a good tramp together in the mountains had been at Rougemont, near Gstaad, a couple of summers before. He told me then, in one of those rare moments when father and son discuss such matters, that he had accomplished what he wished in life and art, and was a truly happy man. His writing, he went on, was all there, ready inside his mind, like film waiting to be developed. A sensation, he said, akin to Schopenhauer's vision of events as they unfold.

Yet there was other film, still to be developed—words to be pencilled on those virgin, one-sided, made-to-order Bristol cards that I find in his old room. There are boxes of notes, too, for the butterflies-in-painting book, and sketches of lepidoptera organs for scientific studies. (How odd, by the way, that some fool, unable to comprehend that a *violon d'Ingres* can have multiple strings, has not attributed Father's concentration on the genitalia as a method for identifying subordinate forms to a prurient interest in the butterfly as nymphet! Or perhaps some fool has.) And there is another, very special box, containing a substantial part of the breathtakingly original *Original of*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Laura, which would have been Father's most brilliant novel, the most concentrated distillation of his creativity, but whose release in incomplete form he expressly forbade.

It saddens me greatly that these works will remain incomplete and unpublished, but simultaneously it is a source of joy that other material will appear, thanks to devoted Nabokovians like Carl Proffer, whose *Ardis* has reissued many of Father's works in the original Russian, has published the author's Russian translations of *Lolita* and *Speak, Memory*, and is about to put out a good, thick volume of Nabokov's Russian verse, perhaps the most innovative, most tender, and most haunting of all his work.

Although adamant in his conviction that all his energies must be channelled into creation, rather than into dialogue with critics, aspiring writers, or sundry correspondents, the response of certain people touched him deeply: the Proffers, the Appels, the Parkers; the special fine-tuned, A-plus readers; those fans who pointedly omitted not only the usual autograph card, but even a return address, and who were to sign their condolence telegrams "a devoted reader" or "A little Nabokov." It is to them that the specialised Nabokoviana is addressed: the beautiful recording, by Spoken Arts, of Father reading from his English verse and from *Lolita*; the Cornell lectures that will soon be published; the stories and plays still to be translated.

IN A WORLD of establishment and jet-set writers, of bookstore autograph orgies and cut-throat battles of intrigue for this or that literary award, it is a tribute of sorts to Nabokov's utter disdain for publicity, that, upon his death, many newspapers, looking no further than a haywire wire service, printed the wrong photograph (that of his cousin Nicolas, who was to die less than a year later), some even calling Vladimir Nabokov a "Soviet" writer. Or that a reportorial-obituary channel, again with echoes far and wide, as if totally incredulous of what Father had actually said (that he could not care less), ascribed to him an expression of chagrin—evidently considered *de rigueur* among your garden-variety literary mafia—at never having won the Swedish prize. Particularly amusing were the well-meaning Italian television commemoration, a year after his death, that bestowed on him three wives and a proto-nymphet daughter (this, of course, came *in toto* from his last novel, *Look at the Harlequins*, via a tongue-in-cheek magazine interview consulted by some pony-tailed research assistant); and the society columnist for a French women's weekly, who proudly announced that he had encountered *Lolita*'s (presumably resurrected and rejuvenated) author—rather than the author's son—at a Geneva party well into 1978.

J. D. O'Hara writes:

> In some circles Nabokov's fame still consists of the miscomprehensions that arose from his famous—or notorious—*Lolita*.... Other readers take him to be a morbid sensualist, a chess-obsessed player of verbal games, a trickster out to baffle his readers.... The cure, if one is conceivable, lies not in explaining each of Nabokov's novels, in detail, to each of his readers, but rather in explaining to them the contents and workings of Nabokov's individual and specific mind.[1]

Father's conviction was that the individual and his art are sacrosanct, unique and unclassifiable, and not to be violated by political tyranny, by Freudian generalisation, by schools, movements, and categories, or by approximate translation that reads well.

How misunderstood was poor Lolita! What a pornocopia of pubescent and post-pubescent prostitutes has travelled through the media under her name! And when the pathetic lady at a cocktail party, in her cups, inquires with a conspiratorial smirk, "How does it feel to have a dirty old man for a father?" what can one answer? That she is in the same league with those purchasers who took only the second volume of the original two-tome *Lolita*, because it was supposedly more scabrous? That foul language does not exist in Father's books? That every sentence he wrote was poetry, and poetry cannot be dirty? That a creative genius does not have to experience the madness of his various characters to give them life? That he was the most

[1] J. D. O'Hara, "Reading Nabokov", in *Canto*, Spring 1977.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

totally honourable individual I have ever met? That every word of his possessed a twinkle of humour, and that everything—even the most ordinary household announcement or *pro memoria* to himself, to Mother, or to me—had an extraordinary, original and endearing twist? (How often did I enviously say to myself, "I wish I had been capable of putting it that way!")

I TREASURE his little notes to me, such as the one that accompanied the proof of *Look at the Harlequins*, given to me for a pre-publication glance (again I transliterate the Russian):

> [added at top of card, in view of my arrival]
> You can use my toilet remains
> and *nochnye toofli* [slippers]!
>
> June 4, 1974
>
> (Auction price of this card *circa* 2000 AD at least 5,000 roubles.)
> Dmitrichko [a diminutive not used before or since]!
> Here is a copy of LATH (acronym) for you to read carefully and lovingly.
> Main queries: technical or idiomatic slips. Mark your queries or corrections with birdies in margin and explain them on a page of the notebook (with butterflies) provided by the author.
> Easy on spelling and punctuation: there are editors for that.
> . . . words unfamiliar (or objectionable) to you . . . are likely to be in my large Webster or 13-vols OED, or else are noncewords (from 'once' not from 'nonsense') of my make.
>
> Loving regards
> *VN*

And when that butterfly-bedecked notebook, marked "for Dmitri's notes", was later returned to me like a corrected examination pamphlet, it contained, among the routine marginal notes in answer to my comments ("yes", "no", "it's OK", "*ikh delo*" [their problem]), the following little gems:

> [to my question as to why Father insisted on inserting certain commas for clarity where I, something of a pedant in these matters, claimed they should not go]
> I like privacy.
>
> [regarding a typo that deprived "Leningrad" of an "n" for the fourth or fifth time]
> *cette pauvre ville!*
>
> [in Russian, when I erred in the final digit of a page number]
> We're getting a wee bit tired, and understandably so.
>
> [in Russian, next to a couple of pinkish blots from a cut finger or from wine on a moving train]
> What is this? And this?

IN SOME SMALL MEASURE, I learned from Father to collect the kind of special observations and fleeting thoughts we used to share occasionally. He had a rich supply of them, carded away for future use, like unspread butterflies in opaque envelopes. When a new item clicks into my consciousness, my first mental reflex is the thought of bringing it to Father for approval, like a sea-levigated stone on a Riviera beach in childhood; and only a split-pang later do I realise there is no Father. Would he have liked my little offerings? The Roman *piazza*, called Margana, which yields, read backwards, "anagram." The inscription "Ball Trap", glimpsed on a roadside poster on the Grande Corniche: Franglais for some village game, or disco nomenclature at a new low? The elderly green London removal van I saw in Juan-les-Pins the other day, emblazoned "Tooth Transport" (does it travel one way loaded with discarded molars, to return with a cargo of glistening bridges and crowns? Had the name "Tooth Removals" been considered and rejected?). The stateside tourist on the Carlton Terrace, during the Cannes Film Festival, holding up a miniature poodle for a look at Cassius Clay, present for some promotion stunt or other, presumably so that the innocent little dog might one day tell its children and grandchildren. In a café, the rapid movement of two heads, as menus are distributed: the myopic forward, the presbyopic back. The photograph, in the local Vaud newspaper, of a Swiss mountain called Dent-Favre, unwitting monument to our Boston dentist of thirty years ago, a Swiss named Dr Favre. A massive, reddish, First World War memorial in a town near Genoa, a monstrosity like most statuary *à clef*, with a sphinx-like centrepiece that a quick double-take reveals to be a matching, motionless, real reddish cat. Annie Sexi and the Johann Strauss Motorboat Works in the Vienna telephone book. The passing thought that, in search of a *mot juste* or rhyme, one sometimes sifts through the alphabet in desperation as if rapidly spinning the tuning knob of a radio: distant signals come in here and there, then, if in luck, you zero in.

Or the things seen from a fast-moving train to Zurich: bits of spring and early-summer landscape—rural roads that begin with a fairly respectable asphalt coating, gradually degenerate into a pair of earthy ruts, and peter out in a pasture (though sometimes they go through an exciting reverse process and, just when all hope for them has been abandoned, mature once again to full-fledged blacktop status); tracks that whip away on a tangent to hurry to some minor town; rusty rails, doomed from the start, that dwindle amid unkempt undergrowth. A trackside orchard casting a sun-dappled geometric pattern on the ground. What childhood memories of railway trips and country sojourns are evoked by the rural landscape, with all that the word "rural," or, better yet, its Russian equivalent *derevenskoye*, connotes to me (who, by

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

choice, have never been to Russia): fields of grain, sudden patches of wild weed inside a copse, spirals of cow dung, a dirt road with a succession of puddles and damp patches over which blue butterflies must hover. Why is it all so different, so heart-rendingly poetic, when isolated by the windows of a speeding summer train? Why is its poignancy so strongly amplified by the anguish of a family tragedy?

Or the farcical, posthumous juxtaposition, straight out of Nabokov: a funeral director with assistant, playing their roles to the hilt, seated at our dining-room table to discuss various pointless details as long-haired young technicians bustle past them with a hired television (the black-and-white mistakenly delivered and rejected, the colour tested at length and at loud volume on sporting events and kids' shows) so that Mother and I may see the obituaries on the evening news.

MARCH OF 1977 was unseasonably warm. At mid-month I went to Geneva to hear a friend in *The Marriage of Figaro*. One experiences a tingle of excitement at the thought of going out coatless for the first time, after months of dreary cold, to sample the first foretaste of spring. But the weather changed abruptly, and, when I came out of the hot Grand Théâtre at midnight, I was met by gusts of chilly wind. The next evening I had a dry cough which it became increasingly difficult to attribute to a passing irritation or the insufficiently humidified hotel air. The following day I was in bed with a respectable fever, and Mother, too, was coming down with the bug. Although I had begged my parents not to come close, that evening my gentle father padded into my room with a trayful of food and a volume of De Musset for me to read. A couple of days later his voice grew husky, and he started clearing his throat more often than usual; but for several days he insisted he was fine.

Soon, however, he was bedridden with a climbing temperature. Then it was the ambulance again, the Lausanne hospital with its doctors triumphantly announcing that they had finally isolated the germ, the prospect of discharge in a few days, and the relapses, and Father's kind, still hopeful eyes, when he told me he was proud of me as I left for my Munich opera début.

Those first summery days in Munich were happier for me than any that were to follow: though ill, Father still existed. The city's periphery still retains a bit of country flavour, and, with its brand-new greenery and its evocative childhood smells, gave a sensation of bustling spring well-being. Returning from one of my long walks towards a more populated area, along a paved path between some neat *Kleingartens* on the right and a

PAST AND PRESENT

a journal of historical studies

"La plus grande revue d'histoire du monde anglophone" *(Annales)*. "No historical periodical has done more than *Past and Present* to influence the study and teaching of history in British universities . . . It has proved extremely fertile in new interpretations, ideas and controversies . . . What makes *Past and Present* so invigorating is that it encourages historians to extend their horizons and ask new questions" *(Times Higher Educational Supplement)*.

Editor: T. H. Aston

Business Manager: M. A. Vaisey

Write to: The Business Manager, *Past and Present*, P.O. Box 28, Oxford OX2 7BN, England.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mélange of older and more recent buildings on the left, I suddenly saw a brief stretch of railway track that sprang mysteriously out of a leafy grove to end, just as abruptly, a short distance away near a ramshackle structure that had once been some kind of workshop. Particularly in childhood, but later as well, I had been sensitive to the romance and mystery of trains (a sensitivity perhaps acquired or inherited from Father, through whose poetry and prose sleek steam locomotives and veneer-sided wagons-lits hauntingly travel). I felt an echo of the strange childhood excitement I used to experience when, during rambles through the woods in the South of France, I would hope against hope that certain horizontal formations of roots along a tree-shaded path would magically evolve, a little further on, into steel rails. In a sense, after so many years, the Munich tracks, just as mysterious, unrailway-like, and part of the natural furnishings as were those childhood roots, offered, at last, a fulfilment of the fantasy. What a thrill it would have been, as a boy, to conjecture whether a train would ever pass over them again!

How odd that this trip to Munich, during the last weeks of Father's life, should have been so rich in Nabokovian happenings. Strangest of all was my experience at Linderhof, the smallest and most private of mad Ludwig's castles. Having little of the local language, I joined a squad of tourists led by an English-speaking guide, leaving the Munich girl I had come with in a German-language contingent close on our heels. On my way through the little ornate rooms I paused to take a picture, and, when I detached my eye from the camera, found myself amid a totally different group. Thinking for a moment it was the one my friend had joined, I started searching for her face in the close-packed crowd. As I uneasily moved to and fro, I noticed an odd thing: the tourists and their guide seemed to look through me, as if I were not there. Mara had vanished; the gilded peacocks before me seemed eerily familiar; and I had the panicky feeling of being trapped in a cycle, doomed for ever to tour those rooms. Finding some stairs, I fought my way down through another and yet another wave of climbing visitors and, at last, miraculously, ran into my original guide, who, with a strange, knowing smile ushered me through an unexpected door into a hidden passage that must once have been part of the servants' quarters. Suddenly I was quite alone. At the end of the passage was a door. I opened it and emerged into what I half expected to be another time or land, so akin were those weird wanderings to the nightmarish atmosphere of a story of Father's I had translated, in which the exit from a provincial French museum gives on the wintry landscape of a forbidden Russia.

These two extraordinary Munich days are indelibly imprinted with the memory of Father; not only did they seem part of Father's personal world, where reality had an ever-present halo of poetic fantasy and childhood recollection; but they were the last impressions that I was to share with him.

HE WAS HOME AGAIN when I returned to Montreux in June, but not well. Soon the fever mounted once again. His attitude, in those final days, was one of resignation; but now and then one had an inkling of how deeply hurt he felt at the thought of being suddenly cut off, because of a banal but dangerous trifle, from a life whose every detail gave him joy, and from a creative process in its fullest swing. Soon he went back to the Lausanne Hospital complex, where one entrance sign announced no parking for anyone except "*pompes funèbres et porteurs de macarons*" (funeral pumps and macaroon-bearers?) and the horrid hospital paraphernalia accumulated in his room in ever greater bulk.

As Mother and I waited for the professors' pregnant pauses to give birth, the air of condescending reassurances had disappeared, and one had the troubling sensation that the physicians' manner was changing from bedside to graveside. The end was quick: a chance draught from door and window simultaneously left open by an incautious, sneezing maid. Bronchial congestion suddenly more severe. The powerful heart that had endured strain after strain stilled with an abrupt threefold moan; the mind that loved life to the last, extinguished. Mother and I knew he was conscious, simply too weak to react, until the very end, not "feeling nothing" as the doctors would have preferred us to believe. So perhaps our being present helped a little.

A few days before he died there was a moment I remember with special clarity. During our penultimate farewell, after I had kissed his still-warm forehead—as I had for years when saying goodnight or goodbye—tears suddenly welled in Father's eyes. I asked him why. He replied that a certain butterfly was already on the wing; and his eyes told me he no longer hoped that he would live to pursue it again. Nor would he ever visit that enchanted mountain valley on the far side of the lake. But perhaps, in Father's memory, I shall.

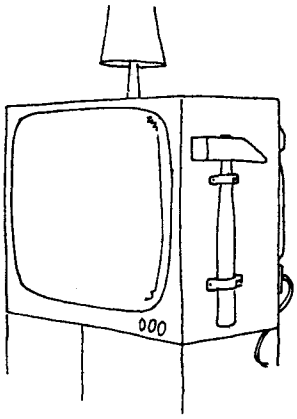
© *George Weidenfeld & Nicolson Ltd 1979*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DISCUSSION

Has "Public Service Broadcasting" a Future?

On Stephen Hearst's BBC Memo—By ANTHONY SMITH



ONE OF THE most fascinating forms of discourse developed by modern corporate bureaucracy is the pep-talk, the luring of loyalty through contrived optimism distributed downwards through the layers of a hierarchy. To be successful a pep-talk must provide the thrill of managerial confidences previously withheld. Its purpose is to teach unpalatable facts in a manner which concentrates rather than diminishes collective energies and corporate hopes. In the case of Stephen Hearst's "Memorandum" to senior staff at the BBC (ENCOUNTER, May) the genre was given the additional authentication of emanating from the "think tank", the institution's prized intelligentsia despatched into a form of conspicuous retreat for the purpose of bringing a process of abstract thought to bear upon the BBC's problems. The real interest of the document lies in the fact that it is an instrument of management, rather than pure altruistic thought, and careful reading indicates some of the ways in which this institution is facing the great issue of cultural pluralism which presently confronts and troubles the BBC, as it does many other semi-official bodies working in the field of culture. It is, through and through, a pep-talk to the BBC, and Portlandologists the world over will automatically decode it as such.

The most significant characteristic of the Hearst document is its obviousness, its insistent exploration of something which has been said *to* the BBC on countless occasions since the publication of the Pilkington Report in 1960 and more especially during the present decade. It is not to be judged too harshly on those grounds, however, for there is a great difference in importance between something said to an organisation and the same thing proclaimed by a senior official, aloud, internally. What Stephen Hearst says is that there has grown a conflict between the public interest and the interest of the BBC as an institution. That was the core of Professor Burns's study of the Select Committee on Nationalised Industries, and of the Annan Report and of much of the evidence to Lord Annan. The BBC has become a disestablished Church; the doctrine of its bishops is accorded no higher regard than that of the spokespersons of other causes. In the conditions of post-1960s culture the BBC has become a pressure group much more than a source of authority. The implications of that shift in the *locus* of the BBC in British society spreads through every aspect of its work and every aspect of the nation's life. Paradoxically, it is only in places like the Soviet Union that the BBC is still treated as a kind of British Vatican. In democratic pluralist societies the matters over which the BBC has held real authority are precisely those in which pressure for devolution is the most intense. The very phrase "public interest" has changed its resonance to something rather more political, while its previous reality has dissolved. Where there is no public interest can there be a public service?

BROADCASTING, as Stephen Hearst makes very clear, entails the exercise of an arbitrary power; it is a kind of force, an intrusion. Broadcasting thus constantly finds itself in need of a justification for everything it offers the public—or rather, imposes upon the public. There is no transaction between

ANTHONY SMITH *was a television producer and editor in the current affairs department of BBC Television from 1961—71, and was researcher-consultant to the Annan Committee on the Future of Broadcasting. He is a former Fellow of St Antony's College, Oxford, where he carried out research on broadcasting and the press (his latest book, published this spring by Macmillan Press, is "Television and Political Life"); he has recently been appointed Director of the British Film Institute.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

broadcaster and audience, not even in television financed through advertising where the transaction is between advertiser and broadcaster. The broadcaster, and in particular the administrator of broadcasting, has therefore to undertake the complex task of legitimising the content. Where the print journalist, the cinema operator, the theatrical impresario can all excuse their successes and their errors, the broadcaster has to *justify* what he does; and this is extremely difficult to do outside an authoritarian or totalitarian system.

It was done relatively easily in that social moment between the end of World War I and the rise of fascism—which is when most of the broadcasting institutions of the world were founded—when there still existed an élite in Western Europe which held the reins of culture and of political power, a social élite which pretended to be a moral élite too. In the circumstances of the world of the television era there seemed for a time to be a cultural middle ground and this the BBC held, or perhaps rode. It moved slightly ahead of the movement of the 1960s and then found that the tide was sweeping back, leaving it in danger. The message of the Memorandum is that the broadcasters must be made to return to the middle ground since it is only there that the BBC can defend them.

"There is a case for getting production staff to *experience* public accountability to a greater degree", Hearst says, meaning that the programme-makers must be made to feel the hot breath of public disapproval for themselves, in the hope that this will concentrate their minds. "All in all, the larger community interest must prevail against factional special pleading under the guise of professionalism."

It is a call for a re-grouping behind defensible lines, and as the words are decoded they mean something much more disciplinarian than they at first sound. It is the voice of a BBC which is wondering whether to abandon certain forms of success for certain forms of political security. The question is whether the old situation can be recalled. In television parlance "professionalism" entails doing the programmes that appeal to you as a producer, rather than the programmes which appeal to you as broadcasting politician. The "primacy of the general public interest" is something which can no longer be defined in most cultural fields; in politics it has more precise meanings. It suggests a *de*-devolution of institutional authority in the BBC in order to pursue a less daring approach in drama, documentary, etc.

WHAT THE ANNAN COMMITTEE designed for British broadcasting (addressing itself to the very same range of problems which the Hearst Memorandum speaks of in the tone of one who has just discovered them) was a means by which the standards and traditions which had been built up in two national broadcasting institutions could be continued while all future growth in broadcasting was dedicated to more recently identified needs—independent production, community groups, minorities large as well as small. Its proposals have now been buried or killed off, for the most part; and this means that the BBC, and to some extent the commercial system too, will be expected to cater for wider forms of access. The BBC will thus shoulder the responsibility for more "trouble" rather than less. The 1980s are likely to force more difficult choices on both existing institutions, and they should not enter this problem-ridden era with the idea that they can blame self-indulgent "professionalism" for expressions of discontent on the part of the audience.

THE BBC was the first cultural Quango of the era, looking for its models to the library systems of the previous century and the organisations of adult education. Its mental roots lie in Self-Help, in William Forster's Education Act (1870), in the new managerialism of the 1920s, in public revulsion against the crude propaganda and commercialism of the early printed mass media. The

A DIRECTORY OF SPECIALIST BOOKDEALERS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

handling mainly new books

£4, plus 15p, postage and packing. Normal trade discount.

ISBN: 0 9504211 1 1

Publisher:
PETER MARCAN,
31, Rowliff Rd,
High Wycombe,
Bucks.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

drive towards working-class self-education which was part of the trade-union movement in the first quarter of the century was an important element in the pre-natal experience of the BBC. The BBC came to treat its audience, as Grace Wyndham Goldie once said, "as mature people who wish to be informed." That spirit did not involve a high-minded (perhaps bureaucratic is the *right* word) arrogation of the public interest, but an excited dedication to the clear needs of the audience. Those needs were obfuscated by government, by politicians and parties, not represented by them. It is, in my view, those audience needs—and not the convenience of managers dealing with difficult politicians—which have to be brought to the fore.

To bring the producers, as a professional group, back into some kind of focus with this audience—*mature*, not children, wanting *knowledge*, rather than the abstraction of "public accountability"—will require a great deal of leadership. It would be a tragedy if rational progress towards this kind of public service is held back because the BBC's management becomes obsessed with the audience merely as an entity which is "discontented", or as a source of "accusations" which have to be parried.

The feeling behind Stephen Hearst's Memorandum is that of a management looking for an appropriate argument for strategic retreat. They should be wary lest they are heading for territory which is lined with ambush. There is a forward path available for management and staff, where skills do not have to be repressed, where the public interest does not appear quite so grim and unpleasable as in this document. It necessitates the constant renewal of talent. It means a re-dedication to the audience of the 1980s, not to the politicians of the 1970s.

Criticism & Self-Criticism

By Melvyn Bragg & Tony Cash

STEPHEN HEARST'S MEMO is very welcome. Most of us in broadcasting in Britain would agree with his high opinion of the BBC as a cultural force and influence. Many of us—including (as he points out) a substantial number within the BBC itself—have been worried by its indecisive stance over a range of important current issues.

At the centre of our concern has been dismay that the BBC has given the impression that it need not enter into open debate or discussion. A play is banned at the very last minute. Why? No reasons are offered; it is enough that one man in a powerful position exercises his veto. A current affairs series is killed on BBC1. Why? No response is given until the journalists themselves provoke one. To outside observers they win the argument; but the programme disappears anyway. Where is the BBC's response to persistent and responsible criticism of its news and current affairs?

It is not that these questions are not asked and disputed inside the BBC. We worked there for many years, and we heard both the questions and some of the answers. Nor is it that those who ask the questions from outside the BBC know the answers or are themselves so arrogant as to demand that answers be delivered glibly and promptly on such a variety of subjects. The alienation which Stephen Hearst speaks of, inside and outside the BBC, comes, we suggest, from what has appeared as a refusal to face up to the possibilities of open argument: both inside, between management and staff; and outside, between the BBC and its critics. For too long, rightly or wrongly, the impression has grown that the BBC has behaved either like an ostrich or a despot. Therefore, the official and public "leak" of Stephen Hearst's internal memo which began to touch on some of the relevant concerns is to be welcomed far and away beyond its merits as a document. We hope it is a sure sign that the BBC has realised that to continue to survive at the high level it has achieved it must now face up to the fact that the way to maintain and, in certain respects, regain the trust and admiration of those who make and need its programmes is to come out and talk.

THERE ARE TWO MAIN POINTS on which we want to challenge Stephen Hearst: his attack on ITV and his approach to "dissent" within the BBC.

Stephen Hearst thinks that ITV should be "mercilessly" described as "commercial." Fair enough. But the conclusions he draws from this are silly. "Commercial broadcasting", he writes, "must try to maximise its audiences a great deal of the time to stay in business." This is untrue on both counts.

Firstly, the commercial companies have settled happily for a 50-50 split in the audiences for years—i.e. considerably less than the maximum.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And secondly, even with this 50-50 split they are still very profitably in business. What we suspect Stephen Hearst to be saying is: BBC (Gentlemen, who enjoy public money) Good—ITV (Players, who are dependent on advertising) Bad. By the same token *The Guardian, The Observer*, and even ENCOUNTER could be said to be compromised. It is not only a poor argument; it is, alas, rather irritating. No serious broadcaster resents the BBC's public funding. Most of us want to see it increased, and say so publicly. But this disdain for commerce and the implicit equation of profit-making with lower standards is also annoying because it is untrue. Without resorting to the analogy with newspapers, could any objective observer of BBC1 and ITV say that the interests of those concerned with Current Affairs, the News, Regional Matters, Religion, and the Arts, for example, are better served on one rather than the other? We doubt it. The truth is that both of them need improvement.

The post-office licence fee is a good system of funding: it ought to be strengthened; but it is not the only system, and the claim that certain journalistic and cultural benefits flow from it which are denied those who work in commercial enterprises is not only unsound, it debilitates the BBC. Its policies and programmes should stand on their own merits. The BBC has become an immense and successful institution. But basically it is never more than the sum of its programmes. To use institutional arguments to defend itself is, finally, an acknowledgment, however unconscious, of weakness and unease.

Part of the falling of morale inside the BBC (to which Stephen Hearst refers) is due to the fact that it is on ITV and *not* on the BBC that certain substantial programme advances and innovations have been made over the last few years. This is widely recognised inside and outside the BBC, and it is sad to see a man of Stephen Hearst's programme judgment raising the antique BBC standard ("we initiate: they only copy") at this time. In current affairs, for example, the in-depth analysis of *Weekend World* and Granada's imaginative dramatised reconstructions of crucial cabinet meetings—to name but two examples—have been noted as recognising a lack and responding to it. Equally, when David Elstein edited Thames TV's *This Week* (*TV Eye*) he hammered away at the Northern Ireland problem as hard as was legally and politically possible within the broadcasting system. These and other programmes on ITV have been bold, innovating, and seen to be so by many of those inside the BBC who are disturbed at their own performance in similar areas. Perhaps there is a connection between their admiration of ITV and their own disillusionment.

AGAIN, RESORTING TO an institutional argument, Stephen Hearst points to a BBC advantage in that its staff enjoy security of employment and can therefore transmit and carry on agreed rules and codes of practice, etc. The facts show that he has put only half the case—for (*a*) the Protection of Employment Act effectively guarantees security of employment in ITV and, more importantly (*b*) a study of the credits of Current Affairs and News Programmes would reveal a consistency of personnel comparable with the BBC. In London Weekend Television for example, where we work, the Current Affairs department has consistently selected researchers and nurtured their talents to promote them to producers and editors; a group has been developed.

ENOUGH HAS BEEN SAID, we hope, to prove that Stephen Hearst's attempts to drive this wedge between the BBC and ITV does not stand up to examination. Frankly, we find it depressing that when, at producer, reporter, and researcher level, so many battles are being fought in common by those who work for the BBC, LWT, Thames, Granada, etc, the BBC management should be so concerned to make so much of such cant.

It is a courageous act on Stephen Hearst's part to admit publicly that there is great disenchantment within the BBC. It is the most hopeful part of his memo. If this is faced up to and sorted out, then all could be set fair for that wide circulation of contrary ideas which could, we believe, sweep the BBC through all the present doubts and fears expressed by Stephen Hearst.

In that spirit, then, we want to flesh out the most important recent disruption. This happened on the occasion of the BBC's submission to Nöel Annan's Committee when 80 senior TV programme-makers submitted their own documents to Lord Annan, in contention with the BBC. It is worth examining in detail the history of the "Kensington House Documents" (so-called because the compilers and signatories were based at Kensington House in London). What is relevant is why the documents came to be written, how the management reacted, and the possible lessons to be learned.

Before the BBC had finally completed its various submissions to the Annan Committee, a large group of TV senior production staff were circulated with two Annan papers dealing with questions about the licence fee, impartiality, and the range and quality of programmes. We were asked to read them carefully, prior to discussing them with the then Managing Director of TV, Huw Wheldon, and the Director of Programmes, Alasdair Milne—a rare exercise in consultation (initiated, alas, several weeks, or even months, too late). The papers in question had already been despatched to Annan. Had we approved what we were asked to study,

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

perhaps no great harm would have been done. The fact was that most of us were taken aback at the tone, the claims, the omissions and the unargued assumptions of the BBC's submission. That particular meeting exacerbated our doubts, and in a couple of hours we tried to get over a sense of our anxiety. It seemed to have not the slightest effect. Yet all those present made programmes and were fully responsible for all sorts of decisions which could affect the BBC directly and importantly. It was clear their views were of no account at all.

The upshot was a decision by Kensington House staff to compile their own submission to Annan. Several open meetings were held, including a small one with representatives of Annan. Two documents were produced. Rumours began to circulate that the Management, who had received their own copies, were very upset at our independent initiative. In hierarchical institutions rumour tends to replace communication.

Eventually a new document from the management made its appearance. It was available to be read in the offices of Kensington House Heads of Departments. The document was anonymous: we still do not know who wrote it. Its tone was mildly reproving and it contested several, but by no means all, of the arguments expressed in the Kensington House documents. There was never any other official response. From a later chance meeting with Huw Wheldon we heard that the Management actually did consider that the Kensington House approach to Annan had been damaging to the BBC. Given this assessment of the situation, it really is extraordinary that the Management did not see fit to tackle the 80 Kensington House signatories and explain how and why their actions had damaged the Corporation. Perhaps it was simply, that spanning different Departments, trade unions, and grades, we could not be fitted on to any institutional meeting ground. Perhaps it was felt that we were all clearly so unreasonable, if not irrational, that logical argument could not prevail on us. Rumour (again) had it that Huw Wheldon believed us all to be "Trotskyites" and therefore not worth talking to. Leaving aside the question whether Trotskyites can or cannot be reasoned with, it is worth making clear that the 80 signatories represented most shades of democratic political opinion in England. In normal circumstances one would have dismissed such a rumour as patently silly—Huw Wheldon knew most of us too well to be capable of uttering such a canard. However, there is a curious passage in the Annan Committee's report. The following appears on p.105 in a section under the heading "Communication":

> "9:22. Sir Huw Wheldon described the television service to us as a number of "limited tyrannies." *Some producers wanted the service to be run as*

PRAEGER SPECIAL STUDIES *new titles*

BLACK-WHITE RELATIONS IN THE 1980s.
Toward a Long-Term Policy; by Hubert Blalock. 1979 £11.00 03.050461.9
The author's warnings to his fellow Americans will be of value for all who consider themselves to be either moderates or liberals genuinely concerned with relationships between whites and blacks as well as between whites and other minorities.

RADICAL DISSENT IN CONTEMPORARY ISRAELI POLITICS:
Cracks in the Wall; by David Schnall. 1979 £15.00 03.047096.X
Examines the recent, radical and even militant ideological dissent among socialist, ethnic and religious groups each protesting against the growing materialism and moral weakness in Israeli society today.

holt-saunders ltd
1 St Anne's Road Eastbourne
East Sussex BN21 3UN England
Telephone: (0323) 638221
Praeger

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
ONE YEAR

UK	£12.00
USA/Canada	$28.00 (surface) $35.00 (air-speeded)
Elsewhere	£13.00 (surface) Air rate on request

Full-time students
UK £9.60. USA/Canada $22.40 (surface), $29.40 (air). Elsewhere £10.40 (surface). Please state place and course of study.

Payment by sterling or dollar cheque, money order, or banker's order.

If you prefer not to cut the coupon below, please order by letter.

To: ENCOUNTER, 59 St Martin's Lane, London WC2N 4JS, England.

Please send me ENCOUNTER for one year starting with the.....issue.

I enclose.....(payment)

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

..... ZIP(USA).....

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

> *an unfettered democracy, in which the Senior Management would be accountable to the staff as a whole.* [Our italics.] That is not a practical proposition nor is it acceptable in principle within the framework of the BBC's overall accountability to Parliament. Nevertheless, we considered there should be a move towards Cabinet Government."

We have never met a single BBC producer in or out of Kensington House who argued that the Corporation should be run as an "unfettered democracy." The principle that staff are accountable to Parliament through the appointed Governors is universally accepted. So where did this misrepresentation come from, and why? How could such an explanation of the views of 80 BBC producers be expressed in such a manner? Once again it is those who *support* the BBC most closely who are denied explanation and discussion.

WE HAVE WORKED outside the BBC for nearly two years now. We cannot therefore judge how morale may have changed and so we take Stephen Hearst's word for it. Nevertheless, recent events give us, as supporters of the BBC, cause for alarm. For example, the circumstances surrounding the banning of TV plays like *Brimstone & Treacle, Scum* and *Solid Geometry. Pace* Stephen Hearst, no one at the BBC "asserts an unfettered right of free expression", least of all the playwright more censored by the BBC than anyone else—Dennis Potter. In a *South Bank Show* interview this year, Dennis Potter said:

> I don't react automatically to the word censorship: I do understand and conceive of the importance of what is called editorial responsibility, and I do not underestimate the effects of television upon its viewers and because of the way it is received, the way it is distributed, the way you pick it up in your own home, and without apparently the sort of rational exercise of the same kind of order of choice that you get when you buy a book, or when you go to the cinema, or when you go to the theatre. So it is a more difficult area, and therefore I think it behoves the people who make the decisions about whether to show or not show a thing, to think very clearly about the whole rationale of the relationship between, say, violence, sex, moral content of a play or a documentary or even a news broadcast and the effect that these things have upon an audience. So, yes, it is a territory that I am willing to enter into discussion about and wish to enter into discussion about.

MELVYN BRAGG: *Are there things that you would not want to be seen on the screen? If you were in Alasdair Milne's position, there are things you would ban?*

DENNIS POTTER: Yes, yes.

MELVYN BRAGG: *Yes, because I feel exactly the same myself, there are things I would ban.*

But Potter, like ourselves, would be willing to discuss the reasons for it. Alasdair Milne has still not given any of the playwrights, much less the public, any reason for his decision to ban these plays. We are certain that he has reasons and from our knowledge of him we think they are likely to be at the very least defensible. But he will not enter into what is an important and crucial argument for many television playwrights on what has become the true national theatre, i.e. TV drama. It is this refusal to be open to debate, to questioning and to any democratic discussion either inside or outside the BBC, which is most worrying of all. We sincerely trust that Stephen Hearst's memo will begin to change all that.

INTERESTINGLY ENOUGH, we know of no BBC stated principle in support of free speech. Only very reluctantly will BBC spokesmen commit themselves to a moral principle. Impartiality was for long the main moral plank of the BBC. Quite rightly it still is. But thanks to Hugh Carleton Greene, it is now widely accepted that the BBC, though impartial, is not neutral as between truth and untruth, justice and injustice, or on the question of race. Since Greene's time there seems to have developed a new clear-cut principle (echoed in Stephen Hearst's article), that the BBC is also not neutral as between parliamentary democracy and its political rivals. Would it be unreasonable to suggest that the BBC should also not be neutral on the question of freedom of speech or the question of human rights? We realise that however resounding these moral imperatives may be, they are open to many varied interpretations. A consensus about truth and justice, freedom and democracy, is notoriously difficult to achieve. But that is no reason for not continuing the discussion. "Impartiality", "entertain", "inform" and "educate" are equally difficult concepts.

Different ages will define them differently. For the BBC not to have or not to declare its aspirations is to lose its influence. British broadcasting, and perhaps British democracy, cannot afford that. We welcome Stephen Hearst's memo as evidence that, as at crucial stages before in its history, the BBC has recognised this and is employing its substantial survival-instinct.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Peter Porter

The Werther Level

Then he must wear his suffering like a sailor-suit,
something his mother found at the jumble sale
when she was being careful about money
and spending even more of it than usual.
What I mean is you can't do anything about clothes
unless you've got style—that is
flair which goes with feeling this is your world,
it fits you, and there is certainly a lot
to be grateful for among the origins of love,
the trays of satisfactions.
I suggest that the mystery
is what is so daunting eventually. Over lunch,
an old friend tells you all the philosophies
or what they come down to, that another girl
will become available when this one's hysterics
have been outfaced, that you don't even look so bad,
in fact she'd go so far as to say your body
at fifty is a better prospect than it was
in its tied-up, fitful twenties, and loneliness
is a sort of relief beside the obligatory togetherness
of parenthood—oh and so much more
and sincerely meant. But it won't work,
that rather well-dressed figure from the world's
most famous novel of self-pity hovers in sight,
so unlike today's casual narcissists, a pure
cavalier of auto-angst.
He has a message for you
which he puts with deliberate tactful insistence
as if through his speaking the pale certitude
of letter-writing in the great age could be reborn,
and morning desks might once more
shine behind every window whose debates
consume the course of unkind love
as surely as the sun its own ascent.
"Do not think to escape responsibility
for living. Though the crime is not gazetted
punishment is palpable and that's the same
as law. Why have you never grown up,
grown out of that childish whimper brought back
from school, 'it's so unfair.' Try to think
of this flesh as clothing, not as envelope;
now we must do what is required of us,
write death into our *Briefe,* a discipline
of being garrulous for burghers. I light the lamp,
the room is dark in fits, as I sit to a piece
of paper white with wonderment. These
are the right clothes to welcome love in,
blood from a pistol wound or some trimming
from the newer Germany, a serious sight
among creatures light enough to miss the net of death."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

Versions

I DO NOT KNOW whether I should apologise for quoting ("A Vanished Voice", July) Miss Forrest-Thomson's version of a half-line in "Manchouli."

Having achieved such variety,

rather than Empson's much more interesting

Having such achieved variety. . . .

But I think one quotes the version, even incorrect, that a critic is working from rather than the version he ought to have been working from. May I add the odd inverted commas in my own "no contact possible to bone" do not indicate a gross misquotation of "no contact possible to flesh" but an attempt to isolate and encapsulate a main theme of "Whispers of Immortality." I read Mr Roy Fuller's brilliant essay with much interest, but think he is wrong about "nobbut"; one should rather think of Empson's interest in mathematical logic and translate, "Not that it is not the case that if x is teaser or x is a dream, x is mortal." I once asked Empson if "shrills" in "Not to have fire is to be skin that shrills" was the well-known Yorkshire dialect version of "shrivels", and he denied it indignantly.

G. S. FRASER

Stoneygate
Leicester

The Leavis Case

JOHN HARVEY'S rebuttal of Mrs Q. D. Leavis's fantasies (ENCOUNTER, July) is as crushing as his article praising F. R. Leavis's achievements as a critic was just. But since he has tried to set the record straight yet again about the fairy tale that Leavis was still an Assistant Lecturer at the age of 50, may I try to set the record straight about the relationship of Stanley and Joan Bennett to Leavis in the 1920s?

Mrs Leavis is correct in saying that Stanley Bennett before the First World War was an elementary-school teacher who went to classes at King's, London, in his spare time. He lost a foot fighting in that War; and while convalescing got himself to Cambridge, became Coulton's pupil, took a degree by dissertation, and was appointed College Lecturer at Emmanuel (but he was not for many years to be a Fellow) to teach for the new English Tripos. Leavis was not alone in coming up the hard way.

Photographs in the Bennett albums show how much Leavis in his young bachelor days meant in their lives. One summer he went on a walking tour to France with them, and he was a frequent visitor to their house because he seemed particularly to value discussing literature with Joan Bennett. The gravity with which she approached it appealed to him. It was Stanley Bennett who got him teaching experience not just at Emmanuel but also, I believe, at St John's.

I know nothing of the events at Emmanuel—except that the College, having already appointed Bennett to the staff to teach English, could never in those days have contemplated appointing another College Lecturer in that subject. I know something about St John's. One of the reasons why Leavis did not get a College Lectureship there was that he made so many slighting remarks to his pupils about his colleagues in the Faculty, deriding their lectures and achievements. It is a venial fault. But there are ways and ways of doing it. His pupils disliked it and complained; and his colleagues in the Faculty in the small society of Cambridge of those days understandably resented it. Other incidents exacerbated the matter. Of course there were faults on both sides; injustice was done and memories grew bitter; but Leavis's account that Q alone showed him friendship as a young man is untrue.

His friendship with the Bennetts did not long survive his marriage. But Mrs Leavis is foolish to imagine that she is going to get away with portraying Stanley Bennett as a fiend elbowing Leavis out to accommodate his ambitious wife. Anyone less vulgar, pushing, and on-the-make than Joan Bennett would be hard to find.

Nor will she cut much ice by saying that Mrs Bennett "had done no postgraduate work"—a way of indicating that she did not publish soon after taking her degree a work as enterprising as *Fiction and the Reading Public.* Joan Bennett chose (like Leavis) to wait, and she published her first work *Four Metaphysical Poets* (1934) at about the same age as Leavis was when he published his first book. Some would say that of these three books hers was the more substantial.

NÖEL ANNAN

Senate House
University of London

Leavis's Income

DR HARVEY'S GENEROUS appreciation of Dr F. R. Leavis is perhaps a little less than generous both to Emmanuel College and to its Fellowship, since to the younger reader the facts will scarcely represent the truth.

The sum of £150 p.a. for two years, together with rooms, represented wealth in the 1920s and 1930s. When I went into industry in 1937 I received £2 per week, and was able to get good digs consisting of a bedroom and a sitting room, together with three meals a day for 35/- (or £1.75) a week. Friends with no private means paid 10/- (50p) a week less, and managed all right. A semi-skilled man in the works got 63/- (£3.15) a week to bring up a family.

Many dons felt that they had arrived when they got a fellowship as did Leavis relatively young. In those days the fellowship dividend was worth £250 p.a. (together with rooms and dining in Hall); supervision might have brought in a further £250 p.a., and a University lectureship also £250 p.a.

That Emmanuel did not offer Leavis a fellowship may have had two very good reasons. In the first place, it was then a "poor" College. Professor (later Sir) Melville Jones only held his fellowship because J. C. Wallace, who had private means, forewent his Fellowship dividend to allow him to be elected. In the second place, the College was still split by the Chawnor controversy, and the idea of having yet a further source of disputation in the society must have appalled even an ardent disciple of Leavis.

D. B. WELBOURN

Cambridge

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I.B. Singer's Poland

IN "A Conversation with Isaac Bashevis Singer" (ENCOUNTER, February), I read the following statement of this writer who was awarded the 1978 Nobel Prize for Literature.

> "There was in Poland a fascist party, a pro-Nazi party. And I knew, with many others, that once the Nazis marched into Poland the Jews could only expect tragedy."

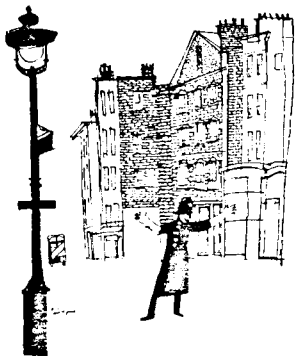
It's a pity Mr Singer said nothing more specific about the "fascist pro-Nazi party" in pre-war Poland. I know of none. There were small groups of so-called "national-radicals", in size and importance comparable to Oswald Mosley's noisy groups.

The next phrase of Mr Singer's statement implies, as I understand it, that Poles were waiting for Nazis to march into Poland, eager to murder the Jews together with them. In fact, Poles were the first to resist the Nazis on 1 September 1939. Britain and France followed two days later. It may be of some interest to note that the Polish "national-radicals" went underground and fought the Germans as all the nation did.

LECH BADKOWSKI

Gdansk
Poland

"Rubbish Theory" & Fashionable Slums



WHILE SOME of Mr Michael Thompson's insights about rubbish theory [ENCOUNTER, June] are valid, in my view he is wrong about a number of aspects of the example of housing that he uses. Like so many he has not really understood the politics and underlying political values of housing clearance, and has overgeneralised from a very untypical part of England, Islington.

First, the power of fashion. Mr Thompson ascribes changes in occupancy in parts of London to changes in "fashion", a word that can carry a connotation of superficiality. He says that Georgian and Victorian housing went out of fashion and "the occupants then fled", came back into fashion, and so some areas were re-occupied by the "middle classes." In fact there were more powerful forces than mere "fashion" underlying the changes. A major reason why the middle class left some areas of London was because as London grew so areas that were once close by fields became dirty. The Clean Air Act, and in some areas the end of steam railways, made many parts of inner London cleaner. Second, London has steadily become a more socially "upmarket" city, and the proportion and the number of educated people of a type who were likely to appreciate Georgian/Victorian buildings have increased.

Next to misunderstanding of the process Mr Thompson alludes to, and criticises, economic arguments about maintenance and life-span of buildings, implying that they were relevant factors in slum clearance. Until recently economic considerations, indeed any rational way of looking at whether to clear or renovate housing, have played a very secondary part in the process. The Department of the Environment has only just (Spring 1979) published sensible guidance on how to choose between clearance and redevelopment.

Slum clearance was originally motivated by public health considerations: removing the appalling jerry-built rookeries and back to backs, which were small, damp and cold. The last War produced a great emotional desire that this time we really would provide "homes for the heroes", and get rid of the slums, a mood that was supported by most sectors of the population as "a good thing." Clearance restarted in the 1950s but received a new impetus with the election of a Labour Government in 1964, and in London by the reorganisation of local government and the publication of the Milner Holland report on London housing. The Government White Paper "The Housing Programme 1965-70" set the scene, claiming there was a need to build a million houses "to replace unfit houses already identified as slums" (which was approximately correct) and "up to 2 million more to replace old houses not yet slums but not worth improving." This last assertion had no basis, and has been proved wrong. But the "machine" was given emotional impetus.

IN A SHORT TIME considerable vested interests evolved—notably the political numbers game ("we clear more slums than you"), and the interests of planners and architects in keeping the machine rolling. There was no guidance on how to evaluate clearance, and so the machine rolled in a very crude fashion, and in London many good houses were demolished.

The GLC 1972 demolition survey found that 60% of all properties demolished between 1967-72 had been classified as being in fair condition in the 1967 survey. Liverpool declared a clearance programme of 80,000, then after years of blighting pulled 40,000 out. Many of the applications for "Compulsory Purchase Orders" were made with little or no investigation, and no consultation with residents.

One of the most disgraceful CPO attempts was by Hackney on the Mapledene area where the Inquiry Inspector (1973) found that many houses were in good condition, and some had been improved. The area was attractive, environmentally; the council had not consulted the residents; the condition-survey was superficial; redevelopment would destroy the environmental quality,

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

inflict severe hardship on many residents, disrupt a settled community, and made no economic sense. Of Wandsworth's attempt to "compulsory-purchase" Keswick Road the Inquiry Inspector commented (1973) that "the council's proposals would not serve the best public interests. They were a futile attempt to solve problems at exorbitant cost." . . .

Mapledene and Keswick Road were 1970s decisions—in the 1960s a number of such areas were demolished, including the Packington Estate to which Mr Thompson alludes. That and the Mapledene Estate were examples of one of the more distasteful aspects of clearance—namely, the potential for petty-minded "class warfare" and "political engineering" that some politicians saw in clearance.

R. H. S. Crossman's *Diaries* spell it out. He quotes Mr Robert Mellish, then Parliamentary Secretary in the Ministry of Housing, as saying,

> "we want to pull the whole bloody thing down and we are determined to develop the area for council building. For God's sake don't have any nonsense about improving the property. . . ."

Crossman himself "didn't want to turn it into a completely middle class area."

FINALLY the importance of the Rent Acts in clearance must be mentioned. Their main effect, particularly in London, was not in deteriorating property to slumdom but in locking tenants into properties which were unlikely to be improved. One way out for them was for the Council to redevelop the area—so naturally the Tenants

"Guilt & Vietnam"

LETTER TO THE EDITOR,
INTERNATIONAL HERALD TRIBUNE PARIS

IT IS A rare occasion indeed that I should agree with Anthony Lewis on anything concerning Vietnam. But who can argue with his stern admonition to all the nations to do more for the refugees from Indochina.

However, I marvel at the facility with which he seems to gloss over the terrifying thought that he himself might have contributed to the appalling situation on which he now lectures the world.

HAVING COVERED *the Vietnam war over a period of five years for West German publications, I am now haunted by the role we journalists have played over there.*

Those of us who had wanted to find out knew of the evil nature of the Hanoi regime. We knew that, in 1956, close to 50,000 peasants were executed in North Vietnam. We knew that after the division of the country nearly 1 million North Vietnamese had fled to the South.

Many of us have seen the tortured and carved-up bodies of men, women and children executed by the Viet Cong in the early phases of the war. And many of us saw, in 1968, the mass graves of Hue, saw the corpses of thousands of civilians still festively dressed for Tet, the Vietnamese New Year.

WHY, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, **did we not report about these expressions of deliberate North Vietnamese strategy at least as extensively as of the My Lai massacre and other such isolated incidents that were definitely not part of the U.S. policy in Vietnam?**

What prompted us to make our readers believe that the Communists, once in power in all of Vietnam, would behave benignly? What made us, first and foremost Anthony Lewis, belittle warnings by U.S. officials that a Communist victory would result in a massacre?

Why did we ignore the fact that the man responsible for the executions of 50,000 peasants, Truong Chinh, was—and still is—one of the most powerful figures in Hanoi? What made us think that he and his comrades would have mercy for the vanquished South Vietnamese? What compelled, for example, Anthony Lewis shortly after the fall of Saigon to pat himself on the shoulder and write, "so much for the talk of a massacre"?

True, no Cambodian-style massacre took place in Vietnam. It's just that Hanoi coolly drives its ethnic Chinese and opponents into the sea. That's what Nasser threatened to do to the Israelis, no massacre intended, of course.

ARE WE JOURNALISTS **not in part responsible for the death of the tens of thousands who drowned? And are we not in part responsible for the hostile reception accorded to those who survive? Did we not turn public opinion against them, portraying them, as one singularly ignoble cartoon did in the United States, as a bunch of pimps, whores, war profiteers, corrupt generals or, at best, outright reactionaries?**

CONSIDERING *that today's Vietnam tragedy may have a lot to do with the way we reported yesterday's Vietnam tragedy; considering that we journalists might have our fair share of guilt for the inhuman way the world treats those who are being expelled by an inhuman regime which some of us had pictured as heroic, I think at least a little humility would be in order for us old Vietnam hands, Mr. Lewis included.*

And if I did not strongly believe in everybody's right to free expression at any time, I would even admonish him to keep quiet about Indochina, at least for a while.

Allemans, France — *Uwe Siemon-Netto*

Hong Kong

THEY LIE, sit, stand, squat body to body in the godowns at the dockyard, on the junks in Discovery Bay, in abandoned services quarters at Kai Tak.

Many have been here for six months, now, in stateless limbo under police guard, with food and bunk space but nothing else whatever. There are no schools for the children, no jobs for the men, no hint

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

often voted for clearance, while Owners wanted to stay put.

The "fashion" in slums—Mr Thompson's so-called "rubbish theory"—was less the fashion and values of the people, but the fashion (due to superficial understanding of economics and of people's wishes) as well as the vested interests of a small group of politicians and bureaucrats who in the name of "doing good" were given great powers. Much good was done—many slums needed to be cleared. But there was also much abuse, particularly in London. The politicial-bureaucratic caucus could do this because the democratic checks in our system were so weak. But eventually they were stopped—by the people.

ALEX HENNEY

[Mr Henney was Chief Housing Officer for the London Borough of Haringey and a special housing adviser to the Department of the Environment.]

of privacy for the women, no access to relatives beyond the wire because the authorities are so nervous of the near-riots that ensue when one family is found to have as much as a tin of pork which another does not.

THIS SAGA *is among the obscenities of our time ranking with Amin's Uganda, and Pol Pot's Cambodia. The wholesale destruction of an ethnic minority, forcible removal by means that ensure the drowning of thousands, perhaps hundreds of thousands, is in the ghastly, classic tradition of Communist "adjustments of population" pioneered by the Russians more than a generation ago.*

The British Left—MPs and journalists alike—greeted Hanoi's victory in 1975 as the dawning of a new age for Vietnam. But there is no place in paradise for one million, perhaps two million inconvenient people—Chinese and bourgeois Vietnamese. They must be made to disappear, to tidy the map. It is agreed here that the West is wasting its breath by importuning Hanoi to change its ways.

The only debate that seems relevant is about how many more hundreds of thousands will come, and whither they can go.

AS THE BOATS **are unloaded beside the Canton road godowns they are towed away for destruction. "We're burning them, while the Malaysians are building them to ship refugees out," a British official up the dockside remarked savagely.**

Perhaps even now Europe has not quite grasped the unutterable horror of what is taking place every day here: boats are arriving that have been loaded under the eyes of the Vietnamese Army with a ruthlessness beyond that of any 18th-century slaver.

FOR BETTER OR WORSE, *the West must accept this vast humanitarian responsibility, and do so quickly.*

We must simply ensure that as we do so the great past procession of eulogistic Left-wing tourists to Hanoi is never allowed to forget what has been done in their name. Will Miss Jane Fonda be making a film in Hong Kong next year? It could be entitled simply: Leaving Home.

Max Hastings
in the EVENING STANDARD (London)

THERE IS MORE to life than politics. Mr Henney has been crashing around in his slum-clearance trees for so long that he is quite unaware that they are but a part of some ever-changing wood. While his detailed insider's description of "the politics and underlying political values of housing clearance" serves to reveal just how appallingly threadbare the conventional wisdom is, it does not begin to touch on the main concern of rubbish theory which is to provide a description, not of all the disgraceful and wasteful skulduggery that has been going on in among the trees, but of the wood itself.

Far from being untypical of England, Islington provides an insight into a social process that is worldwide. Berliners find that *Abfalletheorie* helps them to understand the resurgence of their previously despised Kreuzberg district; New Yorkers use it to analyse what has been happening around West 78th Street (see James Munves' article "On the front lines of a rubbish war" in *The New York Times*, 19 July 1979); university students at Buffalo use it to unravel the aesthetic contortions of recent architectural history. It has even been translated into Japanese, thus providing a unique exception to the only law so far discovered by sociology: except in Japan.

Bath MICHAEL THOMPSON

Chomsky Protests

IN ENCOUNTER, May 1979, Jean Lacouture writes that "in the course of a long polemic" with him I have "deployed all the resources of [my] dialectical mind to show [him] and the scientific and progressive community in America that it is not possible to make concrete accusations against a country which no serious investigator has been able to visit. . ." (Cambodia under the Pol Pot régime). This is sheer nonsense, as Lacouture knows very well. He refers to the one article that I have written on the subject, a review-article in *The Nation* (25 June 1977), taking care never to quote anything from it; a wise move, since in it I specifically identify Ponchaud's highly critical study *Cambodge Année Zéro* as "serious and worth reading, as distinct from much of the commentary it has elicited", noting his "grisly account of what refugees have reported to him about the barbarity of their treatment at the hands of the Khmer Rouge." Neither there nor elsewhere have I put forth the argument that he attributes to me, without citation. The "long polemic" to which Lacouture refers consists largely of my responses to a long series of falsehoods concerning my alleged beliefs and writings, which he is always careful never to quote, that he has been circulating in the international press.

The real story is unpleasant to relate, but since Lacouture insists on spreading his falsehoods, I have no recourse but to review it. Lacouture joined the international chorus of protest over Cambodian atrocities in early 1977, a year and a half after the *New York Times* (among many others) had denounced Khmer Rouge "genocide" (its term). Reviewing Ponchaud, he wrote in *Nouvel Observateur* (translated in the *New York Review of Books*) that the Khmer Rouge "boasted" of having "eliminated" a quarter of the population, some 2 million people, basing himself on Ponchaud's text, which gave a figure of 800,000 for wartime deaths and an estimate

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

attributed to the US Embassy in Bangkok of 1.2 million postwar deaths (not killings; the chief Cambodia watcher in the Embassy, incidentally, has since denied that any such estimate was produced by anyone in a position to know). Lacouture described the Khmer Rouge leadership as comparable to the Nazis, basing this conclusion on "telling articles" in the official government press, which Ponchaud had cited—but from the Thai press. And so on. There was scarcely a reference to the book in his review that was even near accurate.

In private correspondence, I urged Lacouture to keep to the truth, which was grisly enough. I also privately urged American journalists who were repeating Lacouture's falsifications to correct plain falsehoods. Finally, Lacouture published partial and misleading corrections in the US, though never in France, where his original article had appeared, a most remarkable fact in my view. In these corrections, Lacouture asked whether it is important to determine who uttered "an inhuman phrase" (a Cambodian government newspaper or a Thai newspaper), or whether the régime murdered "thousands or hundreds of thousands" of people. In response, while taking note of the "grisly accounts" of the refugees and the "brutal practice" of the régime, I urged that it is important to keep to the truth in so far as it can be ascertained, just as it is important to determine whether the number of people killed at My Lai was 400 or 40,000, or whether the French resistance at the war's end killed 40,000 or 4 million people—Lacouture's factor of 100, which he regards as relatively unimportant in the case of Cambodia. How seriously would we take a journalist who claimed that the US command had "boasted" of having "eliminated" 2 million Vietnamese, then conceding that perhaps thousands or hundreds of thousands had been killed (silently forgetting the alleged "boast"), but asking whether truth is really an important matter in such a case? If facts are so unimportant, why bother with the pretence of stating "facts" at all? Apart from responses to his false charges elsewhere, this is the totality of our "long polemic." Note, incidentally, that it required no "dialectical" skills to reveal Lacouture's falsehoods, and I certainly feel no regret at having urged him, in private correspondence, to correct them and keep to the facts.

Since that time, Lacouture has been publishing outlandish falsehoods about my alleged views in the world press, of which those in ENCOUNTER are far from the most extreme. One can sympathise with his desire to concoct an opposition—it is, no doubt, unsatisfying to the ego merely to join the parade. How much more exciting to be engaged in a great intellectual battle. Since authentic defenders of the Khmer Rouge were virtually impossible to find, apart from marginal Maoist groups, it has been necessary to invent them. The story just related no doubt explains why I have been elected to the post of "official opponent", so difficult to fill. And since mere fact has been dismissed as of secondary importance, it need not stand as an impediment.

I am sorry to have to comment on this quite astonishing behaviour on the part of a person who in earlier years had compiled a distinguished record as a serious journalist—and who now, after this remarkable recent performance, can write about the "journalist's responsibility" and the vital need "to show that the written word is both a commitment and a bond" (ENCOUNTER). I would urge readers—and editors—to insist that a journalist with Lacouture's current standards be required to present documentary evidence to back his claims and charges, which in the case of my alleged views, he will certainly be unable to do, as he is well aware.

NOAM CHOMSKY

Massachusetts Institute of Technology
Cambridge, Mass.

Cover up with Sherlock Holmes

Sherlock Holmes, Dracula, Moby Dick, Jane Austen, Dickens, Faulkner, Dickinson, Fitzgerald, C.S. Lewis, Proust, Kafka, D.H. Lawrence, Shakespeare, Thoreau, Rimbaud, Stein, Tolkien, Woolf, Tolstoy, Melville, Agatha Christie, Sand, Chopin, Bach, Mozart, Vivaldi, Mahler, Ives, Gilbert & Sullivan, Freud, Goethe, Jung, Nietzsche, Wittgenstein, Spinoza, Reich, Perls, Bertrand Russell, Machiavelli, Adam Smith, Marx, Susan B. Anthony, Golda Meir, Margaret Mead, Neanderthal Man, Tutankhamen, Van Gogh, F.L. Wright, Le Corbusier, Galileo, Escoffier, others available.

T-Shirts: white $7. 4/$25 red or blue $9. 4/$32. **Sweatshirts:** gray $14. 2/$26. choose sizes S, M, L, XL. **Nightshirts:** red or blue (S, M, L only) $12. 2/$22. **Totes:** $12. 2/$22. **Aprons:** $10. 2/$18. all items cotton.

Foreign orders add $2.00 for air mail. Payment by cashiers check or international money order in U.S. dollars.

HISTORICAL PRODUCTS Box 220 G Cambridge, Mass. 02138 U.S.A.

The Webbs & "Racialism"

I DO NOT KNOW why Professor George Feaver (Letters, June) thinks he has said "the last word" on the Webbs. So I am writing to ask you to let me clarify my position.

Certainly the Webbs were élitist; that is to say they (like many others) believed that the country's policy ought to be settled by those who had raised themselves to a position of superiority, and not by the people at large.

But this does not mean that they were "racialist." They were not; and I cannot, after a careful search, find any reason to suppose they were. Bertrand Russell's teasing of Beatrice about the Chinese is not evidence. True, she disliked the Chinese, and admitted it. But this was not because of their colour, but because she thought them dirty and slovenly when compared with the Japanese—whom she admired almost up to the point of the attack on Pearl Harbour. (Beatrice always tended slightly to over-value cleanliness.) But this is not being racialist. Plenty of people heartily disliked the Germans before, during, and after the 1914–18 War, without being subject to that accusation.

She was concerned with the Kaffirs during the South African War; and to suggest that she deliberately, in 1930, antedated that concern is greatly to misunderstand her character. I do not know whether Professor Feaver ever met her: but I can assure him (and you) that I knew her pretty well, as my husband and I stayed several times at Passfield Corner. Bertrand Russell, in the exchange quoted, was pulling her leg—and she rose to it. It is true, of course, that she did not wish to quarrel with the pacifist Fabians in 1899—though she did not have a high opinion of either Ramsay MacDonald or Emmeline Pankhurst.

As to Sidney Webb as a Minister, the words quoted are not mine, but Sidney's own, as reported by Beatrice (*Diary*, 14 December 1930). What he said, exactly, was: "People will say that your husband has not been a success as a Minister"—and the whole tone of the

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

passage about Palestine in those days suggests that he was not too happy himself. The Webbs did not fully appreciate the emotional situation, as more than once they failed to do; but there was nothing *racialist* about the failure. And it is interesting to observe that Beatrice's contribution to the symposium called *What I Believe*, which appeared in 1940, contains nothing at all racialist.

Finally, the word *Pilgrimage*. I thought I had made it clear that the immediate result of the decision to confine "permeation" to the Labour Party was enormously to increase the Webbs' stock with the Party. Sidney became a trusted leader; and the happy relationship endured until the second Labour Government "went bad" on him. It was then that Beatrice began to revise her angry early opposition to the Soviets; and it is to the period after early 1930 that the term *Pilgrimage* can properly be applied.

MARGARET COLE

London

The Webbs (concluded)

IN MY LAST response (or so I then thought) to Dame Margaret Cole, I said I was impressed by her "tenacity." I confess that other words—relentlessness, incorrigibility, and some less polite—now spring to mind. I might have known she would show little regard for the merely customary, especially if it meant arrangements in which someone other than herself was to have the last word.

On the main points of contention, concerning the Webbs' élitism, racialism, and political maladroitness, I find nothing new in her latest letter. I therefore simply refer the interested reader to what I have already said by way of rebuttal, both in this most recent correspondence, and in an earlier, more general one, on "Socialism and the Jews."

There is one new departure in her latest scold: Dame Margaret inquires whether I ever met Beatrice Webb. Alas, I did not (nor, I am tempted to add, did my father know Lloyd George). At the time of Beatrice's death I was a six-year-old in Canada and had no idea who she was—let alone the Coles, who in the period (as Dame Margaret reminds us) paid visits to the Webbs at Passfield Corner. (Mrs Cole, incidentally, could not herself have known that Beatrice regularly recorded such visits in the diary: in one of them, in the late 1930s, she notes with dismay that in response one weekend to her deeply concerned query about his views of the state of the world, that rising star of British socialist theory, G. D. H. Cole, had observed: "I have ceased to think about it.") Dame Margaret implies that some greater weight should be accorded in the matters under dispute to the opinions of those who, like herself, knew Beatrice personally. I do not share this view, for reasons which I assume will be obvious. At any rate, Dame Margaret did not "know" Beatrice Webb at the time of the South African War any better than I did at the time of her death—being then, by my rough calculation, herself a child of six.

Dame Margaret is entitled to her own opinions about the "character" of Beatrice Webb. I do not believe I misunderstood it. She was certainly, as Dame Margaret is, a very remarkable person. But this hardly means her views, or Dame Margaret's views of her views, are sacrosanct. I have preferred to form my own judgments, which, in the matter of "The Webbs as Pilgrims" (ENCOUNTER, March 1978), I have every confidence will stand up to the evidence, published and unpublished.

GEORGE FEAVER

University of British Columbia
Vancouver

E. M. Forster

WE ARE PREPARING a two-volume edition, authorised by the Executors for the Forster Estate, of *Selected Letters of E. M. Forster* and would appreciate hearing from individuals and institutions possessing letters from, to, or about Forster. We would also like to be informed about related materials, such as manuscripts or photographs. We would take the greatest care of any materials entrusted to us and would return them as promptly as possible. Alternatively, we would be most happy to arrange and pay for photocopying.

P. N. FURBANK

2 Regent's Park Terrace
London NW1

MARY LAGO

Department of English
University of Missouri
Columbia, Mo. 65201 USA

Sinai's "Alarm"

I HAVE BEEN reading ENCOUNTER for many years, but this is the first time I have ever written a letter to the Editor—having just finished Professor Sinai's article "What Ails Us, and Why" in the April issue. I was quite flabbergasted by his outburst. I cannot claim a background as distinguished as his, and in fact I am a (typical?) member of what he mentions as "the new middle classes", and young enough to have escaped both World Wars.

What was Professor Sinai's purpose in writing? A cry of alarm, a call to arms? It is so consistently negative and gloomy, a series of dogmatic statements (count the number of times the word "*all*" is used). There is little pretence of presenting or considering evidence. Perhaps he has supported his thesis more substantially in his books—I have not yet read them. By contrast, Peregrine Worsthorne's insert "The Signs of the Times" is a model of balanced reasoning.

I look forward to comments and criticisms of the article in future issues of ENCOUNTER: this is precisely one of the most precious values of your magazine, a forum for serious debate on issues of this kind.

JAMES SANGSTER

Montreal, Canada

RESEARCH CONSULTANTS
Leading academics

RESEARCH ASSISTANTS
Experienced honours graduates

TRANSLATORS
Qualified, most European languages

ARCHIVISTS
Try our range of services, sources and subjects

Research Assistance Routledge Associates
25 Woodhayes Road, London SW19
Phone 01-947 5614

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AUTHORS

Colin Richmond is Senior Lecturer in Medieval History at the University of Keele.

Irving Kristol, who was co-editor of ENCOUNTER from its earliest days in 1953 until 1958, is Henry Luce Professor of Urban Values at New York University, and co-editor of *The Public Interest*. His article comes from a series of lectures given in Stanford, California, in 1978 at the Hoover Institution on War, Revolution and Peace, which will publish them in book form later this year. Among his books are *On the Democratic Idea in America* (Harper & Row, 1972) and, as co-author, *The Americans* (D.C. Heath 1976).

Paul Johnson was Editor of the *New Statesman* from 1965–70. His books include *The Suez War* (1957), *Left of Centre* (1960), *The Offshore Islanders* (Penguin ed. 1975), *A History of Christianity* and *Enemies of Society* (Weidenfeld, 1976 and 1977). His article was originally delivered as a paper at Airlie House, Virginia, at a conference on politics and morals organised by the American Enterprise Institute and Syracuse University.

J. P. Stern is Professor of German, University of London. His books include *On Realism* (Routledge, 1973), *Hitler* (Harvester Press, 1975), and two studies of Nietzsche (Fontana Modern Masters, 1977; Cambridge University Press, 1979). The lecture on which this article is based was delivered at the National Theatre's Olivier Theatre in London under the auspices of the London University Extra-Mural Board.

Michael Wigan is a free-lance art critic and travel writer, who has made a special study of the art market.

François Fejtö is Paris correspondent for *Il Giornale Nuovo* and author of *The French Communist Party* (M.I.T. Press, 1967) and *History of the People's Democracies* (Penguin edition, 1974).

Lawrence Gowing is Slade Professor of Fine Art at the University of London, and since 1975 Director of the Slade School of Fine Art. Among his publications are studies of Vermeer, Matisse, and Constable; next month Thames and Hudson will publish his latest book, *Matisse*.

Bevis Hillier, formerly editor of *The Connoisseur*, is Antiques Correspondent of *The Times*, and author of several books on the decorative arts, including *Pottery and Porcelain, 1700–1914* (1968), *The World of Art Deco* (Studio Vista, 1973), and *New Antiques* (Times Books, 1977).

Cedric Price is a London architect and planner, co-founder of the Lightweight Enclosures Unit and of the Architectural Schools network, Polyark. His innovative work includes the Aviary at the London Zoo, Joan Littlewood's "Fun Palace" project, a computer centre, a temporary theatre, a community centre, an inflatable roof pedestrian precinct, a floating breakwater for Abu Dhabi, and a system for oil-slick towage. Among his publications are *Learning: Developing Patterns of Urbanisation* (1970) and a research report on *Air Structures* (HMSO, 1971). He writes, lectures and broadcasts on architectural planning and design subjects, and has been guest editor of special issues of *Architectural Design* and *Architectural Review*.

Philip Rawson is Curator of the Gulbenkian Museum for Oriental Art and Archaeology at the University of Durham, and teaches at the Royal College of Art in London. His books include *Ceramics* (Oxford University Press, 1972), *The Art of India and Asia* (Elsevier-Phaidon, 1978), and *Seeing Through Drawing* (BBC Publications, 1979).

Dmitri Nabokov's memoir is taken from *Nabokov: A Tribute*, edited by Peter Quennell, which will be published in Britain early in October by Weidenfeld & Nicolson, and in the USA later this year by William Morrow.

Melvyn Bragg is a novelist and broadcaster who has worked extensively in radio and television, presenting and producing arts programmes for the BBC, and during the last two years editing and presenting ITV's arts programme, *The South Bank Show*.

Tony Cash, a television producer-director who began broadcasting in the BBC's Russian Service, worked in Further Education television and Music and Arts before joining *The South Bank Show*.

Material for the **Vaclav Havel** and "Dissidence among the Dissidents" articles in the September issue of ENCOUNTER was provided by Palach Press.

ENCOUNTER acknowledges financial assistance from, among other generous donors, the Arts Council of Great Britain.

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY WATMOUGHS LIMITED, IDLE, BRADFORD; AND LONDON

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Paris

CALL ME MME: When she was appointed Minister of Health in 1974, Mme Simone Veil did encounter certain pockets of resistance towards herself as a woman Minister. Even the French language can't seem to adjust, since she is addressed as "Madame le Ministre."

SUNDAY TELEGRAPH

Frankfurt

EUROSEX LINGUISTICS: *Of course, in German—as in all languages with "feminine endings"—it is a little easier to meet the demands of the Women's Libbers. Thus, the feminisation of various academic grades and titles is proceeding apace, if still somewhat ambiguously—for if the wife of a Doctor is also called* **"Frau Doktor"**, *what can inspire the girls to get their very own Ph.D.s?*

Still, in Berlin there is no longer **"Frau Diplomkauffmann"** *but now* **"Diplomkauffrau."** *And in Hamburg female engineers will be called* **"Ingenieurinnen."** *Several other fronts are yet to be conquered. There are many distinguished ladies in the State Governments who instead of being called "Frau Minister" would prefer "Frau Ministerin." But who, on the distaff side, dares to set the sights even higher? Is "Thatcherism" conceivable here? But nobody has even got around to coining the word* **"Bundeskanzlerin"!**

FRANKFURTER ALLGEMEINE ZEITUNG

London

FULL-STOPPED: Let us not forget [David Holloway writes] the fifth column within the gate that is sabotaging punctuation, its special weapons the colon and the semi-colon. The second of these in some quarters is usurping the function of the comma. And there is the increasing use of the hysterical colon: someone totally lost in the syntax of a sentence hoists an SOS by inserting one dot above another. If you see one of these, throw the user a life-line. All they usually need is a full stop.

DAILY TELEGRAPH

London

STEEPLEJILL? *Is "steeplejack" a sexist word? This question is of much practical importance in the building trade, since firms frequently have to advertise for these skilled and courageous people.*

Newspaper advertisements have to comply with the provisions of the Sex Discrimination Act in publishing advertisements, which is why one is liable to see those advertisements for "Topless barmaids, male or female."

If "steeplejack" is an essentially masculine term, then it must be followed with the words "male or female", since the Act provides that "use of a job description with sexual connotation (such as 'waiter', 'salesgirl', 'postman' or 'stewardess') shall be taken to indicate an intention to discriminate unless the advertisement contains an indication to the contrary."

When J. Smith & Co. (Southern) Ltd., a London firm of steeplejacks, wanted to advertise for operatives, the evening papers insisted that they could not allow the word "steeplejacks" to appear on its own. The firm appealed to the Commission (which is nearly always a mistake). Luscious Miss Brenda Hancock wrote back to say: "We believe . . . that this is, whatever other views you may hold on the matter, a sexually connotated job description within the meaning of the Act."

Other legal opinion takes a different view. After all, waiter, salegirl and postman all have feminine or masculine equivalents. Who ever heard of a steeplejill?

SUNDAY TELEGRAPH

Durham

FLAUBERTIANA: *Moors murderess Myra Hindley quoted Flaubert in her unsuccessful plea for parole.*

Hindley, 36, who has completed 13 years of a life sentence passed on her and former boy friend Ian Brady, wrote a 21,000-word letter to the Home Secretary from her cell in Durham Prison. She describes her affair with Brady out of which "everything that transpired had its roots." She said she worshipped him blindly, "more blindly than the congenitally blind" and placed him on a pedestal. Hindley's letter went on:

"Flaubert said we should never touch our idols, for the gilt always rubbed off on our fingers. One day I gained the courage to reach up and touch, and the gilt did rub off. He crashed from his pedestal."

In her plea to the Home Secretary she said she has been made a scapegoat "for too many years" and claimed she had more than paid her debt to society. But on Wednesday it was announced that Hindley must stay in prison a further three years before the possibility of release was considered. The decision, by a joint Home Office and Parole Board committee, was criticised yesterday by Hindley's champion, Lord Longford.

"They have given no reasons for turning down the request which was for the right to at least be heard."

The letter came as a surprise to him, he said. "I didn't help her compose it."

DAILY MAIL

Madrid

REWRITING: Lady Brett Ashley and the chaps would find the scene during the fiesta of San Fermin in Pamplona this year much the same as it was half a century ago.

They would even find a bronze bust of their creator Ernest Hemingway. But if Hemingway could rewrite his novel "The Sun Also Rises" today, he might make the sexy Lady Brett seduce not a young bullfighter but a young Basque gunman.

THE OBSERVER

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A premier publisher in the United States, publishing leading scholars around the world

We are often ahead of our time with landmark books of international importance, but we have not neglected the past. Our history list is a distinguished one, including such works as William H. McNeill's National Book Award-winning *The Rise of the West.*

The Chicago History of American Civilization series is edited by one of America's foremost historians, Librarian of Congress Daniel J. Boorstin, and, in his words, it "aims to make each aspect of our culture a window to all our history."

Just published

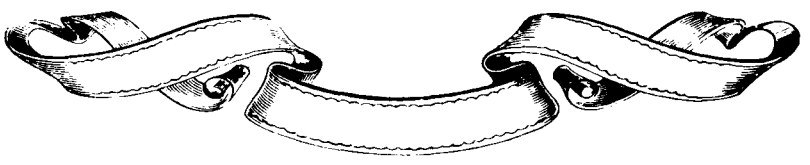
THE FINE ARTS IN AMERICA
by **Joshua C. Taylor,** *Director, the National Collection of Fine Arts, Smithsonian Institution*

The development of painting, sculpture, and graphics from Colonial times to the present—from the attempts at unity and dependence on Europe to the celebration of that diversity which provides the vital, innovative atmosphere of the fine arts today.

Selected other titles from the series

THE NATION TAKES SHAPE by **Marcus Cunliffe**
THE PERILS OF PROSPERITY, 1914-32 by **William Leuchtenburg**
AMERICAN IMMIGRATION by **Maldwyn Allen Jones**
THE BIRTH OF THE REPUBLIC, 1763-89 by **Edmund S. Morgan**
AMERICAN JUDAISM by **Nathan Glazer**
AMERICAN INDIANS by **William T. Hagan**
RECONSTRUCTION AFTER THE CIVIL WAR by **John Hope Franklin**

For further information on this series, or on the thousands of our other books in print, write to:
The University of Chicago Press, 5801 Ellis Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60637, U.S.A.; or to:
The University of Chicago Press, Ltd., 126 Buckingham Palace Road, London SW1W 9SD, England.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED